WIDENER
HN N99W R

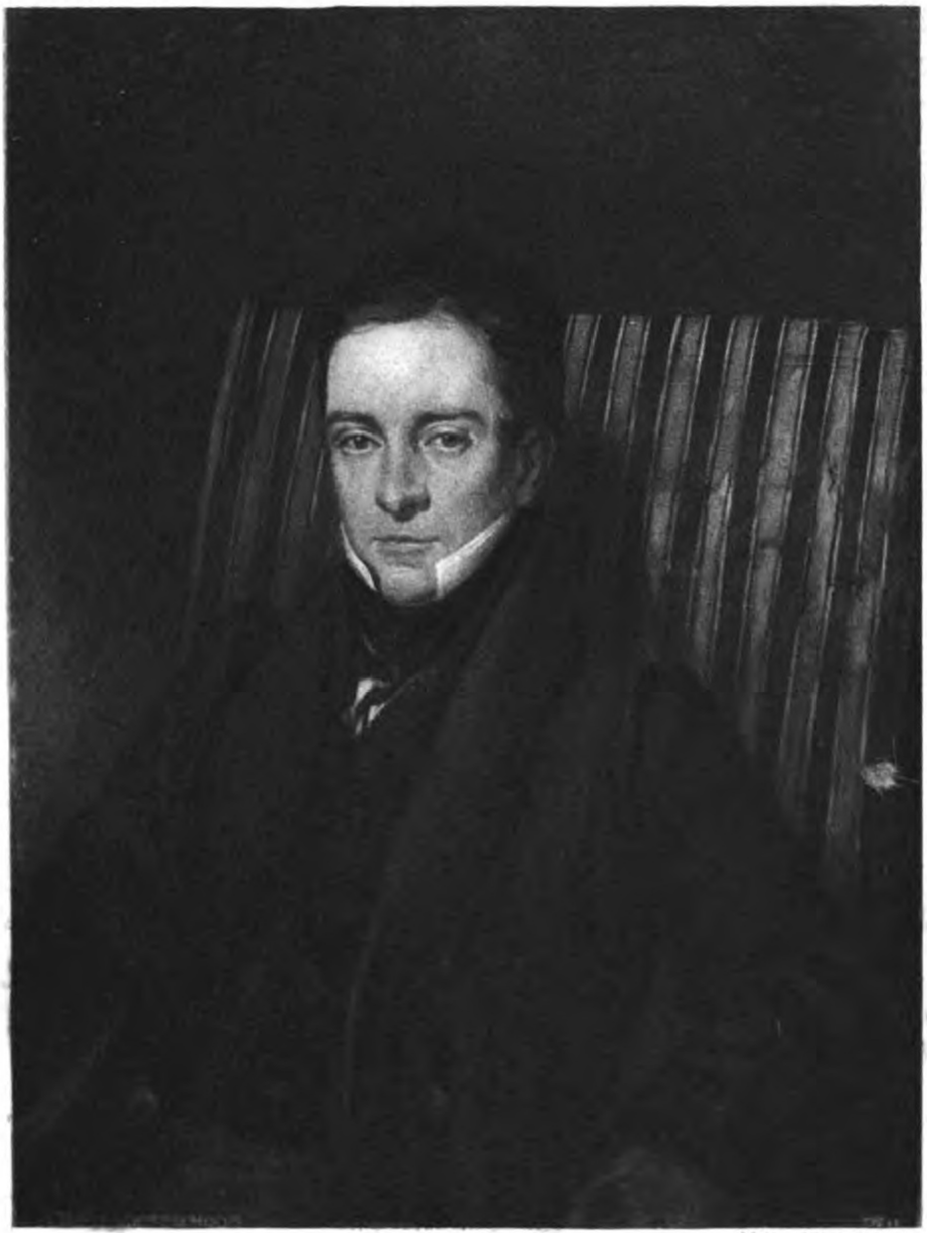
23454.15.19

HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY

FROM THE LIBRARY OF
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON
CLASS OF 1841

THE GIFT OF
MRS. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON
AND
MARGARET HIGGINSON BARNEY

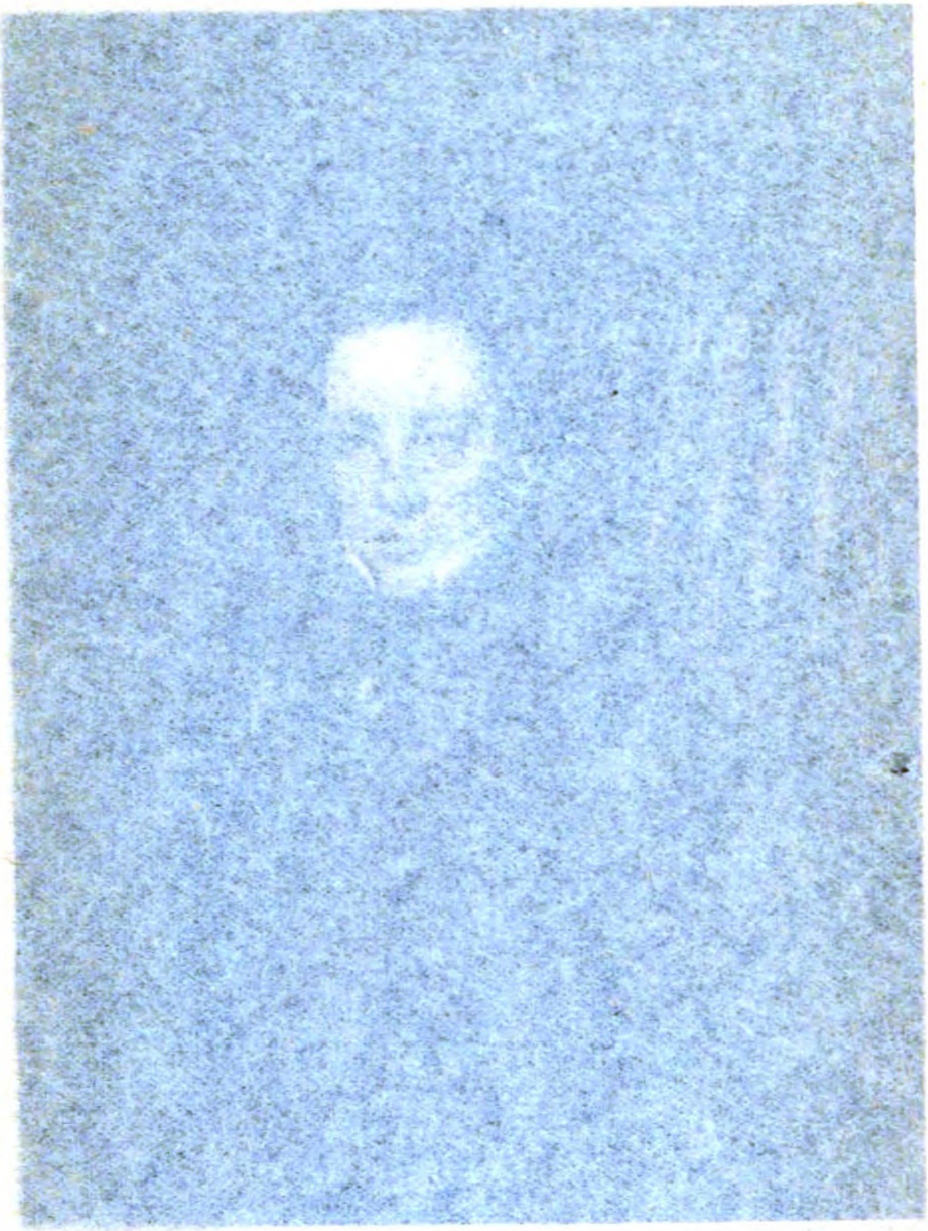
POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOUR



Walker & Boutall, Ph. Sc.

Thomas Hood.

From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery, attributed to Masquerier.



[illegible]

POEMS

OF

THOMAS HOOD

EDITED BY ALFRED AINGER

VOL. II

POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOUR

Photo. C.E.Webber

Lake House
Wanstead.

London
MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
NEW YORK : THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1897

All rights reserved

23454.15.19

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
GIFT OF
MRS. THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON
MRS. MARGARET HIGGINSON BARNEY
OCT 9 1940

which opened in
e, afterwards
nolds) comes first in

PREFACE

The contents of the present volume are taken chiefly — indeed, almost entirely — from the following sources: the *Odes and Addresses to Great People;* the two series of *Whims and Oddities;* the series of *Comic Annuals*, which opened in 1831, and continued, with certain intermissions, until 1842; the first volume of *Hood's Own*, a selection made by himself, with additions, from his *Comic Annuals;* and Hood's contributions to Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, afterwards collected in the two volumes entitled *Whimsicalities.*

I have not thought it necessary to arrange the poems in this volume in strict chronological order, except so far that Hood's share in the *Odes and Addresses* (the remaining share being due to his brother-in-law, J. Hamilton Reynolds) comes first in the volume, and that the two or three concluding poems are among the last he wrote. For the rest, I have rather arranged them with a view to exhibiting the variety and contrasts of Hood's humorous invention.

For reasons suggested in my Memoir, only a

often against the
ore. It is therefore, I
iously on his
it with new
t from it. The skill
oment to recall. His

selection from Hood's Poems of Wit and Humour is here given; but it forms a considerable portion—in bulk, I should imagine, about two-thirds of all he produced. Hood wrote too much, for he had to write for bread, and often against the grain. Under these conditions his wit and humour were often wire-drawn; and he was prone, when invention failed him, to revert to old inspirations, to harp upon old strings, and trust to topics and effects that had done duty before. It is therefore, I believe, doing a service to Hood's memory to allow him to be represented in the main by his best. I have tried, at all events, to display his real versatility. As has been already observed, his reputation as a punster has acted injuriously on his reputation as a poet; and it seems likely that the brilliance of the first-named gift has also interfered with his recognition as a humorist. Punning, or verbal wit, may have been Hood's most characteristic gift. He certainly invested it with new capabilities and a new importance; but, although punning became a habit with him that was difficult to resist, he often escaped from its dominion so far as to make the real attraction of his verse to lie in some quality quite distinct from it. The skill and variety of his verse, for instance, are very noteworthy. He could adapt himself to any metre, and to the manner of any poet, whether Shenstone, or Burns, or Wordsworth, or Byron, or Ingoldsby, whom he sought for the moment to recall. His apologetic verses, "I'm not a Single Man," addressed to the

rs hardly
to stem the
eloped in such an
d.

nnatural prejudice

daughter of his friend Horace Smith, are among the most perfect *vers de société* in our language. He could tell a story in the eight-syllabled couplet of Swift and Prior with an ease and vivacity which even those eminent predecessors hardly surpassed. And now and again his real faculty of imagination raises and dignifies some humorous fancy into the region of genuine poetry, as in the striking verses ("The Fall") where the somnambulist imagines himself seeking in vain to stem the torrent above the Niagara cataract. And even in those poems, the subjects of which might seem to have been chosen expressly for the opportunities afforded for verbal wit (such, for instance, as "The Volunteer"), the puns are enveloped in such an atmosphere of either tragic or humorous fancy, that we recognise in them a far rarer faculty than that of the punster. We feel, as I have already said, that the punster is more than a punster, and comes to his task from a higher ground.

I cannot but hope, in conclusion, that bringing the best of such verses into one volume, unmixed with more ephemeral matter, may help to place the genius of Thomas Hood in a truer and worthier light for many with whom a not unnatural prejudice against puns and punning has hitherto hindered a full appreciation of his many other claims to our recognition.

CONTENTS

PAGE
Ode to Mr. Graham, the Aeronaut . . 1
A *Friendly* Address to Mrs. Fry *in* Newgate . 9
Ode to Richard Martin, Esq., M.P. for Galway 14
Ode to the Great Unknown . . . 17
Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior . . . 26
An Address to the Steam Washing Company . 30
  Letter of Remonstrance from Bridget Jones . 33
Ode to Captain Parry 39
Ode to W. Kitchener, M.D. . . . 46
The Last Man 52
Faithless Sally Brown—An Old Ballad . . 60
"As it fell upon a Day" 63
The Stag-Eyed Lady—A Moorish Tale . . 64
  The Water Peri's Song 68
The Irish Schoolmaster 69
Faithless Nelly Gray—A Pathetic Ballad . . 79
Bianca's Dream—A Venetian Story . . . 82
The Demon-Ship 91
Tim Turpin—A Pathetic Ballad . . . 95
Death's Ramble 98
A Sailor's Apology for Bow-Legs . . . 100

PAGE
The Volunteer 103
The Epping Hunt 107
The Drowning Ducks 123
A Storm at Hastings, and the Little Unknown 126
Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India . 134
The Angler's Farewell 136
Ode to the Advocates for the Removal of Smithfield Market 138
A Report from Below 142
"I'm not a Single Man"—Lines written in a Young Lady's Album 146
The Supper Superstition—A Pathetic Ballad . 148
The Duel—A Serious Ballad 151
A Singular Exhibition at Somerset House . 154
Lines to Mary—Old Bailey Ballads . . . 158
The Compass, with Variations . . . 160
The Ghost—A very Serious Ballad . . . 167
The Fall 169
Our Village—By a Villager 171
A Public Dinner 174
Sally Simpkin's Lament; or, John Jones's Kit-cat-astrophe 179
Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart. . . . 181
The Lost Heir 185
The Fox and the Hen—A Fable . . . 190
The Poacher—A Serious Ballad . . . 193
A Waterloo Ballad 195
A Lay of Real Life 199
The Sweep's Complaint 201

PAGE
THE DESERT-BORN 206
AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS—A Pastoral Report . . 216
DOMESTIC POEMS—
I. Hymeneal Retrospections . . . 222
II. "The sun was slumbering in the West" . 223
III. A Parental Ode to my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months 224
IV. A Serenade 226
THE GREEN MAN 228
HIT OR MISS 235
THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT—An Unpublished Poem, from Sydney 245
LIEUTENANT LUFF 247
MORNING MEDITATIONS 249
A PLAIN DIRECTION 251
THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION . . . 255
THE BACHELOR'S DREAM 257
RURAL FELICITY 260
A FLYING VISIT 265
QUEEN MAB 274
TO HENRIETTA, ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALAIS . 276
A PARTHIAN GLANCE 278
A TRUE STORY 280
THE MERMAID OF MARGATE 287
A FAIRY TALE 291
CRANIOLOGY 295
THE WEE MAN—A Romance 299
THE PROGRESS OF ART 301
THOSE EVENING BELLS 304

PAGE
THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD 305
DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES . 305
SHOOTING PAINS 307
JOHN DAY—A Pathetic Ballad 310
HUGGINS AND DUGGINS—A Pastoral, after Pope . 312
THE CHINA-MENDER 315
DOMESTIC DIDACTICS—By an Old Servant—
I. The Broken Dish 319
II. Ode to Peace 319
III. A Few Lines on completing Forty-Seven . 321
IV. To Mary Housemaid, on Valentine's Day . 322
LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY . . 323
PLAYING AT SOLDIERS 326
MARY'S GHOST—A Pathetic Ballad . . . 330
THE WIDOW 332
AN OPEN QUESTION 336
A BLACK JOB 341
ETCHING MORALISED—To a Noble Lady . . 348
A TALE OF A TRUMPET 357
THE FORGE—A Romance of the Iron Age . . 381
THE UNIVERSITY FEUD 396

NOTES 403

INDEX TO POEMS 409

INDEX OF FIRST LINES 413

ODE TO MR. GRAHAM,

THE AERONAUT

"Up with me !—up with me into the sky !"
WORDSWORTH—*on a Lark !*

I

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view !—

II

A few more whiffs of my segar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies :—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurl'd
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies !—

III

Away !—away !—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills !—
We seem to cut the wind !—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind !—

IV

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
  The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!—
  The Dollond, if you please!—

V

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz;
Lord! what a Lilliput it is.
  That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
  For that small Isle of Dogs!—

VI

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear,
  Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
  The little ways of men!

VII

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
  Their tolls upon my trust!—
And where is mortal labour gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
  Mac Adamis'd to dust!

VIII

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
  To wish to be a Mayor!
What is the honour?—none at all,
One's honour must be very small
  For such a civic chair!—

IX

And there's Guildhall !—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy through the roof
  Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls—a tiny show !—
Well,—I must say they're rul'd below
  By very little logs !—

X

Oh, Graham ! how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare ;
  One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay, then—let's even empty out
  Another brace of bags !

XI

Now for a glass of bright champagne
Above the clouds !—Come, let us drain
  A bumper as we go !—
But hold !—for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
  To brain your friends below.

XII

Think ! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
  Like mites upon a cheese !—
Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts !—can there be *Dukes*
  Of *Gloster* such as these !—

XIII

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame ?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
  'Tis nothing but a hum !—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
  That has so far to come !—

XIV

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
To organs ages hence!—
Ah me! how distance touches all;
It makes the true look rather small,
But murders poor pretence.

XV

"The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring!"—
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!—
What's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore
That hears the Angels sing!—

XVI

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we'll have our own!—
Look what a vantage height we've got!—
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

XVII

Speak up!—or hath he hid his name
To crawl thro' "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?—
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small
We'll show what's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!—

XVIII

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down,—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts,—and I
Not moralise at two miles high
The true didactic pitch!

XIX

Come:—what d'ye think of Jeffrey, sir?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
  In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
  For poets to pass through?

XX

Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,
  For all the Scottish tone?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
The sandy burden's lost in air—
  Our lading—where is't flown?

XXI

Now,—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
  The "Warren" on a wall?
What think you here of that man's fame?
Tho' Jerdan magnified his name,
  To me 'tis very small!

XXII

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
  To witch a world with song?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dar'd on Shakspeare's head to spit,
  And say the world was wrong!

XXIII

And shall not we? Let's think aloud!
Thus being couch'd upon a cloud,
  Graham, we'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we'll retort on littleness
  Now we are in the skies.

XXIV

O Graham, Graham, how I blame
The bastard blush,—the petty shame,
That used to fret me quite,—
The little sores I cover'd then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight!

XXV

My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen diminish'd clan
So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London's Lion's small pin's head
So often hath refused!

XXVI

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorn'd my *lays*:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky?—
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
Long, only, in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by!

XXVII

What else?—I'm poor, and much beset
With damn'd small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth, above, is worth.—
What's all the credit of the earth?
An inch of cloth on trust!

XXVIII

What's Rothschild here, that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh, if you can
Spy out,—the *Golden Ball!*
Sure as we rose, all money sank:
What's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

XXIX

What's all the ground-rent of the globe?—
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job
  To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
  From men of large estate!

XXX

And less, still less, will I submit
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—
  I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
  An Universal Man!

XXXI

Mark, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
  Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change?—
  The free creative mind!

XXXII

Well! the Adults' School's in the air!
The greatest men are lesson'd there
  As well as the Lessee!
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small
Behold the greatest stage of all,
  How humbled they would be!

XXXIII

"Oh would some Power the giftie gie 'em,
To see themselves as others see 'em,"
  'Twould much abate their fuss!
If they could think that from the skies
They are as little in our eyes
  As they can think of us!

XXXIV

Of us! are we gone out of sight?
Lessen'd! diminish'd! vanish'd quite!
Lost to the tiny town!
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope
Of Dollond's longest telescope!
Graham! we're going down!

XXXV

Ah me! I've touch'd a string that opes
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
Down goes our bright Balloon!—
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
Man of the silken moon!

XXXVI

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
We're close above the Parks!

XXXVII

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets.
Lord! what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there's the finish of our flight!
I've smoked my last segar!

A *FRIENDLY* ADDRESS TO MRS. FRY *IN* NEWGATE

"Sermons in stones."—*As You Like It.*
"Out! out! damned spot!"—*Macbeth.*

I

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing,
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity,—professing
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,
Beside the young *fry's* bookseller, Friend Darton!

II

I like, good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit
Shap'd like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
I like your sisters too,—sweet Rachel's fruit—
Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

III

I like the sober colours—not the wet;
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—
Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—
The others are a chaste, severer set,
In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—
They're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—
In short, they are your *colours*, Mrs. Fry!

d down to tea-

IV

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;
And green is young and gay—not noted for
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
Till it is sadden'd down to tea-green, or
Olive—and purple's giv'n to wine, I guess;
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

All gaudy

friend, Point out

V

They're all the devil's liveries, that men
And women wear in servitude to sin—
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
The Evil presence? You and I know, then,
How all the party colours will begin
To part—the *Pit*tite hues will sadden there,
Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

VI

Witness their goodly labours one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-colour preaches love to all—and *dun*
Calls every day at Charity's street door—
Brown studies scripture, and bids woman shun
All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

VII

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavour!
When all persuasions in your praises blend—
The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* for ever!
No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
Start at that word! But I *must* ask you why
You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

e it inclining tow'rds

VIII

Too well I know the price our mother Eve
Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters
Commit a petty larceny, and thieve—
Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters*"?
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
Over your pupils at their bread and waters!
Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high)
Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

rd to preach, In

IX

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoil'd!
Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—
And there inform the mind before 'tis soil'd!
'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!
Nay, if you would not have your labours foil'd,
Take it *inclining* tow'rds a virtuous state,
Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!
The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

X

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
The evil spirit from the heart it preys in,—
To bring sobriety to life again,
Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin,—
To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain,—
To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;
To tame the wild-fowl-ways of Jenny Diver!

XI

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach
She made in manners—to write heaven's own law
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!

XII

In vain you teach them baby-work within:
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin
When virtue's ravell'd out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;
You'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

ne morals raw ! the

XIII

ut, Good Mrs. Fry

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
I like your cookery in every way;
I like your shrove-tide service and supply;
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play;
I like the pity in your full-brimm'd eye;
I like your carriage, and your silken gray,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

XIV

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
And take your moral place, before Sin seats
Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt's
To dress them in the pan, but do not try
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

XV

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 'twas whipt by law.—O come about,
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate Street,
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

npaid drunken
meanwhile Newgate
appelsâ€" than
l coat, For that

XVI

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolour;
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
Ruin of blue, or any other colour;
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
Teach her that "flooring Charleys" is a game
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

XVII

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs
Ev'n like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!

XVIII

You are not nice—go into their retreats,
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'Twere best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats;*
That they had hats *with* brims,—that they were drest
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets
With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice!

XIX

In brief,—Oh teach the child its moral rote,
Not *in* the way from which 'twill not depart,—
But *out*—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!
And if the skies are clos'd against the smart,
Ev'n let him wear the single-breasted coat,
For that ensureth singleness of heart.—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

ODE TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQ.,

M.P. FOR GALWAY

"*Martin* in this has proved himself a very good man!"—*Boxiana.*

I

How many sing of wars,
Of Greek and Trojan jars—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a "Perpetual Ruby Pen!"
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender *Bill!*

II

Thou Wilberforce of hacks!
Of whites as well as blacks,
Pyebald and dapple gray,
Chestnut and bay—
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!
But oxen, from the fens,
Sheep—in their pens,
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding horns!
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,
And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And zebras praise thee,—
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes!

:y on the coarse
hall not harm the
:lly ! â€" let it debar

III

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ,—
Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air!
Bullocks don't wear
Oxide of iron!
The cruel Jarvy thou hast summon'd oft,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—
Whilst Swift smiled down aloft!—
O worthy pair! for this, when ye inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hands against the sparrow's nest, to *grab* it,—
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts!*

IV

Ah! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanc'd
The horse!—and humbled biped man like Plato!
But now he's dead, the charger is mischanc'd—
Gone backward in the world—and not advanc'd,—
Remember Cato!
Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's,
Whom Southey sings,
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!
He'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!
Ah well-a-day! the ancients did not use
Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men
From wanton rowelling and whip's abuse—
Look at the ancients' *Muse!*
Look at their *Carmen!*

V

O, Martin! how thine eye—
That one would think had put aside its lashes,—
That can't bear gashes

raw shows must

biped woe the

Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy
That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane,—
For there's a nag the crows have pick'd for victual,
Or some man painted in a bloody vein—
Gods! is there no *Horse-spital!*
That such raw shows must sicken the humane!
Sure Mr. Whittle
Loves thee but little,
To let that poor horse linger in his *pane!*

VI

O build a Brookes's Theatre for horses!
O wipe away the national reproach—
And find a decent Vulture for their corses!
And in thy funeral track
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!
Steeds that confess "the luxury of *wo!*"
True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,
And many a wretched hack
Shall sorrow for thee,—sore with kick and blow
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—
(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—
Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,
And Man and Horse go half and half,
As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur!*

ODE TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN

"O breathe not his name!"—*Moore.*

I

THOU Great Unknown!
I do not mean Eternity, nor Death,
That vast incog!
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,
Thou man of fog!
Parent of many children—child of none!
Nobody's son!
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch
Of orphan eggs,—left to the world to hatch.
Superlative Nil!
A vox and nothing more,—yet not Vauxhall;
A head in papers, yet without a curl!
Not the Invisible Girl!
No hand—but a handwriting on a wall—
A popular nonentity,
Still call'd the same,—without identity!
A lark, heard out of sight,—
A nothing shin'd upon,—invisibly bright,
"Dark with excess of light!"
Constable's literary John-a-nokes—
The real Scottish wizard—and not which,
Nobody—in a niche;
Every one's hoax!
Maybe Sir Walter Scott—
Perhaps not!
Why dost thou so conceal and puzzle curious folks?

re â€" not he o' the
e ; The staple
Hast thou no silver
er bodies on the

II

Thou,—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The Master Fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong-tong-paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The "tricksy spirit" of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A *novel* Junius puzzling the world's brain—
A man of Magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not he o' the moon!
A star—at noon.
A non-descriptus in a caravan,
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern,—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A vizor—and no knight;
The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple Stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption;
Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—
Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?

III

Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of Curiosity with airy gammon!
Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
That people buy and can't make head or tail of it;
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it;)
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
Thou Zimmerman made practical!

Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
But still keeps disemboguing
(Not disembroguing)
Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head!
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead,—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,
Anonymous LL.D.!

IV

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!
Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang?
Hast thou made gravy of Weare's watch—or hid it?
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven forbid it!
I should be very loth to see thee hang!
I hope thou hast an alibi well plann'd,
An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.
Tho' thou hast newly turn'd thy private bolt on
The curiosity of all invaders—
I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,
Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,
Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders!

V

Perhaps thou wert even born
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,
Pinn'd to a ticket
That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing
The future great unmentionable being.—
Perhaps thou hast ridden
A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden;

A little hoard of clever simulation,
That took the town—and Constable has bidden
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

VI

I liked thy Waverley—first of thy breeding;
I like its modest "sixty years ago,"
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.
I don't like Ivanhoe,
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of clattering
In iron overalls before the king,
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,
Tuning his challenge to the gauntlet's ring—
Oh better far than all that anvil clang
It was to hear thee touch the famous string
Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,
Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,
Like Sagittarian Pan!

VII

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son
Of Brown:—I like that literary Sampson,
Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.
I like Dirk Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson
That slew the Gauger;
And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major;
And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,
That Scottish Witch of Endor,
That doom'd thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,
To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

VIII

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,
He makes me think of Mr. Britton,
Who has—or had—within his garden wall,
A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small
That sparrows find it difficult to sit on;

And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor;
And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,
Painted so cleverly,
I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly!
I like thy Barber—him that fir'd the *Beacon*—
But that's a tender subject now to speak on!

IX

I like long-arm'd Rob Roy.—His very charms
Fashion'd him for renown!—In sad sincerity,
The man that robs or writes must have long arms,
If he's to hand his deeds down to posterity!
Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,
Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)
Bearing the name she bore,
A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy!
But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,
Is Paris echoing with "Vive le *Roy!*"
Aye, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di
Vernon, of course, shall often live again—
Whilst there's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,
Who can pass by
Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand?
There be Old Bailey Jarvies on the stand!

X

I like thy Landlord's Tales!—I like that Idol
Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid
That led to church the mounted cavalcade,
And then pull'd up with such a bloody bridal!
Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—
I like the family (not silver) branches
That hold the tapers
To light the serious legend of Montrose.—
I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapours,
As if he could not walk or talk alone,
Without the devil—or the Great Unknown,—
Dalgetty is the dearest of Ducrows!

like canters ! I like
oth dapple His

te of praise,

XI

I like St. Leonard's Lily—drench'd with dew!
I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,
That bloody-minded Grahame shot and slew.
I like the battle lost and won;
The hurly-burlys bravely done,
The warlike gallops and the warlike canters!
I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,
Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,
With one eye on his sword,
And one upon the Word,—
How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!
I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple
His raven steed with blood of many a corse—
I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels
Her texts of scripture on a trotting horse—
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

XII

I like thy Kenilworth—but I'm not going
To take a Retrospective Re-Review
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing
The old familiar faces of a few,
The question to renew,
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,
Forego the unclaim'd dividends of fame,
Forego the smiles of literary houris—
Mid-Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,
When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromarty—
Or see thy image on Italian trays,
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,
Be painted by the Titian of R.A.'s,
Or vie in signboards with the Royal Guelph!
P'rhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's,
P'rhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself
To other Englands with Australian roamers—

its dim control ;

puny Dwarf, Some

Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee
Displace the native wooden gods, or be
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf!

XIII

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:
It is not to invite
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried,—
And thy fair deeds are scatter'd far and wide,
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckon'd,—
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars
In crimson collars,
And learned serjeants in the Forty-Second!
Whither by land or sea art thou not beckon'd?
Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,
Defying distance and its dim control;
Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckon'd worth
A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—
Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north,
And set above ten Shakspeares near the pole!

XIV

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,
With such a giant genius at command,
Forever at thy stamp,
To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,
When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand
Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,
Tho' princes sought her,
And lead her in procession hymeneal,
Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal!
Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,
Envelop'd in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs?
Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,
Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuff'd,
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs?

XV

What in this masquing age
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy?
What but the critic's page?
One hath a cast, he hides from the world's eye;
Another hath a wen,—he won't show where;
A third has sandy hair,
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,
Things for a vile reviewer to espy!
Another hath a mangel-wurzel nose,—
Finally, this is dimpled,
Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimpled,
Things for a monthly critic to expose—
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,
Thou choosest to be nobody at all!

XVI

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,
That shadowy revelation of thyself—
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—
For certainly the first pernicious man
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee
In some vile literary caravan—
Shown for a shilling
Would be thy killing,
Think of Crachami's miserable span!
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in
Than there it fell in—
But when she felt herself a show, she tried
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf! and died!

XVII

O since it was thy fortune to be born
A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,
Still with thy small crow pen

Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—
Still Scottish story daintily adorn,
  Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,
When we poor sons and daughters of reality
  Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,
      A featureless death's head,
And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown!

ODE TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR

> "This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
> And to do that well craves a kind of wit."
> *Twelfth Night.*

I

Joseph! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannell'd ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
"Retir'd—(for Young would call it so)—
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

II

And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half-moon!
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages—yet to be
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

III

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!
And yet, Heav'n knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

IV

Oh, had it pleas'd the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! namby-pamby Poole,—
Or any other clown or fool!

V

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
Go, Byeway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

VI

Had Joseph Wilfrid Parkins made
His gray hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam* Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!

VII

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways,
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

VIII

But, Joseph—everybody's Jo!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee (though not yet dust),
And talk as he did when he miss'd
The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd!

IX

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,
(As old Catullus would have said),
Thy oven-mouth, that swallow'd pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drowth!
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

ıde to wipe an eye
seen spring thro'
ter, â€" Spring !
hreatens Liston !

X

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd!—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why?
'Twas often made to wipe an eye!

XI

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair!
For "great wits jump"—and so did they!
Lord! how they leap'd in lamplight air!
Caper'd—and bounc'd—and strode away!—
That years should tame the legs—alack!
I've seen spring thro' an Almanack!

XII

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes;
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecy hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter,—Spring!

XIII

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralise, though I am grown
Thus sad,—Thy going seem'd to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat!

XIV

And, may be—'tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one,—the other
A Joe!—"sic transit gloria *Munden!*"
A third departure some insist on,—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!—

XV

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs!
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone,—his Christmas Caliban!

XVI

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As tho' they walk'd behind thy bier,—
For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters,—if in heav'n or here!
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—
There's *Quick* might just as well be dead!

XVII

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamplight of the little breast!
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best,—
Poor urchin! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm?*

XVIII

For who like thee could ever stride!
Some dozen paces to the mile!—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
The *vegetable man* complete!—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

XIX

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat,—swill, swallow—bolt—and choke!
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Tho' Joseph, Junior, acts not ill,
"There's no Fool like the old Fool" still!

rs !

dealers, in linen's
t " simmer's sang

bours may soon

XX

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!
We met with mirth,—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors!*

AN ADDRESS TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY

"ARCHER. How many are there, *Scrub?*
SCRUB. Five-and-forty, Sir." *Beaux' Stratagem.*
"For shame—let the linen alone!" *M. W. of Windsor.*

MR. SCRUB—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be!
The Cock of Steam Laundries,—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers,—Chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego,
For a moment, the music that bubbles below,—
From your new Surrey Geisers all foaming and hot,—
That soft "*simmer's* sang" so endear'd to the Scot—
If your hands may stand still, or your steam without
danger—
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub,—
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub,—
And lend me your ear,—Let me modestly plead
For a race that your labours may soon supersede—

singeth his earliest
before her ; Not
lour of duty ; She's
t her cap â€" Nor
And she, â€" whose

For a race that, now washing no living affords—
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese,—
But to droop like sad willows that liv'd by a stream,
Which the sun has suck'd up into vapour and steam.
Ah, look at the laundress, before you begrudge—
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still gray,
As if she was washing the night into day—
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora
Beginneth to scatter the dew-drops before her;
Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,
Look'd down on the foam with a forehead more *pearly*—
Her head is involv'd in an aërial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardour of duty;
She's Industry's moral—she's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr. Scrub!
No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
Has betrayed her—as tho' she had trod on her soap!
And she,—whose support,—like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damp'd once a day, like the great white sea bear,
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revell'd in slop—
She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

and no steam from
â€" the white and
ray â€"
d â€" nay, reduc'd
nd her as victuals
tub is a dry rotting,
bread, If she prays

Lo, then, the poor laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinch'd, going down in life's vale,
With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
There once she watch'd heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gaz'd o'er her bleach-field so fairly engross'd,
Till the lines wander'd idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinn'd,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
Her garden—it look'd like a garden of May!
But now all is dark—not a shirt's on a shrub—
You've ruin'd her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!
You've ruin'd her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduc'd—nay, reduc'd from her *copper!*
The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth,—
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recall, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub
Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub,—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub!
Need you wonder, when steam has depriv'd her of bread,
If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee,—

If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drowth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summ'd in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite enter'd her soul—
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both
together,
In a lather of passion that froth'd as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the
light—

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE

From Bridget Jones

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASHING COMMITTEE

It's a shame, so it is,—men can't Let alone
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about there
Own—
Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools
For washing to sit Up,—and push the Old Tubs from
their stools!
But your just like the Raddicals,—for upsetting of the
Sudds
When the world wagged well enuff—and Wommen
washed your old dirty duds,
I'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no steem
Indians, that's Flat,—

But I warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentlemanny for all that—
I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle
I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable period back when I were little,
And they Said it went with Steem,—But that was a joke!
For I never see none come of it,—that's out of it—but only sum Smoak—
And for All your Power of Horses about your Indians you never had but Two
In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and hang you, you know that's true!
And for All your fine Perspectuses,—howsomever you bewhich 'em,
Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at Mitchum,
Thof I cant sea What Prospectives and washing has with one another to Do—
It aint as if a Bird'seye Hankicher could take a Birdshigh view!
But Thats your look out—I've not much to do with that—But pleas God to hold up fine,
I'd show you caps and pinners and small things as lilliwhit as Ever crosst the Line
Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,
And Thats more than you Can—and I'll say it behind your face—
But when Folks talks of washing, it aint for you to Speak,—
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a Weak!
Thinks I, when I heard it—Well there's a pretty go!
That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the marks, and Huddling 'em up so!
Till Their frends comes and owns them, like drownded corpeses in a Vault,
But may Hap you havint Larn'd to spel—and That aint your Fault,

Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larn'd,—
For if it warnt for Washing,—and whare Bills is concarned
What's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wommans Headication,
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any Cityation.

Well, what I says is This—when every Kittle has its spout,
Theirs no nead for Companys to puff steem about!
To be sure its very Well, when Their aint enuff Wind
For blowing up Boats with,—but not to hurt human kind
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that's loaded with hot water,
Thof a X Sherrif might know Better, than make things for slaughtter,
As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot balls,—
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Steem rubbing Clubs,
For washing Dirt Cheap,—and eating other Peple's grubs!
Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,
But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their Beau-He!
They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there will be!)
And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their Goods,
When you and your Steem has ruined (G—d forgive mee) their lively Hoods,
Poor Wommen as was born to Washing in their youth!
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!
But if so be They leave their Lines what are they to go at—

They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like That,
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work,—for that's all Bespoke,—
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the confined Folk
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost of em —aye, and evn them of middling degrees—
Why Lauk help you Babby Linen aint Bread and Cheese!
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,
But we must all go and be Bankers,—like Mr. Marshes and Mr. Chamberses,—and that's what we must!
God nose you oght to have more Concern for our Sects,
When you nose you have suck'd us and hanged round our Mutherly necks,
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Besides washing—
You aint, blame you! like Men to go a slushing and sloshing
In mop caps, and pattins, adoing of Females Labers
And prettily jear'd At you great Horse God Meril things, aint you now by your next door naybours—
Lawk I thinks I see you with your Sleaves tuckt up
No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp,
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round and round
They'll scruntch your Bones some day—I'll be bound
And no more nor be a gudgement,—for it cant come to good
To sit up agin Providince, which your a doing,—nor not fit It should,
For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of the Creation—
And cant be dun without in any Country But a naked Hottinpot Nation.
Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your Tubbs
And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some good rubs—
But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we nose) nyther Bybills or Good Tracks,

ur Losses and youl
MuckAdam's

Or youd no better than Taking the close off one's Backs—
And let your neighbours oxin an Asses alone,—
And every Thing thats hern,—and give every one their Hone!

Well, its God for us All, and every Washer Wommen for herself,
And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,
But if you warnt Noddis youd Let wommen abe
And pull off Your Pattins,—and leave the washing to we
That nose what's what—Or mark what I say,
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some Day—
When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and their aint nun at all,
And Cristmass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,
Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite to do good in his Harm-Chare—
Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for you not to wash (for you dont wash) but to stew
And make Peples Stockins yeller as oght to be Blew,
With a vast more like That,—and all along of Steem
Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—
But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,
And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you shoud,
For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways
Without taking ourn,—aye, and Moor to your Prays
You might go and skim the creme off Mr. MuckAdam's milky ways—that's what you might,
Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint,—or drive Crabrolays from morning to night,
Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchmen, and slepe upon a poste!
(Which is an od way of sleping, I must say,—and a very hard pillow at most,)

Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that I'm
awares,
Or be Watermen now, (not Water-wommen) and roe
peple up and down Hungerford stares,
Or if You Was even to Turn Dust Men a *dry sifting*
Dirt!
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no
Hurt!

Yourn with Anymocity,

Bridget Jones.

ODE TO CAPTAIN PARRY

> "By the North Pole, I do challenge thee!"
> *Love's Labour's Lost.*

I

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg
Yet struck its foot against the peg
  On which the world is spun?
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare
Writ by the hand of Nature there
  Where man has never run!

II

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown
Of channels in the Frozen Zone,
  Or held at Icy Bay,
Hast thou still miss'd the proper track
For homeward Indian men that lack
  A bracing by the way?

III

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble
  Of geographic scholar?
Or found new ways for ships to shape,
Instead of winding round the Cape,
  A short cut thro' the collar?

IV

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to
The Pole—tho' God knows whom they went to!
  That track reveal'd to Pope—
Or if the Arctic waters sally,
Or terminate in some blind alley,
  A chilly path to grope?

V

Alas! tho' Ross, in love with snows,
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,
It is a dismal doom,
As Claudio saith, to Winter thrice,
"In regions of thick-ribbed ice"—
All bright,—and yet all gloom!

VI

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit
Before the fire and worship it
With pecks of Wallsend coals,
With feet upon the fender's front,
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—
To speculate on poles.

VII

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord
Of London and of ease,
That lies in ninety feet of down,
With fur on his nocturnal gown,
To talk of Frozen Seas!

VIII

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,
And prate about the mundane spit,
And babble of *Cook's* track—
He'd roast the leather off his toes,
Ere he would trudge thro' polar snows,
To plant a British *Jack!*

IX

Oh, not the proud licentious great,
That travel on a carpet skate,
Can value toils like thine!
What 'tis to take a Hecla range,
Through ice unknown to Mrs. Grange,
And alpine lumps of brine!

X

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,
Can tell how hard it is to climb
The lofty slippery steep.
Ah! there are more Snow Hills than that
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,
Upon its forehead, keep.

XI

Perchance thou'rt now—while I am writing—
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting
About thy frozen spine!
Or thou thyself art eating whale,
Oily, and underdone, and stale,
That, haply, cross'd thy line!

XII

But I'll not dream such dreams of ill—
Rather will I believe thee still
Safe cellar'd in the snow,—
Reciting many a gallant story,
Of British kings and British glory,
To crony Esquimaux—

XIII

Cheering that dismal game where Night
Makes one slow move from black to white
Thro' all the tedious year,—
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,
That comb'd out crystals from her hair,
Wooing a seal-skin dear!

XIV

So much a long communion tends,
As Byron says, to make us friends
With what we daily view—
God knows the daintiest taste may come
To love a nose that's like a plum
In marble, cold and blue!

XV

To dote on hair, an oily fleece!
As tho' it hung from Helen o' Greece—
They say that love prevails
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—
And surely she may steal thy hand
That used to steal thy nails!

XVI

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,
Think of a six months' gloom—
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,
Each furnish'd with a dozen *furs*,
Think of thine icy *dome!*

XVII

Think of the children born to *blubber!*
Ah me! hast thou an Indian rubber
Inside!—to hold a meal
For months,—about a stone and half
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—
A fillet of salt veal!—

XVIII

Some walrus ham—no trifle but
A decent steak—a solid cut
Of seal—no wafer slice!
A reindeer's tongue and drink beside!
Gallons of sperm—not rectified!
And pails of water-ice!

XIX

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?
Still come away, and teach to us
Those blessed alternations—
To-day to run our dinners fine,
To feed on air and then to dine
With Civic Corporations—

XX

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,
And then to take a half-year's filling
In P. N.'s pious Row—
When ask'd to Hock and haunch o' ven'son,
Thro' something we have worn our pens on
For Longman and his Co.

XXI

O come and tell us what the Pole is—
Whether it singular and sole is,—
Or straight, or crooked bent,—
If very thick or very thin,—
Made of what wood—and if akin
To those there be in Kent?

XXII

There's Combe, there's Spurzheim, and there's Gall,
Have talk'd of poles—yet, after all,
What has the public learn'd?
And Hunt's account must still defer,—
He sought the *poll* at Westminster—
And is not yet *return'd!*

XXIII

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,
Is play'd in snow-towns near the Pole,
And how the fur-man deals?
And Eldon doubts if it be true,
That icy Chancellors really do
Exist upon the *seals!*

XXIV

Barrow, by well-fed office grates,
Talks of his own bechristen'd Straits,
And longs that he were there;
And Croker, in his cabriolet,
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,
And pants to cross the *mer!*

XXV

O come away, and set us right,
And, haply, throw a northern light
On questions such as these :—
Whether, when this drown'd world was lost,
The surflux waves were lock'd in frost,
And turn'd to Icy Seas!

XXVI

Is Ursa Major white or black?
Or do the Polar tribes attack
Their neighbours—and what for?
Whether they ever play at cuffs,
And then, if they take off their muffs
In pugilistic war?

XXVII

Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,
As in our milder fighting air?
Say, what are *Chilly* loans?
What cures they have for rheums beside,
And if their hearts get ossified
From eating bread of bones?

XXVIII

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker
To circulate the vital liquor,—
And then, from head to heel—
How short the Methodists must choose
Their dumpy envoys not to lose
Their toes in spite of zeal?

XXIX

Whether 'twill soften or sublime it
To preach of Hell in such a climate—
Whether may Wesley hope
To win their souls—or that old function
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—
Bespeaks them for the Pope?

XXX

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learn'd"
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burn'd,
   Or Letters must confer
With people that have never conn'd
An A, B, C, but live beyond
   The *Sound of Lancaster!*

XXXI

O come away at any rate—
Well hast thou earn'd a downier state—
   With all thy hardy peers—
Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,
And rub thy feet with opodeldock,
   After such frosty years.

XXXII

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,
Smit by the perils thou hast pass'd,
   However coy before,
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest
In that *Brest Harbour*, woman's breast,
   And tempt the Fates no more!

ES, OPERA-

ODE TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.,

AUTHOR OF "THE COOK'S ORACLE," "OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC," "THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE," "PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA-GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES," "THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER," AND "THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL."

"I rule the roast, as Milton says!"—*Caleb Quotem.*

I

Oh! multifarious man!
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton!
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!
Now looking
At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes,—
Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—
As much at home
In spectacles as in mere isinglass—
In the art of frying brown—as a digression
On music and poetical expression,—
Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!
Could tell Calliope from "Callipee!"
How few there be
Could leave the lowest for the highest stories,
(Observatories,)
And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater!*
Alas! still let me say,
How few could lay
The carving knife beside the tuning fork,
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work!

II

ges, As tho' it

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book!
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,
How it would look!
With one rais'd eye watching the dial's date,
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—
Thy chops—done nicely brown—
The garnish'd brow—with "a few leaves of bay"—
The hair—"done Wiggy's way!"
And still one studious finger near thy brains,
As if thou wert just come
From editing some
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains!
Or, Orpheus-like,—fresh from thy dying strains
Of music,—Epping luxuries of sound,
As Milton says, "in many a bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Whilst all thy tame stuff'd leopards listen'd round!

III

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,
Standing like Fortune,—on the jack—thy wheel.
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye!)
Scanning our kitchen, and our vocal ranges,
As tho' it were the same to sing or fry—
Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat
Makes "fritters" of a note!
And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born
By name and nature) oh! how night and morn
He for the nicest public taste doth dish up
The good things from that *Pan* of music, Bishop!
And is not reading near akin to feeding,
Or why should *Oxford Sausages* be fit
Receptacles for wit?

Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,
Minc'd brains into a *Tart?*
Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,
Book-treats,
Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—
Receipts to be devour'd, as well as read,
The Culinary Art in gingerbread—
The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar!

IV

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—
Aye, very pleasant in its chatty vein—
So—in a kitchen—would have talk'd Montaigne,
That merry Gascon—humourist, and sage!
Let slender minds with single themes engage,
Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope,—
Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon,—or
Hume on "Twice three make four,"
Or Lovelass upon Wills,—Thou goest on
Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson!
Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,
Stuff'd with a brilliant medley of odd bits,
And ever shifting on from change to change,
Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits!
Thy range is wider than a Rumford Range!
Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall
Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—
Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all
That spying—frying—singing—mix'd Society
Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet
Welch Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

V

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,
Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed?
There came Belzoni,
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—

l toil Relax'd â€"
ame Campbell and
d receipts for Wills,

And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,
Of whom thou didst declare—
"Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred!*"
There fam'd M'Adam from his manual toil
Relax'd—and freely own'd he took thy hints
On "making *Broth* with *Flints*"—
There Parry came, and show'd thee polar oil
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary
Notions about the *Skullery*,
And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—
There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!
Who used to swear thy book
Would really look
A *Delphic* "Oracle," if laid on *Delf*—
There, once a month, came Campbell and discuss'd
His own—and thy own—"*Magazine* of *Taste*"—
There Wilberforce the Just
Came, in his old black suit, till once he trac'd
Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,
That "do not break their *yolks*,"—
Which huff'd him home, in grave disgust and haste!

VI

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore
Thy *Patties* —thou wert hand-and-glove with Moore,
Who call'd thee "*Kitchen Addison*"—for why?
Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,
Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,
"*Teaching us how to live and how to die!*"
There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on
His sine *Quay* non,—
There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath
'Gainst cattle days and death,—
Answer'd by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager

For fighting on soup meagre—
"And yet, (as thou would'st add,) the French have seen
A Marshal *Tureen!*"

VII

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often grac'd
With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy!
'Twas there M'Dermot first inclin'd to Taste,—
There Colborn learn'd the art of making paste
For puffs—and Accum analysed a gravy.
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said
Came there,—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's
Crony,—and Graham, lofty on balloons,—
There Croly stalk'd with holy humour heated,
Who wrote a light-horse play, which Yates completed—
And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,
And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons,—
Madame Valbrèque thrice honour'd thee, and came
With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle,—
The Dibdins,—Tom, Charles, Frognall,—came with tuns
Of poor old books, old puns!
And even Irving spar'd a night from fame,—
And talk'd—till thou didst stop him in the middle,
To serve round *Tewah-diddle!*

VIII

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye!
So let them:—thou thyself art still a *Host!*
Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry!
Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass—and Weber,
Matthews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping
Gheber—
Thrice-worthy Worthy, seem by thee engross'd!
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling,—
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion!
Thou art, sans question,

The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling!*
Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the Bed
Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying
"Illustrations of *Lying!*"
Ninety square feet of down from heel to head
It measured, and I dread
Was haunted by a terrible night *Mare*,
A monstrous burthen on the corporation!—
Look at the Bill of Fare for one day's share,
Sea-turtles by the score—Oxen by droves,
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves
Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation
Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration!

IX

Oh! worthy Doctor! surely thou hast driven
The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—
(His honour seems to rest!—)
And what is thy reward?—Hath London given
Thee public thanks for thy important service?
Alas! not even
The tokens it bestowed on Howe and Jervis!—
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak
Before the worshipful the Common Council
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)
Thou should'st not miss thy Freedom, for a week,
Richly engross'd on vellum:—Reason urges
That he who rules our cookery—that he
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be
A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess!*

THE LAST MAN

I

'Twas in the year two thousand and one,
A pleasant morning of May,
I sat on the gallows-tree, all alone,
A chaunting a merry lay,—
To think how the pest had spared my life,
To sing with the larks that day!

II

When up the heath came a jolly knave,
Like a scarecrow, all in rags:
It made me crow to see his old duds
All abroad in the wind, like flags;—
So up he came to the timber's foot
And pitch'd down his greasy bags.—

III

Good Lord! how blythe the old beggar was!
At pulling out his scraps,—
The very sight of his broken orts
Made a work in his wrinkled chaps:
"Come down," says he, "you Newgate-bird,
And have a taste of my snaps!"—

IV

Then down the rope, like a tar from the mast,
I slided, and by him stood:
But I wish'd myself on the gallows again
When I smelt that beggar's food,—
A foul beef-bone and a mouldy crust;—
"Oh!" quoth he, "the heavens are good!"

V

Then after this grace he cast him down:
Says I, "You'll get sweeter air
A pace or two off, on the windward side"—
For the felons' bones lay there—
But he only laugh'd at the empty skulls,
And offer'd them part of his fare.

VI

"I never harm'd *them*, and they won't harm me:
Let the proud and the rich be cravens!"
I did not like that strange beggar man,
He look'd so up at the heavens—
Anon he shook out his empty old poke;—
"There's the crumbs," saith he, "for the ravens!"

VII

It made me angry to see his face,
It had such a jesting look;
But while I made up my mind to speak,
A small case-bottle he took:
Quoth he, "Though I gather the green water-cress,
My drink is not of the brook!"

VIII

Full manners-like he tender'd the dram;
Oh it came of a dainty cask!
But, whenever it came to his turn to pull,
"Your leave, good sir, I must ask;
But I always wipe the brim with my sleeve,
When a hangman sups at my flask!"

IX

And then he laugh'd so loudly and long,
The churl was quite out of breath;
I thought the very Old One was come
To mock me before my death,
And wish'd I had buried the dead men's bones
That were lying about the heath!

X

But the beggar gave me a jolly clap—
"Come, let us pledge each other,
For all the wide world is dead beside,
And we are brother and brother—
I've a yearning for thee in my heart,
As if we had come of one mother.

XI

"I've a yearning for thee in my heart
That almost makes me weep,
For as I pass'd from town to town
The folks were all stone-asleep,—
But when I saw thee sitting aloft,
It made me both laugh and leap!"

XII

Now a curse (I thought) be on his love,
And a curse upon his mirth,—
An it were not for that beggar man
I'd be the King of the earth,—
But I promis'd myself, an hour should come
To make him rue his birth!—

XIII

So down we sat and bous'd again
Till the sun was in mid-sky,
When, just as the gentle west-wind came,
We hearken'd a dismal cry:
"Up, up, on the tree," quoth the beggar man,
"Till those horrible dogs go by!"

XIV

And, lo! from the forest's far-off skirts,
They came all yelling for gore,
A hundred hounds pursuing at once,
And a panting hart before,
Till he sunk adown at the gallows' foot,
And there his haunches they tore!

XV

His haunches they tore, without a horn
To tell when the chase was done;
And there was not a single scarlet coat
To flaunt it in the sun!—
I turn'd, and look'd at the beggar man,
And his tears dropt one by one!

XVI

And with curses sore he chid at the hounds,
Till the last dropt out of sight,
Anon saith he, "Let's down again,
And ramble for our delight,
For the world's all free, and we may choose
A right cozie barn for to-night!"

XVII

With that, he set up his staff on end,
And it fell with the point due West;
So we far'd that way to a city great,
Where the folks had died of the pest—
It was fine to enter in house and hall,
Wherever it liked me best!—

XVIII

For the porters all were stiff and cold,
And could not lift their heads;
And when we came where their masters lay,
The rats leapt out of the beds:—
The grandest palaces in the land
Were as free as workhouse sheds.

XIX

But the beggar man made a mumping face,
And knocked at every gate:
It made me curse to hear how he whined,
So our fellowship turn'd to hate,
And I bade him walk the world by himself,
For I scorn'd so humble a mate!

XX

So *he* turn'd right and *I* turn'd left,
As if we had never met;
And I chose a fair stone house for myself,
For the city was all to let;
And for three brave holydays drank my fill
Of the choicest that I could get.

XXI

And because my jerkin was coarse and worn,
I got me a properer vest;
It was purple velvet, stitch'd o'er with gold,
And a shining star at the breast,—
'Twas enough to fetch old Joan from her grave
To see me so purely drest!—

XXII

But Joan was dead and under the mould,
And every buxom lass;
In vain I watch'd, at the window pane,
For a Christian soul to pass;—
But sheep and kine wander'd up the street,
And brows'd on the new-come grass.—

XXIII

When lo! I spied the old beggar man,
And lustily he did sing!—
His rags were lapp'd in a scarlet cloak,
And a crown he had like a King;
So he stept right up before my gate
And danc'd me a saucy fling!

XXIV

Heaven mend us all!—but, within my mind,
I had kill'd him then and there;
To see him lording so braggart-like
That was born to his beggar's fare,
And how he had stolen the royal crown
His betters were meant to wear.

XXV

But God forbid that a thief should die
Without his share of the laws!
So I nimbly whipt my tackle out,
And soon tied up his claws,—
I was judge, myself, and jury, and all,
And solemnly tried the cause.

XXVI

But the beggar man would not plead, but cried
Like a babe without its corals,
For he knew how hard it is apt to go
When the law and a thief have quarrels,—
There was not a Christian soul alive
To speak a word for his morals.

XXVII

Oh, how gaily I doff'd my costly gear,
And put on my work-day clothes;—
I was tired of such a long Sunday life,
And never was one of the sloths;
But the beggar man grumbled a weary deal,
And made many crooked mouths.

XXVIII

So I haul'd him off to the gallows' foot,
And blinded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind and airing his rags!

XXIX

So there he hung, and there I stood
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth:
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive!

XXX

My conscience began to gnaw my heart
Before the day was done,
For other men's lives had all gone out,
Like candles in the sun!—
But it seem'd as if I had broke, at last,
A thousand necks in one!

XXXI

So I went and cut his body down
To bury it decentlie;—
God send there were any good soul alive
To do the like by me!
But the wild dogs came with terrible speed,
And bay'd me up the tree!

XXXII

My sight was like a drunkard's sight,
And my head began to swim,
To see their jaws all white with foam,
Like the ravenous ocean-brim;—
But when the wild dogs trotted away
Their jaws were bloody and grim!

XXXIII

Their jaws were bloody and grim, good Lord!
But the beggar man, where was he?—
There was nought of him but some ribbons of rags
Below the gallows' tree!—
I know the Devil, when I am dead,
Will send his hounds for me!—

XXXIV

I've buried my babies one by one,
And dug the deep hole for Joan,
And cover'd the faces of kith and kin,
And felt the old churchyard stone
Go cold to my heart, full many a time,
But I never felt so lone!

XXXV

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguil'd;
But the simple kine are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

XXXVI

And the beggar man's ghost besets my dreams,
At night to make me madder,—
And my wretched conscience, within my breast,
Is like a stinging adder;—
I sigh when I pass the gallows' foot,
And look at the rope and ladder!—

XXXVII

For hanging looks sweet,—but, alas! in vain,
My desperate fancy begs,—
I must turn my cup of sorrows quite up,
And drink it to the dregs,—
For there is not another man alive,
In the world, to pull my legs!

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN

AN OLD BALLAD

YOUNG BEN he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water-side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,—
  "Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
  Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
  To sail with old Benbow";
And her woe began to run afresh,
  As if she'd said Gee woe!

Says he, "They've only taken him
  To the Tender-ship, you see";—
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
  "What a hard-ship that must be!

"O! would I were a mermaid now,
  For then I'd follow him;
But, oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
  And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
  'The virgin and the scales,'
So I must curse my cruel stars,
  And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
  That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
  And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
  To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
  Whose Christian name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
  How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
  But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.

"AS IT FELL UPON A DAY"

Oh! what's befallen Bessy Brown,
She stands so squalling in the street;
She's let her pitcher tumble down,
And all the water's at her feet!

The little school-boys stood about,
And laugh'd to see her pumping, pumping;
Now with a curtsey to the spout,
And then upon her tiptoes jumping.

Long time she waited for her neighbours,
To have their turns:—but she must lose
The watery wages of her labours,—
Except a little in her shoes!

Without a voice to tell her tale,
And ugly transport in her face;
All like a jugless nightingale,
She thinks of her bereavèd case.

At last she sobs—she cries—she screams!
And pours her flood of sorrows out,
From eyes and mouth, in mingled streams,
Just like the lion on the spout.

For well poor Bessy knows her mother
Must lose her tea, for water's lack,
That Sukey burns—and baby-brother
Must be dry rubb'd with huck-a-back!

THE STAG-EYED LADY

A MOORISH TALE

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

I

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wond'rous acts that chronicles relate,—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The Sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed!
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

II

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumour'd he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within harm's length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shorten'd the Moon's days.

III

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had
No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they falter'd,
And let him live unhang'd—and still unalter'd,

IV

Until he got a sage-bush of a beard,
   Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honour'd and unshear'd,
   Grew downward like old women and cow's tail:
Being a sign of age—some grey appear'd,
   Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;
But yet, not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

V

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
   His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
   To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
   When he was gone—doom'd, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

VI

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
   Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So call'd, because her lustrous eyes, above
   All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
   And drumm'd with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear:
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his Profit.

VII

Beer will grow mothery, and ladies fair
   Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:
Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
   Boy'd up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
   He made so certain ere his chicken came:—
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth!

VIII

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
  A little daughter to this world of sins,—
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
  Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
  Their little wits and scare them from their skins
To hear their father stamp, and curse, and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

IX

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
  This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
"O! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
  And box the compass of the royal chest?
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
  I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you'll want a wig upon your chin!"

X

But not her words, nor e'en her tears, could slack
  The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:
He call'd his slaves to bring an ample sack
  Wherein a woman might be poked—a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and look'd black
  At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

XI

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
  A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopp'd from many an elf
  Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
  But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
  He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

XII

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes "the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose";
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

XIII

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
Was doom'd to have a winding sheet of water.
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like bag of Wall's-End from a coalman's back.

XIV

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-fill'd
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rill'd
A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was still'd,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drownèd in her sack, like Clarence.

XV

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,—
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smother'd by the Moor—
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before,
Turn'd comets as the tale was brought to light;
And all look'd downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

XVI

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Push'd through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Comb'd by 'live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she rais'd
Her *aqua*line nose above the stream, and gazed.

XVII

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale it seem'd near drownèd to a white,—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There come these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

The Water Peri's Song

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapp'd in the wave;
The *Mussul*man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
This greyish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall;
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

ed with grave

ain With nether

ich, all i' the Irish

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER

I

Alack ! 'tis melancholy theme to think
How Learning doth in rugged states abide,
And, like her bashful owl, obscurely blink,
In pensive glooms and corners, scarcely spied;
Not, as in Founders' Halls and domes of pride,
Served with grave homage, like a tragic queen,
But with one lonely priest compell'd to hide,
In midst of foggy moors and mosses green,
In that clay cabin hight the College of Kilreen !

II

This College looketh South and West alsoe,
Because it hath a cast in windows twain;
Crazy and crack'd they be, and wind doth blow
Thorough transparent holes in every pane,
Which Dan, with many paines, makes whole again
With nether garments, which his thrift doth teach
To stand for glass, like pronouns, and when rain
Stormeth, he puts, "once more unto the breach,"
Outside and in, tho' broke, yet so he mendeth each.

III

And in the midst a little door there is,
Whereon a board that doth congratulate
With painted letters, red as blood I wis,
Thus written,
"CHILDREN TAKEN IN TO BATE":
And oft, indeed, the inward of that gate,
Most ventriloque, doth utter tender squeak,
And moans of infants that bemoan their fate,
In midst of sounds of Latin, French, and Greek,
Which, all i' the Irish tongue, he teacheth them to speak.

f learning is but
diments they
et, from her

IV

For some are meant to right illegal wrongs,
And some for Doctors of Divinitie,
Whom he doth teach to murder the dead tongues,
And soe win academical degree;
But some are bred for service of the sea,
Howbeit, their store of learning is but small,
For mickle waste he counteth it would be
To stock a head with bookish wares at all,
Only to be knock'd off by ruthless cannon-ball.

V

Six babes he sways,—some little and some big,
Divided into classes six;—alsoe,
He keeps a parlour boarder of a pig,
That in the College fareth to and fro,
And picketh up the urchins' crumbs below,
And eke the learned rudiments they scan,
And thus his A, B, C, doth wisely know,—
Hereafter to be shown in caravan,
And raise the wonderment of many a learned man.

VI

Alsoe, he schools some tame familiar fowls,
Whereof, above his head, some two or three
Sit darkly squatting, like Minerva's owls,
But on the branches of no living tree,
And overlook the learned family;
While, sometimes, Partlet, from her gloomy perch,
Drops feather on the nose of Dominie,
Meanwhile, with serious eye, he makes research
In leaves of that sour tree of knowledge—now a birch.

VII

No chair he hath, the awful Pedagogue,
Such as would magisterial hams imbed,
But sitteth lowly on a beechen log,
Secure in high authority and dread:
Large, as a dome for Learning, seems his head,
And, like Apollo's, all beset with rays,
Because his locks are so unkempt and red,
And stand abroad in many several ways:—
No laurel crown he wears, howbeit his cap is baize.

VIII

And, underneath, a pair of shaggy brows
O'erhang as many eyes of gizzard hue,
That inward giblet of a fowl, which shows
A mongrel tint, that is ne brown ne blue;
His nose,—it is a coral to the view;
Well nourish'd with Pierian Potheen,—
For much he loves his native mountain dew;—
But to depict the dye would lack, I ween,
A bottle-red, in terms, as well as bottle-green.

IX

As for his coat, 'tis such a jerkin short
As Spenser had, ere he composed his Tales;
But underneath he hath no vest, nor aught,
So that the wind his airy breast assails;
Below, he wears the nether garb of males,
Of crimson plush, but non-plushed at the knee;—
Thence further down the native red prevails,
Of his own naked fleecy hosierie:—
Two sandals, without soles, complete his cap-a-pie.

e some rents, for
ll each little heart
od, â€" Severe by

X

Nathless, for dignity, he now doth lap
His function in a magisterial gown,
That shows more countries in it than a map,—
Blue tinct, and red, and green, and russet brown,
Besides some blots, standing for country-town;
And eke some rents, for streams and rivers wide;
But, sometimes, bashful when he looks adown,
He turns the garment of the other side,
Hopeful that so the holes may never be espied!

XI

And soe he sits, amidst the little pack,
That look for shady or for sunny noon,
Within his visage, like an almanack,—
His quiet smile foretelling gracious boon:
But when his mouth droops down, like rainy moon,
With horrid chill each little heart unwarms,
Knowing that infant show'rs will follow soon,
And with forebodings of near wrath and storms
They sit, like timid hares, all trembling on their forms.

XII

Ah! luckless wight, who cannot then repeat
"Corduroy Colloquy,"—or "Ki, Kæ, Kod,"—
Full soon his tears shall make his turfy seat
More sodden, tho' already made of sod,
For Dan shall whip him with the word of God,—
Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And soe with holy rule deems he is reconcil'd.

ches, that forlorn
rocious leaders of
n Phelim's

XIII

But, surely, the just sky will never wink
At men who take delight in childish throe,
And stripe the nether-urchin like a pink
Or tender hyacinth, inscribed with woe;
Such bloody Pedagogues, when they shall know,
By useless birches, that forlorn recess,
Which is no holiday, in Pit below,
Will hell not seem design'd for their distress,—
A melancholy place, that is all bottomlesse?

XIV

Yet would the Muse not chide the wholesome use
Of needful discipline, in due degree.
Devoid of sway, what wrongs will time produce,
Whene'er the twig untrained grows up a tree.
This shall a Carder, that a Whiteboy be,
Ferocious leaders of atrocious bands,
And Learning's help be used for infamie,
By lawless clerks, that, with their bloody hands,
In murder'd English write Rock's murderous commands.

XV

But ah! what shrilly cry doth now alarm
The sooty fowls that dozed upon the beam,
All sudden fluttering from the brandish'd arm,
And cackling chorus with the human scream;
Meanwhile, the scourge plies that unkindly seam
In Phelim's brogues, which bares his naked skin,
Like traitor gap in warlike fort, I deem,
That falsely lets the fierce besieger in,
Nor seeks the Pedagogue by other course to win.

ı lay of Erin's Isle,
, Wherein, alas !
ne's moan, Who,

XVI

No parent dear he hath to heed his cries ;—
Alas ! his parent dear is far aloof,
And deep in Seven-Dial cellar lies,
Killed by kind cudgel-play, or gin of proof,
Or climbeth, catwise, on some London roof,
Singing, perchance, a lay of Erin's Isle,
Or, whilst he labours, weaves a fancy-woof,
Dreaming he sees his home,—his Phelim smile ;—
Ah me ! that luckless imp, who weepeth all the while !

XVII

Ah ! who can paint that hard and heavy time,
When first the scholar lists in Learning's train,
And mounts her rugged steep, enforc'd to climb,
Like sooty imp, by sharp posterior pain,
From bloody twig, and eke that Indian cane,
Wherein, alas ! no sugar'd juices dwell,
For this, the while one stripling's sluices drain,
Another weepeth over chilblains fell,
Always upon the heel, yet never to be well !

XVIII

Anon a third, for his delicious root,
Late ravish'd from his tooth by elder chit,
So soon is human violence afoot,
So hardly is the harmless biter bit !
Meanwhile, the tyrant, with untimely wit
And mouthing face, derides the small one's moan,
Who, all lamenting for his loss, doth sit,
Alack,—mischance comes seldomtimes alone,
But aye the worried dog must rue more curs than one.

han before, That
: childish
Romulus was bred

XIX

For lo! the Pedagogue, with sudden drub,
Smites his scald-head, that is already sore,—
Superfluous wound,—such is Misfortune's rub!
Who straight makes answer with redoubled roar,
And sheds salt tears twice faster than before,
That still, with backward fist, he strives to dry;
Washing, with brackish moisture, o'er and o'er,
His muddy cheek, that grows more foul thereby,
Till all his rainy face looks grim as rainy sky.

XX

So Dan, by dint of noise, obtains a peace,
And with his natural untender knack,
By new distress, bids former grievance cease,
Like tears dried up with rugged huckaback,
That sets the mournful visage all awrack;
Yet soon the childish countenance will shine
Even as thorough storms the soonest slack,
For grief and beef in adverse ways incline,
This keeps, and that decays, when duly soak'd in brine.

XXI

Now all is hushed, and, with a look profound,
The Dominie lays ope the learned page;
(So be it called) although he doth expound
Without a book, both Greek and Latin sage;
Now telleth he of Rome's rude infant age,
How Romulus was bred in savage wood,
By wet-nurse wolf, devoid of wolfish rage;
And laid foundation-stone of walls of mud,
But watered it, alas! with warm fraternal blood.

Greece, most
' the clouds of the
ı, And gold be

XXII

Anon, he turns to that Homeric war,
How Troy was sieged like Londonderry town;
And stout Achilles, at his jaunting-car,
Dragged mighty Hector with a bloody crown;
And eke the bard, that sung of their renown,
In garb of Greece, most beggar-like and torn,
He paints, with colly, wand'ring up and down,
Because, at once, in seven cities born;
And so, of parish rights, was, all his days, forlorn.

XXIII

Anon, through old Mythology he goes,
Of Gods defunct, and all their pedigrees,
But shuns their scandalous amours, and shows
How Plato wise, and clear-ey'd Socrates,
Confess'd not to those heathen hes and shes;
But thro' the clouds of the Olympic cope
Beheld St. Peter, with his holy keys,
And own'd their love was naught, and bow'd to Pope,
Whilst all their purblind race in Pagan mist did grope!

XXIV

From such quaint themes he turns, at last, aside,
To new philosophies, that still are green,
And shows what railroads have been track'd, to guide
The wheels of great political machine;
If English corn should grow abroad, I ween,
And gold be made of gold, or paper sheet;
How many pigs be born to each spalpeen;
And, ah! how man shall thrive beyond his meat,—
With twenty souls alive, to one square sod of peat!

XXV

Here, he makes end; and all the fry of youth,
That stood around with serious look intense,
Close up again their gaping eyes and mouth,
Which they had opened to his eloquence,
As if their hearing were a threefold sense.
But now the current of his words is done,
And whether any fruits shall spring from thence,
In future time, with any mother's son,
It is a thing, God wot! that can be told by none.

XXVI

Now by the creeping shadows of the noon,
The hour is come to lay aside their lore;
The cheerful Pedagogue perceives it soon,
And cries, "Begone!" unto the imps,—and four
Snatch their two hats and struggle for the door,
Like ardent spirits vented from a cask,
All blithe and boisterous,—but leave two more,
With Reading made Uneasy for a task,
To weep, whilst all their mates in merry sunshine bask,

XXVII

Like sportive Elfins, on the verdant sod,
With tender moss so sleekly overgrown,
That doth not hurt, but kiss, the sole unshod,
So soothly kind is Erin to her own!
And one, at Hare and Hound, plays all alone,—
For Phelim's gone to tend his step-dame's cow;
Ah! Phelim's step-dame is a canker'd crone!
Whilst other twain play at an Irish row,
And, with shillelah small, break one another's brow!

v the current of
Like ardent
gone to tend his

in earth the

ı and Isis ; for,

XXVIII

But careful Dominie, with ceaseless thrift,
Now changeth ferula for rural hoe;
But, first of all, with tender hand doth shift
His college gown, because of solar glow,
And hangs it on a bush, to scare the crow:
Meanwhile, he plants in earth the dappled bean,
Or trains the young potatoes all a-row,
Or plucks the fragrant leek for pottage green,
With that crisp curly herb, call'd Kale in Aberdeen.

XXIX

And so he wisely spends the fruitful hours,
Linked each to each by labour, like a bee;
Or rules in Learning's hall, or trims her bow'rs;—
Would there were many more such wights as he,
To sway each capital academie
Of Cam and Isis; for, alack! at each
There dwells, I wot, some dronish Dominie,
That does no garden work, nor yet doth teach,
But wears a floury head, and talks in flow'ry speech!

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

A PATHETIC BALLAD

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
  And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
  So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
  Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
  And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
  Said he,—"They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite,
  As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
  Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
  When he'd devour'd his pay!

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
  She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
  Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
  Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
  Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow,
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call, I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

"I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death:—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*"

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the Line!

One end he tied around a beam,
  And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off,—of course,
  He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
  As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
  It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
  To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
  With a *stake* in his inside!

BIANCA'S DREAM

A VENETIAN STORY

I

BIANCA!—fair Bianca!—who could dwell
With safety on her dark and hazel gaze,
Nor find there lurk'd in it a witching spell,
Fatal to balmy nights and blessed days?
The peaceful breath that made the bosom swell,
She turn'd to gas, and set it in a blaze;
Each eye of hers had Love's Eupyrion in it,
That he could light his link at in a minute.

II

So that, wherever in her charms she shone,
A thousand breasts were kindled into flame;
Maidens who cursed her looks forgot their own,
And beaux were turn'd to flambeaux where she came;
All hearts indeed were conquer'd but her own,
Which none could ever temper down or tame:
In short, to take our haberdasher's hints,
She might have written over it,—"from Flints."

III

She was, in truth, the wonder of her sex,
At least in Venice—where with eyes of brown
Tenderly languid, ladies seldom vex
An amorous gentle with a needless frown;
Where gondolas convey guitars by pecks,
And Love at casements climbeth up and down,
Whom for his tricks and custom in that kind,
Some have considered a Venetian blind.

IV

Howbeit, this difference was quickly taught,
Amongst more youths who had this cruel jailor,
To hapless Julio—all in vain he sought
With each new moon his hatter and his tailor;
In vain the richest padusoy he bought,
And went in bran new beaver to assail her—
As if to show that Love had made him *smart*
All over—and not merely round his heart.

V

In vain he labour'd thro' the sylvan park
Bianca haunted in—that where she came,
Her learned eyes in wandering might mark
The twisted cypher of her maiden name,
Wholesomely going thro' a course of bark:
No one was touched or troubled by his flame,
Except the Dryads, those old maids that grow
In trees,—like wooden dolls in embryo.

VI

In vain complaining elegies he writ,
And taught his tuneful instrument to grieve,
And sang in quavers how his heart was split,
Constant beneath her lattice with each eve;
She mock'd his wooing with her wicked wit,
And slash'd his suit so that it matched his sleeve,
Till he grew silent at the vesper star,
And, quite despairing, hamstring'd his guitar.

VII

Bianca's heart was coldly frosted o'er
With snows unmelting—an eternal sheet,
But his was red within him, like the core
Of old Vesuvius, with perpetual heat;
And oft he longed internally to pour
His flames and glowing lava at her feet,
But when his burnings he began to spout,
She stopp'd his mouth, and put the *crater* out.

VIII

Meanwhile he wasted in the eyes of men,
So thin, he seem'd a sort of skeleton-key
Suspended at death's door—so pale—and then
He turn'd as nervous as an aspen tree;
The life of man is three score years and ten,
But he was perishing at twenty-three,
For people truly said, as grief grew stronger,
"It could not shorten his poor life—much longer."

IX

For why, he neither slept, nor drank, nor fed,
Nor relished any kind of mirth below;
Fire in his heart, and frenzy in his head,
Love had become his universal foe,
Salt in his sugar—nightmare in his bed,
At last, no wonder wretched Julio,
A sorrow-ridden thing, in utter dearth
Of hope,—made up his mind to cut her girth!

X

For hapless lovers always died of old,
Sooner than chew reflection's bitter cud;
So Thisbe stuck herself, what time 'tis told,
The tender-hearted mulberries wept blood;
And so poor Sappho when her boy was cold,
Drown'd her salt tear drops in a salter flood,
Their fame still breathing, tho' their breath be past,
For those old *suitors* lived beyond their last.

XI

So Julio went to drown,—when life was dull,
But took his corks, and merely had a bath;
And once he pull'd a trigger at his skull,
But merely broke a window in his wrath;
And once, his hopeless being to annul,
He tied a pack-thread to a beam of lath,
A line so ample, 'twas a query whether
'Twas meant to be a halter or a tether.

XII

Smile not in scorn, that Julio did not thrust
  His sorrows thro'—'tis horrible to die!
And come down with our little all of dust,
  That dun of all the duns to satisfy:
To leave life's pleasant city as we must,
  In Death's most dreary spunging-house to lie,
Where even all our personals must go
To pay the debt of nature that we owe!

XIII

So Julio liv'd:—'twas nothing but a pet
  He took at life—a momentary spite;
Besides, he hoped that time would some day get
  The better of love's flame, however bright;
A thing that time has never compass'd yet,
  For love, we know, is an immortal light.
Like that old fire, that, quite beyond a doubt,
Was always in,—for none have found it out.

XIV

Meanwhile, Bianca dream'd—'twas once when Night
  Along the darken'd plain began to creep,
Like a young Hottentot, whose eyes are bright,
  Altho' in skin as sooty as a sweep:
The flow'rs had shut their eyes—the zephyr light
  Was gone, for it had rock'd the leaves to sleep.
And all the little birds had laid their heads
Under their wings—sleeping in feather beds.

XV

Lone in her chamber sate the dark-ey'd maid,
  By easy stages jaunting thro' her pray'rs,
But list'ning side-long to a serenade,
  That robb'd the saints a little of their shares;
For Julio underneath the lattice play'd
  His Deh Vieni, and such amorous airs,
Born only underneath Italian skies,
Where every fiddle has a Bridge of Sighs.

XVI

Sweet was the tune—the words were even sweeter—
  Praising her eyes, her lips, her nose, her hair,
With all the common tropes wherewith in metre
  The hackney poets overcharge their fair.
Her shape was like Diana's, but completer;
  Her brow with Grecian Helen's might compare:
Cupid, alas! was cruel Sagittarius,
Julio—the weeping water-man Aquarius.

XVII

Now, after listing to such laudings rare,
  'Twas very natural indeed to go—
What if she did postpone one little pray'r—
  To ask her mirror "if it was not so?"
'Twas a large mirror, none the worse for wear,
  Reflecting her at once from top to toe:
And there she gazed upon that glossy track,
That show'd her front face tho' it "gave her back."

XVIII

And long her lovely eyes were held in thrall,
  By that dear page where first the woman reads:
That Julio was no flatt'rer, none at all,
  She told herself—and then she told her beads;
Meanwhile, the nerves insensibly let fall
  Two curtains fairer than the lily breeds;
For Sleep had crept and kiss'd her unawares,
Just at the half-way milestone of her pray'rs.

XIX

Then like a drooping rose so bended she,
  Till her bow'd head upon her hand reposed;
But still she plainly saw, or seem'd to see,
  That fair reflection, tho' her eyes were closed,
A beauty-bright as it was wont to be,
  A portrait Fancy painted while she dozed:
'Tis very natural some people say,
To dream of what we dwell on in the day.

XX

Still shone her face—yet not, alas! the same,
  But 'gan some dreary touches to assume,
And sadder thoughts, with sadder changes came—
  Her eyes resigned their light, her lips their bloom,
Her teeth fell out, her tresses did the same,
  Her cheeks were tinged with bile, her eyes with rheum:
There was a throbbing at her heart within,
For, oh! there was a shooting in her chin.

XXI

And lo! upon her sad desponding brow,
  The cruel trenches of besieging age,
With seams, but most unseemly, 'gan to show
  Her place was booking for the seventh stage;
And where her raven tresses used to flow,
  Some locks that Time had left her in his rage,
And some mock ringlets, made her forehead shady,
A compound (like our Psalms) of têtc and braidy.

XXII

Then for her shape—alas! how Saturn wrecks,
  And bends, and corkscrews all the frame about,
Doubles the hams, and crooks the straightest necks,
  Draws in the nape, and pushes forth the snout,
Makes backs and stomachs concave or convex:
  Witness those pensioners called In and Out,
Who all day watching first and second rater,
Quaintly unbend themselves—but grow no straighter.

XXIII

So Time with fair Bianca dealt, and made
  Her shape a bow, that once was like an arrow;
His iron hand upon her spine he laid,
  And twisted all awry her "winsome marrow."
In truth it was a change!—she had obey'd
  The holy Pope before her chest grew narrow,
But spectacles and palsy seem'd to make her
Something between a Glassite and a Quaker.

XXIV

Her grief and gall meanwhile were quite extreme,
And she had ample reason for her trouble;
For what sad maiden can endure to seem
Set in for singleness, tho' growing double.
The fancy madden'd her; but now the dream,
Grown thin by getting bigger, like a bubble,
Burst,—but still left some fragments of its size,
That, like the soapsuds, smarted in her eyes.

XXV

And here—just here—as she began to heed
The real world, her clock chimed out its score;
A clock it was of the Venetian breed,
That cried the hour from one to twenty-four;
The works moreover standing in some need
Of workmanship, it struck some dozens more;
A warning voice that clench'd Bianca's fears,
Such strokes referring doubtless to her years.

XXVI

At fifteen chimes she was but half a nun,
By twenty she had quite renounced the veil;
She thought of Julio just at twenty-one,
And thirty made her very sad and pale,
To paint that ruin where her charms would run;
At forty all the maid began to fail,
And thought no higher, as the late dream cross'd her,
Of single blessedness, than single Gloster.

XXVII

And so Bianca changed;—the next sweet even,
With Julio in a black Venetian bark,
Row'd slow and stealthily—the hour, eleven,
Just sounding from the tow'r of old St. Mark;
She sate with eyes turn'd quietly to heav'n,
Perchance rejoicing in the grateful dark
That veil'd her blushing cheek,—for Julio brought her
Of course—to break the ice upon the water.

XXVIII

But what a puzzle is one's serious mind
To open;—oysters, when the ice is thick,
Are not so difficult and disinclin'd;
And Julio felt the declaration stick
About his throat in a most awful kind;
However, he contrived by bits to pick
His trouble forth,—much like a rotten cork
Grop'd from a long-neck'd bottle with a fork.

XXIX

But love is still the quickest of all readers;
And Julio spent besides those signs profuse
That English telegraphs and foreign pleaders,
In help of language, are so apt to use,
Arms, shoulders, fingers, all were interceders,
Nods, shrugs, and bends,—Bianca could not choose
But soften to his suit with more facility,
He told his story with so much agility.

XXX

"Be thou my park, and I will be thy dear,
(So he began at last to speak or quote;)
Be thou my bark, and I thy gondolier,
(For passion takes this figurative note;)
Be thou my light, and I thy chandelier;
Be thou my dove, and I will be thy cote:
My lily be, and I will be thy river;
Be thou my life—and I will be thy liver."

XXXI

This, with more tender logic of the kind,
He pour'd into her small and shell-like ear,
That timidly against his lips inclin'd;
Meanwhile her eyes glanced on the silver sphere
That even now began to steal behind
A dewy vapour, which was lingering near,
Wherein the dull moon crept all dim and pale,
Just like a virgin putting on the veil:—

XXXII

Bidding adieu to all her sparks—the stars,
  That erst had woo'd and worshipp'd in her train,
Saturn and Hesperus, and gallant Mars—
  Never to flirt with heavenly eyes again.
Meanwhile, remindful of the convent bars,
  Bianca did not watch these signs in vain,
But turn'd to Julio at the dark eclipse,
With words, like verbal kisses, on her lips.

XXXIII

He took the hint full speedily, and, back'd
  By love, and night, and the occasion's meetness,
Bestow'd a something on her cheek that smack'd
  (Tho' quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness;
That made her think all other kisses lack'd
  Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness:
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things—like sandwiches of veal.

XXXIV

He took her hand, and soon she felt him wring
  The pretty fingers all instead of one;
Anon his stealthy arm began to cling
  About her waist that had been clasp'd by none;
Their dear confessions I forbear to sing,
  Since cold description would but be outrun;
For bliss and Irish watches have the pow'r,
In twenty minutes, to lose half an hour!

THE DEMON-SHIP

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea
look'd black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering
at the brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!
It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held
freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the
land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew
fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the
blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults
of hail!

What darksome caverns yawn'd before! what jagged
steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in
the wind.
Each after each sank down astern, exhausted in the
chase,
But where it sank another rose and gallop'd in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against
the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's
shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heap'd in one!

With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling, fast,
As if the scooping sea contain'd one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seem'd as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rush'd—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters clos'd—and when I shriek'd, I shriek'd below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * *

"Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seem'd around?
A moon, as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mock'd the human face, before me watch'd alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that look'd against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I look'd, on that accursed night!

I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas—cats—blood-loving bats—and apes with hateful stare,—
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimm'd and banish'd by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs—
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that Grimly One who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black—his brow was black—his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touch'd, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I look'd beneath,
His breast was black—all, all, was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plough'd the inky waves!

"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?

What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gain'd my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguil'd
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's Ship, upon the Devil's Sea!"

Loud laugh'd that **Sable Mariner**, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern—
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce—
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoy'd the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like Demons of the Pit.
They crow'd their fill, and then the Chief made answer for the whole;—
"Our skins," said he, "are black, ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields—
For this here ship has pick'd you up—the *Mary Ann* of Shields!"

TIM TURPIN

A PATHETIC BALLAD

TIM TURPIN he was gravel blind,
And ne'er had seen the skies:
For Nature, when his head was made,
Forgot to dot his eyes.

So, like a Christmas pedagogue,
Poor Tim was forc'd to do—
Look out for pupils, for he had
A vacancy for two.

There's some have specs to help their sight
Of objects dim and small:
But Tim had *specks* within his eyes,
And could not see at all.

Now Tim he woo'd a servant-maid,
And took her to his arms;
For he, like Pyramus, had cast
A wall-eye on her charms.

By day she led him up and down
Where'er he wish'd to jog,
A happy wife, altho' she led
The life of any dog.

But just when Tim had liv'd a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon ope'd his Milton eyes,
Like oysters, with a knife.

But when his eyes were open'd thus,
He wish'd them dark again:
For when he look'd upon his wife,
He saw her very plain.

Her face was bad, her figure worse,
He couldn't bear to eat:
For she was any thing but like
A Grace before his meat.

Now Tim he was a feeling man:
For when his sight was thick,
It made him feel for every thing—
But that was with a stick.

So with a cudgel in his hand—
It was not light or slim—
He knocked at his wife's head until
It open'd unto him.

And when the corpse was stiff and cold,
He took his slaughter'd spouse,
And laid her in a heap with all
The ashes of her house.

But like a wicked murderer,
He lived in constant fear
From day to day, and so he cut
His throat from ear to ear.

The neighbours fetch'd a doctor in:
Said he, this wound I dread
Can hardly be sew'd up—his life
Is hanging on a thread.

But when another week was gone,
He gave him stronger hope—
Instead of hanging on a thread,
Of hanging on a rope.

Ah! when he hid his bloody work
In ashes round about,
How little he supposed the truth
Would soon be sifted out.

But when the parish dustman came,
His rubbish to withdraw,
He found more dust within the heap
Than he contracted for!

A dozen men to try the fact,
Were sworn that very day;
But tho' they all were jurors, yet
No conjurors were they.

Said Tim unto those jurymen,
You need not waste your breath,
For I confess myself at once
The author of her death.

And, oh! when I reflect upon
The blood that I have spilt,
Just like a button is my soul,
Inscrib'd with double *guilt!*

Then turning round his head again,
He saw before his eyes
A great judge, and a little judge,
The judges of a-size!

The great judge took his judgment cap,
And put it on his head,
And sentenc'd Tim by law to hang,
'Till he was three times dead.

So he was tried, and he was hung
(Fit punishment for such)
On Horsham-drop, and none can say
It was a drop too much.

DEATH'S RAMBLE

One day the dreary old King of Death
Inclined for some sport with the carnal,
So he tied a pack of darts on his back,
And quietly stole from his charnel.

His head was bald of flesh and of hair,
His body was lean and lank,
His joints at each stir made a crack, and the cur
Took a gnaw, by the way, at his shank.

And what did he do with his deadly darts,
This goblin of grisly bone?
He dabbled and spill'd man's blood, and he kill'd
Like a butcher that kills his own.

The first he slaughter'd, it made him laugh,
(For the man was a coffin-maker,)
To think how the mutes, and men in black suits,
Would mourn for an undertaker.

Death saw two Quakers sitting at church,
Quoth he, "We shall not differ."
And he let them alone, like figures of stone,
For he could not make them stiffer.

He saw two duellists going to fight,
In fear they could not smother;
And he shot one through at once—for he knew
They never would shoot each other.

He saw a watchman fast in his box,
And he gave a snore infernal;
Said Death, "He may keep his breath, for his sleep
Can never be more eternal."

He met a coachman driving his coach
  So slow, that his fare grew sick;
But he let him stray on his tedious way,
  For Death only wars on the *quick*.

Death saw a toll-man taking a toll,
  In the spirit of his fraternity;
But he knew that sort of man would extort,
  Though summon'd to all eternity.

He found an author writing his life,
  But he let him write no further;
For Death, who strikes whenever he likes,
  Is jealous of all self-murther!

Death saw a patient that pull'd out his purse,
  And a doctor that took the sum;
But he let them be—for he knew that the "fee"
  Was a prelude to "faw" and "fum."

He met a dustman ringing a bell,
  And he gave him a mortal thrust;
For himself, by law, since Adam's flaw,
  Is contractor for all our dust.

He saw a sailor mixing his grog,
  And he marked him out for slaughter;
For on water he scarcely had cared for Death,
  And never on rum-and-water.

Death saw two players playing at cards,
  But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
  To wait for the final trump!

A SAILOR'S APOLOGY FOR BOW-LEGS

THERE's some is born with their straight legs by natur—
And some is born with bow-legs from the first—
And some that should have grow'd a good deal straighter,
    But they were badly nurs'd,
And set, you see, like Bacchus, with their pegs
    Astride of casks and kegs:
I've got myself a sort of bow to larboard,
    And starboard,
And this is what it was that warp'd my legs.—

'Twas all along of Poll, as I may say,
That foul'd my cable when I ought to slip;
    But on the tenth of May,
    When I gets under weigh,
Down there in Hertfordshire, to join my ship,
    I sees the mail
    Get under sail,
The only one there was to make the trip.
    Well—I gives chase,
    But as she run
    Two knots to one,
There warn't no use in keeping on the race!

Well—casting round about, what next to try on,
    And how to spin,
I spies an ensign with a Bloody Lion,
And bears away to leeward for the inn,
    Beats round the gable,
And fetches up before the coach-horse stable:
Well—there they stand, four kickers in a row,
    And so
I just makes free to cut a brown 'un's cable.
But riding isn't in a seaman's natur—
So I whips out a toughish end of yarn,

And gets a kind of sort of a land-waiter
To splice me, heel to heel,
Under the she-mare's keel,
And off I goes, and leaves the inn a-starn!

My eyes! how she did pitch!
And wouldn't keep her own to go in no line,
Tho' I kept bowsing, bowsing at her bow-line,
But always making lee-way to the ditch,
And yaw'd her head about all sorts of ways.
The devil sink the craft!
And wasn't she trimendus slack in stays!
We couldn't, no how, keep the inn abaft!
Well—I suppose
We hadn't run a knot—or much beyond—
(What will you have on it?)—but off she goes,
Up to her bends in a fresh-water pond!
There I am!—all a-back!
So I looks forward for her bridle-gears,
To heave her head round on the t'other tack;
But when I starts,
The leather parts,
And goes away right over by the ears!

What could a fellow do,
Whose legs, like mine, you know, were in the bilboes,
But trim myself upright for bringing-to,
And square his yard-arms, and brace up his elbows,
In rig all snug and clever,
Just while his craft was taking in her water?
I didn't like my berth tho', howsomdever,
Because the yarn, you see, kept getting tauter,—
Says I—I wish this job was rayther shorter!

The chase had gain'd a mile
A-head, and still the she-mare stood a-drinking:
Now, all the while
Her body didn't take of course to shrinking.

Says I, she's letting out her reefs, I'm thinking—
And so she swell'd, and swell'd,
And yet the tackle held,
'Till both my legs began to bend like winkin.
My eyes! but she took in enough to founder!
And there's my timbers straining every bit,
Ready to split,
And her tarnation hull a-growing rounder!

Well, there—off Hertford Ness,
We lay both lash'd and water-logg'd together,
And can't contrive a signal of distress;
Thinks I, we must ride out this here foul weather,
Tho' sick of riding out—and nothing less;
When, looking round, I sees a man a-starn:—
Hollo! says I, come underneath her quarter!—
And hands him out my knife to cut the yarn.
So I gets off, and lands upon the road,
And leaves the she-mare to her own consarn,
A-standing by the water.
If I get on another, I'll be blow'd!—
And that's the way, you see, my legs got bow'd!

THE VOLUNTEER

> "The clashing of my armour in my ears
> Sounds like a passing bell; my buckler puts me
> In mind of a bier; this, my broadsword, a pickaxe
> To dig my grave."
>
> THE LOVER'S PROGRESS.

I

'TWAS in that memorable year
France threaten'd to put off in
Flat-bottom'd boats, intending each
To be a British coffin,
To make sad widows of our wives,
And every babe an orphan:—

II

When coats were made of scarlet cloaks,
And heads were dredg'd with flour,
I listed in the Lawyer's Corps,
Against the battle hour;
A perfect Volunteer—for why?
I brought my "will and pow'r."

III

One dreary day—a day of dread,
Like Cato's, over-cast—
About the hour of six, (the morn
And I were breaking fast,)
There came a loud and sudden sound,
That struck me all aghast!

IV

A dismal sort of morning roll,
That was not to be eaten;
Although it was no skin of mine,
But parchment that was beaten,
I felt tattooed through all my flesh,
Like any Otaheitan.

V

My jaws with utter dread enclos'd
The morsel I was munching,
And terror lock'd them up so tight,
My very teeth went crunching
All through my bread and tongue at once,
Like sandwich made at lunching.

VI

My hand that held the tea-pot fast,
Stiffen'd, but yet unsteady,
Kept pouring, pouring, pouring o'er
The cup in one long eddy,
Till both my hose were mark'd with *tea*,
As they were mark'd already.

VII

I felt my visage turn from red
To white—from cold to hot;
But it was nothing wonderful
My colour changed, I wot,
For, like some variable silks,
I felt that I was shot.

VIII

And looking forth with anxious eye,
From my snug upper story,
I saw our melancholy corps,
Going to beds all gory;
The pioneers seem'd very loth
To axe their way to glory.

IX

The captain march'd as mourners march,
The ensign too seem'd lagging,
And many more, although they were
No ensigns, took to flagging—
Like corpses in the Serpentine,
Methought they wanted dragging.

X

But while I watch'd, the thought of death
Came like a chilly gust,
And lo! I shut the window down,
With very little lust
To join so many marching men,
That soon might be March dust.

XI

Quoth I, "Since Fate ordains it so,
Our foe the coast must land on";—
I felt so warm beside the fire
I cared not to abandon;
Our hearths and homes are always things
That patriots make a stand on.

XII

"The fools that fight abroad for home,"
Thought I, "may get a wrong one;
Let those who have no homes at all
Go battle for a long one."
The mirror here confirm'd me this
Reflection, by a strong one.

XIII

For there, where I was wont to shave,
And deck me like Adonis,
There stood the leader of our foes,
With vultures for his cronies—
No Corsican, but Death himself,
The Bony of all Bonies.

XIV

A horrid sight it was, and sad,
To see the grisly chap
Put on my crimson livery,
And then begin to clap
My helmet on—ah me! it felt
Like any felon's cap.

XV

My plume seem'd borrow'd from a hearse,
An undertaker's crest;
My epaulettes like coffin-plates;
My belt so heavy press'd,
Four pipeclay cross-roads seem'd to lie
At once upon my breast.

XVI

My brazen breast-plate only lack'd
A little heap of salt,
To make me like a corpse full dress'd,
Preparing for the vault—
To set up what the Poet calls
My everlasting halt.

XVII

This funeral show inclin'd me quite
To peace:—and here I am!
Whilst better lions go to war,
Enjoying with the lamb
A lengthen'd life, that might have been
A Martial Epigram.

THE EPPING HUNT

ADVERTISEMENT

STRIDING in the Steps of Strutt—the historian of the old English Sports—the author of the following pages has endeavoured to record a yearly revel, already fast hastening to decay. The Easter Chase will soon be numbered with the pastimes of past times: its dogs will have had their day, and its Deer will be Fallow. A few more seasons, and this City Common Hunt will become uncommon.

In proof of this melancholy decadence, the ensuing epistle is inserted. It was penned by an underling at the Wells, a person more accustomed to riding than writing:—

"Sir,—About the Hunt. In anser to your Innqueries, their as been a great falling off laterally, so much so this year that there was nobody allmost. We did a mear nothing provisionally, hardly a Bottle extra, wich is a proof in Pint. In short our Hunt may be said to be in the last Stag of a decline.

"I am, Sir,
"With respects from your humble Servant,
"BARTHOLOMEW RUTT."

"On Monday they began to hunt."—*Chevy Chase.*

JOHN HUGGINS was as bold a man
As trade did ever know,
A warehouse good he had, that stood
Hard by the church of Bow.

There people bought Dutch cheeses round,
And single Glo'ster flat,—
And English butter in a lump,
And Irish—in a *pat.*

Six days a week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At *counter*, with his apron tied
About his *counter-part.*

The seventh, in a sluice-house box
He took his pipe and pot;
On Sundays, for *eel-piety*,
A very noted spot.

Ah, blest if he had never gone
Beyond its rural shed!
One Easter-tide, some evil guide
Put Epping in his head;

Epping, for butter justly famed,
And pork in sausage pop't;
Where, winter time or summer time,
Pig's flesh is always *chop't.*

But famous more, as annals tell,
Because of Easter Chase:
There ev'ry year, 'twixt dog and deer,
There is a gallant race.

With Monday's sun John Huggins rose,
And slapt his leather thigh,
And sang the burthen of the song,
"This day a stag must die."

For all the livelong day before,
And all the night in bed,
Like Beckford, he had nourished "Thoughts
On Hunting" in his head.

Of horn and morn, and hark and bark,
And echo's answering sounds,
All poets' wit hath ever writ
In *dog*-rel verse of *hounds.*

Alas! there was no warning voice
To whisper in his ear,
Thou art a fool in leaving *Cheap*
To go and hunt the *deer!*

No thought he had of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, altho'
'Twas whispered of his *eggs!*

Ride out he would, and hunt he would,
Nor dreamt of ending ill;
Mayhap with Dr. *Ridout's* fee,
And Surgeon *Hunter's* bill.

So he drew on his Sunday boots,
Of lustre superfine;
The liquid black they wore that day
Was *Warren*-ted to shine.

His yellow buckskins fitted close,
As once upon a stag;
Thus well equipt he gaily skipt,
At once, upon his nag.

But first to him that held the rein
A crown he nimbly flung:
For holding of the horse?—why, no—
For holding of his tongue.

To say the horse was Huggins' own,
Would only be a brag;
His neighbour Fig and he went halves,
Like Centaurs, in a nag.

And he that day had got the grey,
Unknown to brother cit;
The horse he knew would never tell,
Altho' it was a *tit.*

A well-bred horse he was, I wis,
   As he began to show,
By quickly "rearing up within
   The way he ought to go."

But Huggins, like a wary man,
   Was ne'er from saddle cast;
Resolved, by going very slow,
   On sitting very fast.

And so he jogged to Tot'n'am Cross,
   An ancient town well known,
Where Edward wept for Eleanor
   In mortar and in stone.

A royal game of fox and goose,
   To play on such a loss;
Wherever she set down her *orts*,
   Thereby he put a *cross*.

Now Huggins had a crony here,
   That lived beside the way;
One that had promised sure to be
   His comrade for the day.

Whereas the man had changed his mind,
   Meanwhile upon the case!
And meaning not to hunt at all,
   Had gone to Enfield Chase.

For why, his spouse had made him vow
   To let a game alone,
Where folks that ride a bit of blood
   May break a bit of bone.

"Now, be his wife a plague for life!
   A coward sure is he':
Then Huggins turned his horse's head,
   And crossed the bridge of Lea.

Thence slowly on thro' Laytonstone,
Past many a Quaker's box,—
No friends to hunters after deer,
Tho' followers of a *Fox*.

And many a score behind—before—
The self-same route inclined,
And, minded all to march one way,
Made one great march of mind.

Gentle and simple, he and she,
And swell, and blood, and prig;
And some had carts, and some a chaise,
According to their gig.

Some long-eared jacks, some knacker's hacks,
(However odd it sounds),
Let out that day *to hunt*, instead
Of going to the hounds!

And some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to job it:
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

All sorts of vehicles and vans,
Bad, middling, and the smart;
Here rolled along the gay barouche,
And there a dirty cart!

And lo! a cart that held a squad
Of costermonger line;
With one poor hack, like Pegasus,
That slaved for all the Nine!

Yet marvel not at any load,
That any horse might drag,
When all, that morn, at once were drawn
Together by a stag!

Now when they saw John Huggins go
  At such a sober pace;
"Hallo!" cried they; "come, trot away,
  You'll never see the chase!"

But John, as grave as any judge,
  Made answer quite as blunt;
"It will be time enough to trot,
  When I begin to hunt!"

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
  Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the *reins*, of course,
  Prepared for *heavy wet.*

And lo! within the crowded door,
  Stood Rounding, jovial elf;
Here shall the Muse frame no excuse,
  But frame the man himself.

A snow-white head, a merry eye,
  A cheek of jolly blush;
A claret tint laid on by health,
  With Master Reynard's brush;

A hearty frame, a courteous bow,
  The prince he learned it from;
His age about threescore and ten,
  And there you have Old Tom.

In merriest key I trow was he,
  So many guests to boast;
So certain congregations meet,
  And elevate the host.

"Now welcome lads," quoth he, "and prads,
  You're all in glorious luck:
Old Robin has a run to-day,
  A noted forest buck,

"Fair Mead's the place, where Bob and Tom
In red already ride;
'Tis but a *step*, and on a horse
You soon may go *a-stride*."

So off they scampered, man and horse,
As time and temper pressed—
But Huggins, hitching on a tree,
Branched off from all the rest.

Howbeit he tumbled down in time
To join with Tom and Bob,
All in Fair Mead, which held that day
Its own fair meed of mob.

Idlers to wit—no Guardians some,
Of Tattlers in a squeeze;
Ramblers in heavy carts and vans,
Spectators up in trees.

Butchers on backs of butchers' hacks,
That shambled to and fro!
Bakers intent upon a buck,
Neglectful of the *dough!*

Change Alley Bears to speculate,
As usual, for a fall;
And green and scarlet runners, such
As never climbed a wall!

'Twas strange to think what difference
A single creature made;
A single stag had caused a whole
*Stag*nation in their trade.

Now Huggins from his saddle rose,
And in the stirrups stood:
And lo! a little cart that came
Hard by a little wood.

In shape like half a hearse,—tho' not
   For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
   And not the *dear deceased!*

And now began a sudden stir,
   And then a sudden shout,
The prison-doors were opened wide,
   And Robin bounded out!

His antlered head shone blue and red,
   Bedecked with ribbons fine;
Like other bucks that come to 'list
   The hawbucks in the line.

One curious gaze of mild amaze,
   He turned and shortly took;
Then gently ran adown the mead,
   And bounded o'er the brook.

Now Huggins, standing far aloof,
   Had never seen the deer,
Till all at once he saw the beast
   Come charging in his rear.

Away he went, and many a score
   Of riders did the same,
On horse and ass—like high and low
   And Jack pursuing game!

Good Lord! to see the riders now,
   Thrown off with sudden whirl,
A score within the purling brook,
   Enjoyed their "early purl."

A score were sprawling on the grass,
   And beavers fell in showers;
There was another *Floorer* there,
   Beside the Queen of Flowers!

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show;
But few, like Charles at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue* quo.

"O dear! O dear!" now might you hear,
"I've surely broke a bone";
"My head is sore,"—with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*.

Howbeit their wailings never moved
The wide Satanic clan,
Who grinned, as once the Devil grinned,
To see the fall of Man.

And hunters good, that understood,
Their laughter knew no bounds,
To see the horses "throwing off,"
So long before the hounds.

For deer must have due course of law,
Like men the Courts among;
Before those Barristers the dogs
Proceed to "giving tongue."

And now Old Robin's foes were set
That fatal taint to find,
That always is scent after him,
Yet always left behind.

And here observe how dog and man
A different temper shows,
What hound resents that he is sent
To follow his own nose?

Towler and Jowler—howlers all,
No single tongue was mute;
The stag had led a hart, and lo!
The whole pack followed suit.

No spur he lacked, fear stuck a knife
And fork in either haunch;
And every dog he knew had got
An eye-tooth to his paunch!

Away, away! he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to "*h*ills we know not of,"
Now, nun-like, took the vale.

Another squadron charging now,
Went off at furious pitch;—
A perfect Tam o' Shanter mob,
Without a single witch.

But who was he with flying skirts,
A hunter did endorse,
And like a poet seemed to ride
Upon a wingèd horse,—

A whipper-in?—no whipper-in:
A huntsman? no such soul.
A connoisseur, or amateur?
Why yes,—a Horse Patrol.

A member of police, for whom
The county found a nag,
And, like Acteon in the tale,
He found himself in stag!

Away they went then, dog and deer,
And hunters all away,—
The maddest horses never knew
Mad staggers such as they!

Some gave a shout, some rolled about,
And anticked as they rode,
And butchers whistled on their curs,
And milkmen *tally-hoed.*

About two score there were, not more,
That galloped in the race;
The rest, alas! lay on the grass,
As once in Chevy Chase!

But even those that galloped on
Were fewer every minute,—
The field kept getting more select,
Each thicket served to thin it.

For some pulled up, and left the hunt,
Some fell in miry bogs,
And vainly rose and "ran a muck,"
To overtake the dogs.

And some, in charging hurdle stakes,
Were left bereft of sense—
What else could be premised of blades
That never learned to fence?

But Roundings, Tom and Bob, no gate,
Nor hedge, nor ditch, could stay;
O'er all they went, and did the work
Of leap years in a day.

And by their side see Huggins ride,
As fast as he could speed;
For, like Mazeppa, he was quite
At mercy of his steed.

No means he had, by timely check,
The gallop to remit,
For firm and fast, between his teeth,
The biter held the bit.

Trees raced along, all Essex fled
Beneath him as he sate,—
He never saw a county go
At such a county rate!

"Hold hard! hold hard! you'll lame the dogs."
Quoth Huggins, "So I do,—
I've got the saddle well in hand,
And hold as hard as you!"

Good Lord! to see him ride along,
And throw his arms about,
As if with stitches in the side,
That he was drawing out!

And now he bounded up and down,
Now like a jelly shook:
Till bumped and galled—yet not where Gall
For bumps did ever look!

And rowing with his legs the while,
As tars are apt to ride,
With every kick he gave a prick,
Deep in the horse's side!

But soon the horse was well avenged
For cruel smart of spurs,
For, riding through a moor, he pitched
His master in a furze!

Where sharper set than hunger is
He squatted all forlorn;
And like a bird was singing out
While sitting on a thorn!

Right glad was he, as well might be,
Such cushion to resign:
"Possession is nine points," but his
Seemed more than ninety-nine.

Yet worse than all the prickly points
That entered in his skin,
His nag was running off the while
The thorns were running in!

Now had a Papist seen his sport,
Thus laid upon the shelf,
Altho' no horse he had to cross,
He might have crossed himself.

Yet surely still the wind is ill
That none can say is fair;
A jolly wight there was, that rode
Upon a sorry mare!

A sorry mare, that surely came
Of pagan blood and bone;
For down upon her knees she went
To many a stock and stone!

Now seeing Huggins' nag adrift,
This farmer, shrewd and sage,
Resolved, by changing horses here,
To hunt another stage!

Tho' felony, yet who would let
Another's horse alone,
Whose neck is placed in jeopardy
By riding on his own?

And yet the conduct of the man
Seemed honest-like and fair;
For he seemed willing, horse and all,
To go before the *mare!*

So up on Huggins' horse he got,
And swiftly rode away,
While Huggins mounted on the mare,
Done brown upon a bay!

And off they set, in double chase,
For such was fortune's whim,
The farmer rode to hunt the stag,
And Huggins hunted him!

Alas! with one that rode so well
In vain it was to strive;
A dab was he, as dabs should be—
All leaping and alive!

And here of Nature's kindly care
Behold a curious proof,
As nags are meant to leap, she puts
A frog in every hoof!

Whereas the mare, altho' her share
She had of hoof and frog,
On coming to a gate stopped short
As stiff as any log;

Whilst Huggins in the stirrup stood
With neck like neck of crane,
As sings the Scottish song—"to see
The *gate* his *hart* had gane."

And lo! the dim and distant hunt
Diminished in a trice:
The steeds, like Cinderella's team,
Seemed dwindling into mice;

And, far remote, each scarlet coat
Soon flitted like a spark,—
Tho' still the forest murmured back
An echo of the bark!

But sad at soul John Huggins turned:
No comfort could he find;
While thus the "Hunting Chorus" sped,
To stay five bars behind.

For tho' by dint of spur he got
A leap in spite of fate—
Howbeit there was no toll at all,
They could not clear the gate.

And, like Fitzjames, he cursed the hunt,
And sorely cursed the day,
And mused a new Gray's elegy
On his departed grey!

Now many a sign at Woodford town
Its Inn-vitation tells:
But Huggins, full of ills, of course,
Betook him to the Wells,

Where Rounding tried to cheer him up
With many a merry laugh;
But Huggins thought of neighbour Fig,
And called for half-and-half.

Yet, 'spite of drink, he could not blink
Remembrance of his loss;
To drown a care like his, required
Enough to drown a horse.

When thus forlorn, a merry horn
Struck up without the door,—
The mounted mob were all returned;
The Epping Hunt was o'er!

And many a horse was taken out
Of saddle, and of shaft;
And men, by dint of drink, became
The only "*beasts of draught.*"

For now begun a harder run
On wine, and gin, and beer;
And overtaken man discussed
The overtaken deer.

How far he ran, and eke how fast,
And how at bay he stood,
Deer-like, resolved to sell his life
As dearly as he could;

And how the hunters stood aloof,
Regardful of their lives,
And shunned a beast, whose very horns
They knew could *handle* knives!

How Huggins stood when he was rubbed
By help and ostler kind,
And when they cleaned the clay before,
How worse "remained behind."

And one, how he had found a horse
Adrift—a goodly grey!
And kindly rode the nag, for fear
The nag should go astray.

Now Huggins, when he heard the tale,
Jumped up with sudden glee;
"A goodly grey! why, then, I say
That grey belongs to me!

"Let me endorse again my horse,
Delivered safe and sound;
And, gladly, I will give the man
A bottle and a pound!"

The wine was drunk,—the money paid,
Tho' not without remorse,
To pay another man so much,
For riding on his horse.

And let the chase again take place,
For many a long, long year,
John Huggins will not ride again
To hunt the Epping Deer!

MORAL.

Thus pleasure oft eludes our grasp,
Just when we think to grip her;
And hunting after happiness,
We only hunt a slipper.

THE DROWNING DUCKS

Amongst the sights that Mrs. Bond
Enjoyed yet grieved at more than others,
Were little ducklings in a pond,
Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living water-lilies,
But yellow as the daffo-*dillies*.

"It's very hard," she used to moan,
"That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
Have never any pretty chucklings."
For why!—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond, I mean—
Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—
She had a drake, his tail was curly,—
Yet 'spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

The birds were both the best of mothers—
The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D's came forth like others—
But there, alas! the matter stuck!
They might as well have all died addle
As die when they began to paddle!

For when, as native instinct taught her,
The mother set her brood afloat,
They sank ere long right under water,
Like any overloaded boat;
They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humour in a gander
  Brought havoc on her little folks,—
No poaching cook—a frying pander
  To appetite,—destroyed their yolks,—
Beneath her very eyes, Od rot 'em!
They went, like plummets, to the bottom.

The thing was strange—a contradiction
  It seemed of nature and her works!
For little ducks, beyond conviction,
  Should float without the help of corks:
Great Johnson, it bewildered him!
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond! what could she do
  But change the breed—and she tried divers
Which dived as all seemed born to do;
  No little ones were e'er survivors—
Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,
They all were given to die-sinking!

In vain their downy coats were shorn;
  They floundered still!—Batch after batch went!
The little fools seemed only born
  And hatched for nothing but a hatchment!
Whene'er they launched—oh, sight of wonder!
Like fires the water "got them under."

No woman ever gave their lucks
  A better chance than Mrs. Bond did;
At last quite out of heart and ducks,
  She gave her pond up, and desponded;
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried "*Duc* ad me" to all her dillies!

But though resolved to breed no more,
  She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas! 'twas darker than before!
  At last about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up the Sun did!

The thirsty Sirius dog-like drank
  So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
  And lo, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawled some eels as big as conger!

I wish all folks would look a bit,
  In such a case below the surface;
And when the eels were caught and split
  By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turned to giblet-pie!

The sight at once explained the case,
  Making the Dame look rather silly;
The tenants of that *Eely Place*
  Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,
And so, by under-water suction,
Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

n a shilling.

vits, And Quakers

ire, So short and

A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN

'Twas August—Hastings every day was filling—
Hastings, that "greenest spot on memory's waste"!
With crowds of idlers willing and unwilling
To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,
And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste
"Accommodation bills" kept coming down,
Gladding "the world of letters" in that town.

Each day poured in new coachfuls of new cits,
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying,
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
And Quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim,
That sect delighting in the sea's broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appeared a creature,
So small, he almost might a twin have been
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
Yet well proportioned—neither fat nor lean,
His face of marvellously pleasant feature,
So short and sweet a man was never seen—
All thought him charming at the first beginning—
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning!

He seemed in love with chance—and chance repaid
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
It stirred of many a man and many a maid,
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatched—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'Twas handsome rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnished it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but, alas!
She lost it wide awake. We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp;—no living luck could loo him!
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climbed—and rode—and won—and walked,
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were baulked
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down: some even talked
Of ducking him—when lo! a dismal storm
Stepped in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turned another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seemed to rise
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink
Of the horizon—fanned by sultry sighs—
So black and threatening, I cannot think
Of any simile, except the skies
Miss Wiggins sometimes *shades* in Indian ink—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapour,
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

l Of ducking him

es shades in

rave, Like
it bred With the
did not pause
ack form ; Many

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach ;—some bards would have
It always rampant, in that idle fashion—
Whereas the waves rolled in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling—but this, I've said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce :
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the serious ear,
As one would whisper that a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar : so the hoarse thunder
Growled long—but low—a prelude note of death,
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under,
But still it muttered to the sea beneath
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watched the surly advent of the storm,
Much as the brown-cheeked planters of Barbadoes
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm :
Meantime it steered, like Odin's old Armadas,
Right on our coast ;—a dismal, coal-black form ;
Many proud gaits were quelled—and all bravadoes
Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers
Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

ays : And truly
that were not
t a mauling In
like huge

So fierce the lightning flashed. In all their days
The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing
With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays:
And truly one could think, without much lashing
The fancy, that those coasting clouds, so awful
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
Vanished—as if they knew their own attractions,—
For now the lightning through a near-hand cloud
Began to make some very crooked fractions—
Only some few remained that were not cowed,
A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,
Lest it should *blow*,—were pulling up the *Rose:*

(No flower, but a boat)—some more were hauling
The *Regent* by the head:—another crew
With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*—
Were heaving up the *Hope:*—and as they knew
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew
The *Neptune* rather higher on the beach,
That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.

And now the storm, with its despotic power,
Had all usurped the azure of the skies,
Making our daylight darker by an hour,
And some few drops—of an unusual size—
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,
Fell like huge teardrops from a giant's eyes—
But then this sprinkle thickened in a trice
And rained much *harder*—in good solid ice.

ow, When we were

r Some panes, â€”

Oh for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us!
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us:—
But ev'n his music seemed composed and low,
When we were *handled* by this Hailstone Chorus;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits rolled along the ground—

As big as bullets:—Lord! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles:—and now the lightning flashed
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two!—the gust too dashed
So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
Some panes,—and so it did—and first it smashed
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm:—Oh! it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them through these "loopholes of retreat"—
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize!

By which, the cloud had passed o'erhead, but played
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had arrayed
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap, like a birth, from chaos into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

s Busy upon
light, as though it
ions good,

As parcel of the cloud;—the clouds themselves,
Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.
We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
Huge fragments loose,—and that we *felt* the sound
They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowled away,—and soon
Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
Flashing its silver sides,—how sweet a boon
Seemed her sweet light, as though it would beget,
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze!

Meantime the hail had ceased:—and all the brood
Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains;
At every window there were maids who stood
Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains,—
Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes,—
Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt
The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front,—
No greenhouse but the same mishap befell;
Bow-windows and *bell*-glasses bore the brunt,—
No sex in glass was spared!——For those who dwell
On each hill-side, you might have swum a punt
In any of their parlours;—Mrs. Snell
Was slopped out of her seat,—and Mr. Hitchin
Had a *flower*-garden washed into a *Kitchen*.

oss the calm, and
g bears against the
the dreary coast
rolling Alps of

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaimed
The recent violence.—Each after each
The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,
Tapping, like woodpeckers, the hollow beach.
Howbeit his *weather eye* the seaman aimed
Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
A gale next morning—and when morning broke,
There was a gale—" quite equal to bespoke."

Before high water—(it were better far
To christen it not *water* then, but *waiter*,
For then the tide is *serving at the bar*)
Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater!
Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
Like ragged roaring bears against the baiter,
With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,
Like stout poured out with a fine *beachy head*.

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launched that morn on seven-shilling trips;
No bathing woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips;
No seagull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships;
For two *lea shores* upon the River Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene
Before us in such horrid hurly-burly,—
A boiling ocean of mixed black and green,
A sky of copper colour, grim and surly,—
When lo, in that vast hollow scooped between
Two rolling Alps of water,—white and curly!
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming!

he threw Right on

t of the surf had had

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair
Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view,
Sometimes a knee—sometimes a back was bare—
At last a frightful summerset he threw
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear
The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,
And battered by the surge beyond all surgery!

However, we snatched up the corse thus thrown,
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
Then curiosity began with *her* fit;
And lo! the features of the Small Unknown!
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit!
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
We found a contract signed with Mephistopheles!

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards and brave
All throws of dice,—but on a sea excursion
The juggling demon, in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and *Nicked* him in the *main!*

LINES TO A LADY

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice,—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me!

Go where the tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she;
Go where the lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree,
Go where the Suttee in her own soot broileth,
And think of me!

Go where with human notes the parrot dealeth
In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
And, like a woman, all she can revealeth,
And think of me!

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be,
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me!

Go to the land of jungles and of vast hills,
And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee!
Go gaze upon their elephants and castles,
And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
And parch the peppered palate like a pea,
Go where the fierce mosquito is a worrier,
And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consigned for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me!

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resigned, I kissed the rod."

WELL! I think it is time to put up!
For it does not accord with my notions,
  Wrist, elbow, and chine,
  Stiff from throwing the line,
To take nothing at last by my motions!

I ground-bait my way as I go,
And dip in at each watery dimple;
  But however I wish
  To inveigle the fish,
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple!*

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,
My bad luck never seems to diminish;
  It would seem that the Bream
  Must be scarce in the stream,
And the *Chub*, tho' it's chubby, be *thinnish!*

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,
  And although at my hook
  With *attention* I look,
I can ne'er see my hook with *a Tench on!*

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now;
  Have they taken advice
  Of the "*Council of Nice*,"
And rejected their "*Diet of Worms*," now?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching;
  For the gut I have brought,
  I had better have bought
A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-ketching!*

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
It is vain in this river to search then;
  I may wait till it's night,
  Without any bite
And at *roost-time* have never a *Perch* then!

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
Save what in the air is so sharp now;
  Not a Dace have I got,
  And I fear it is not
"Carpe diem," a day for the Carp now!

Oh! there is not a one-pound prize
To be got in this fresh-water-lottery!
  What then can I deem
  Of so fishless a stream
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery!*

For an Eel I have learned how to try,
By a method of Walton's own showing—
  But a fisherman feels
  Little prospect of Eels,
In a path that's devoted to towing!

I have tried all the water for miles,
Till I'm weary of dipping and casting,
  And hungry and faint—
  Let the Fancy just paint
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting!*

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
While my dinner-time sounds from a far bell—
  So, wet to the skin,
  I'll e'en back to my inn,
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell!*

ODE

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET

"Sweeping our flocks and herds."—DOUGLAS.

O PHILANTHROPIC men!—
For this address I need not make apology—
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,
And planting further off its vile Zoology—
Permit me thus to tell,
I like your efforts well,
For routing that great nest of Hornithology!

Be not dismay'd, although repulsed at first,
And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb parts,
Charge on!—you shall upon their hornworks burst,
And carry all their *Bull*-warks and their *Ram*-parts.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers!
And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds!
As wild as Tartar-Curds,
That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers;
Off with them all!—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle;
And save the female sex
From being cow'd—like Iö—by the cattle!

Fancy,—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top,—
Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson's with a *Fear-on!*

Or, in St. Martin's Lane,
Scared by a Bullock, in a frisky vein,—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,
While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house,
To find it—Slaughter's!

Or fancy this:—
Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,
When suddenly 'tis "Aries Taurus Virgo!"—
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden!

Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss!
At that vile spot now grown
So generally known
For making a Cow Cross!

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
Or shed, or shop—and that an Ox infuriate
Just pins you to the wall,
Giving you a strong dose of *Oxy-Muriate!*

Methinks I hear the neighbours that live round
The Market-ground
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—
"'Tis well for you that live apart—unable
To hear this brutal Babel,
But our *firesides* are troubled with their *bellows.*"

"Folks that too freely sup
Must e'en put up
With their own troubles if they can't digest;
But we must needs regard
The case as hard
That *others'* victuals should disturb our rest,
That from our sleep *your* food should start and jump us!
We like, ourselves, a steak,
But, Sirs, for pity's sake!
We don't want oxen at our doors to *rump-us!*

If we *do* doze—it really is too bad!
We constantly are roar'd awake or rung,
Through bullocks mad
That run in all the 'Night Thoughts' of our Young!"

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let's take
The woes of those that wish to keep *a Wake!*
O think! when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,
Think of these "Bulls of Basan," far from mild ones;
Such fierce tame beasts,
That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones!

Think of the Show woman, "what shows a Dwarf,"
Seeing a red Cow come
To swallow her Tom Thumb,
And forc'd with broom of birch to keep her off!

Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,
When looking at their public private boxes,
To see in the back row
Three live sheep's heads, a porker's, and an Ox's!
Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come
Through, to accompany the double drum!
Or, in the midst of murder and remorses,
Just when the Ghost is certain,
A great rent in the curtain,
And enter two tall skeletons—of Horses!

Great Philanthropics ! pray urge these topics
Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation,
Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,
The Bulls, a Bull of Excommunication !
Let the old Fair have fair play, as its right,
And to each Show and sight
Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude ;
To Richardson's Stage Dramas,
Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
Giants and Indians wild,
Dwarf, Sea Bear, and Fat Child,
And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude!

shovel. Suppose

A REPORT FROM BELOW!

"Blow high, blow low."—Sea Song.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot—
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china flounce,
They could not for a time pronounce
If they were safe or shot—
For Memory brought a deed to match
At Deptford done by night—
Before one eye appear'd a Patch,
In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belabour'd out of life,
Without some small attempt at strife,
Our nature will not grovel;
One impulse mov'd both man and dame,
He seized the tongs—she did the same,
Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
The poker and the shovel.
Suppose the couple standing so,
When rushing footsteps from below
Made pulses fast and fervent;
And first burst in the frantic cat,
All steaming like a brewer's rat,
And then—as white as my cravat—
Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter,
Master and Mistress both flew at her,
"Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"
Till Mary, getting breath,
Upon her tale began to touch
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
As if she thought she had too much
To tell before her death:—
"We was both, Ma'am, in the wash-house, Ma'am, a-standing at our tubs,
And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;
'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say'—and there she stops for coughin,
'That dratted copper flue has took to smokin very often,
But please the pigs,'—for that's her way of swearing in a passion,
'I'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin in this fashion!'
Well down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading,
And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.
Lawk, Mrs. Round! says I, and stares, that quantum is unproper,
I'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;
You'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff,
But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.
Well, when the pinch is over—'Teach your Grandmother to suck
A powder horn,' says she—Well, says I, I wish you luck.
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,
'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come, keep your tongue inside your lips;
Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like these;

I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.
So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were cannonized, like Sogers in a battle!
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.
Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.
I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,
As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in existence;
All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the copper slap
Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.
Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather;
But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.
Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed mother,
Well, she'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does in t'other.
So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it's well my master wasn't in it;
Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin;
Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—

Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,
And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and black with dirt;
But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!
Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to jump.
And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky:
Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew;
Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it's Gospel fact and true,
But these words is all she whispered—'Why, where *is* the powder blew?'"

"I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN"

LINES WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM

A PRETTY task, Miss S——, to ask
A Benedictine pen,
That cannot quite at freedom write
Like those of other men.
No lover's plaint my Muse must paint
To fill this page's span,
But be correct and recollect
I'm not a single man.

Pray only think, for pen and ink
How hard to get along,
That may not turn on words that burn
Or Love, the life of song!
Nine Muses, if I chooses, I
May woo all in a clan,
But one Miss S—— I daren't address—
I'm not a single man.

Scribblers unwed, with little head
May eke it out with heart,
And in their lays it often plays
A rare first-fiddle part.
They make a kiss to rhyme with bliss,
But if *I* so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man.

Upon your cheek I may not speak,
  Nor on your lip be warm,
I must be wise about your eyes,
  And formal with your form;
Of all that sort of thing, in short,
  On T. H. Bayly's plan,
I must not twine a single line—
  I'm not a single man.

A watchman's part compels my heart
  To keep you off its *beat*,
And I might dare as soon to swear
  At *you*, as at your feet.
I can't expire in passion's fire
  As other poets can—
My life (she's by) won't let me die—
  I'm not a single man.

Shut out from love, denied a dove,
  Forbidden bow and dart,
Without a groan to call my own,
  With neither hand nor heart;
To Hymen vow'd, and not allow'd
  To flirt e'en with your fan,
Here end, as just a friend, I must—
  I'm not a single man.

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION

A PATHETIC BALLAD

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"—MERCUTIO.

I

'TWAS twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

II

Said he, "Upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup"—
When, whiter than the tablecloth,
A GHOST came rising up!

III

"O father dear, O mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—
You know when some one went to sea—
Don't cry—but I am him!

IV

"You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
I'm never coming back!

V

"From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering 'too much Sow,' we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

VI

"The ship we pumped till we could see
Old England from the tops;
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel's Chops.

VII

"Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mixed with shells.

VIII

"Well, there we are till 'hands aloft,'
We have at last a call;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate's parrot too, and all.

IX

"But oh, my spirit cannot rest
In Davy Jones's sod,
Till I've appeared to you and said—
Don't sup on that 'ere Cod!

X

"You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea;
Last Sunday week, at 2 P.M.,
That Cod was picking me!

XI

"Those oysters, too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

XII

"Oh, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They sucked my blood like imps!

XIII

"Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
They'll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat!"

XIV

The spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, Alack, alack!
At last up started brother Jim,
"Let's try if Jack was Jack!"

XV

They called the Dog, they called the Cat,
And little Kitten too,
And down they put the Cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

XVI

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munched the Cod—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

XVII

The thing was odd, and minus Cod
And sauce, they stood like posts;
Oh, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts!

THE DUEL

A SERIOUS BALLAD

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

In Brentford town, of old renown,
   There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
   And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
   By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
   Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
   You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
   No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
   You may repent your love;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
   Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
   Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—
   I'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
   Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer
   Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend apiece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step,
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so, they found
They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now
Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
  But think of Honour's Courts!
If we go off without a shot,
  There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
  Though cloudy it begun:
Why can't we aim above, as if
  We had called out the sun?

So up into the harmless air
  Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
  That upshot in the end!

rge and vulgar dame,
e made the Vice, his

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE

"Our Crummie is a dainty cow."—*Scotch Song.*

On that first Saturday in May,
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,
Repair to see what each R.A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand,
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,
In short, what's called the private view,—
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how
She got in there without a row—
There came a large and vulgar dame,
With arms deep red, and face the same,
Showing in temper not a Saint;
No one could guess for why she came,
Unless perchance to "scour the Paint."

From wall to wall she forced her way,
Elbowed Lord Durham—poked Lord Grey—
Stamped Stafford's toes to make him move,
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,
She made the Vice, his Honour, budge,
And gave a pinch to Park, the judge.
As for the ladies in this stir,
The highest rank gave way to her.

From number one and number two,
She searched the pictures through and through,
On benches stood, to inspect the high ones,
And squatted down to see the shy ones.

And as she went from part to part,
A deeper red each cheek became,
Her very eyes lit up in flame,
That made each looker-on exclaim,
"Really an ardent love of art!"
Alas! amidst her inquisition,
Fate brought her to a sad condition;
She might have run against Lord Milton,
And still have stared at deeds in oil,
But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,
She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The Keeper mute, with staring eyes,
Like a lay-figure for surprise,
At last this stammered out, "How now?
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
That ought to have let you through our wicket?"
Says woman, "Where is David's Cow?"
Said Mr. H—— with expedition,
"There's no Cow in the Exhibition."
"No Cow!"—but here her tongue in verity,
Set off with steam and rail celerity—

"No Cow! there ain't no Cow, then the more's the shame and pity,
Hang you, and the R.A.'s, and all the Hanging Committee!
No Cow—but hold your tongue—for you needn't talk to me—
You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to be—
I haven't seen a picture high or low, or any how,
Or in any of the rooms, to be compared with David's Cow!
You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers and your Wards,
Why, hanging is too good for them, and yet here they are on cords!

They're only fit for window frames, and shutters and street doors,
David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars,—
Why, Morland was a fool to him,—at a little pig or sow—
It's really hard it ain't hung up,—I could cry about the Cow!
But I know well what it is, and why—they're jealous of David's fame,
But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a shame,—
Do you think it might hang by and by, if you cannot hang it now?
David has made a party up, to come and see his Cow.
If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the learners,—
Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr. Turner's?
Or do you think from Mr. Etty you need apprehend a row,
If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow!
I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such a creature,
Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than nature!
It must be hung—and shall be hung—for, Mr. H——, I vow,
I daren't take home the catalogue, unless it's got the Cow!
As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,
If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming up the stair.
Or down there in the marble room where all the figures stand,
Where one of them three Graces might just hold it in her hand—

British Gallery

Or may be Baily's Charity the favour would allow,
It would really be a charity to hang up David's Cow.
We haven't nowhere else to go if you don't hang it here,
The Water Colour place allows no oilman to appear—
And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers and Gerard Douw,
And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it's not a Suffolk Cow:
I wish you'd seen him painting her, he hardly took his meals
Till she was painted on the board, correct from head to heels:
His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,
He hardly whipped the boys at all,—or helped to nurse the babby,
And when he had her all complete and painted over red,
He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.
Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it anyhow,
Poor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang his Cow.
And if it's inconvenient and drawn too big by half—
David shan't send next year except a very little calf!"

LINES TO MARY

OLD BAILEY BALLADS

(At No. 1, Newgate. Favoured by Mr. Wontner.)

O Mary, I believed you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatch'd a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling
To dream that you had pilfered lace—
And Flint's had suffered from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first preferred,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammer'd out a word,
How could I dream you heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have look'd and linger'd,
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-fingered!

In melting verse your charms I drew,
  The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay I thought was new,
  Spoke only what had been *indicted!*

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
  Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
  A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you pick'd me from the world,
  My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurled,
  You've pick'd me—and you've pick'd a pocket!

Oh! when our love had got so far,
  The banns were read by Doctor Daly,
Who asked if there was any bar—
  Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey"?

But when you robed your flesh and bones
  In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
  Among the Joans that link with *Darbies?*

And when the parson came to say,
  My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honour and obey,
  Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany!"

But oh!—the worst of all your slips
  I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison ships,
  O Mary! you've a hulking lover!

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS

"The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners."
Picture of Isle of Wight.

I

One close of day—'twas in the Bay
 Of Naples, bay of glory!
While light was hanging crowns of gold
 On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under weigh,
 And with her sails my story.

II

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
 With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men some nine or ten,
 The captain's name was Jago;
A good and gallant bark she was,
 La Donna (call'd) del Lago.

III

Bronzed mariners were hers to view,
 With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark shining eyes, and coal-black hair,
 Meet heads for painter's study;
But midst their tan there stood one man,
 Whose cheek was fair and ruddy;

IV

His brow was high, a loftier brow
 Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair, a little scant, and when
 He doff'd his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
 A premiership upon it!

V

His eye—a passenger was he,
  The cabin he had hired it,—
His eye was grey, and when he look'd
  Around, the prospect fired it,—
A fine poetic light, as if
  The Appe-Nine inspir'd it.

VI

His frame was stout, in height about
  Six feet—well made and portly;
Of dress and manner just to give
  A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seem'd a composite
  Of rustic with the courtly.

VII

He ate and quaff'd, and joked and laughed,
  And chatted with the seamen,
And often task'd their skill and ask'd,
  "What weather is't to be, man?"
No demonstration there appear'd
  That he was any demon.

VIII

No sort of sign there was that he
  Could raise a stormy rumpus,
Like Prospero make breezes blow,
  And rocks and billows thump us,—
But little we supposed what he
  Could with the needle compass!

IX

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
  Seem'd lying almost fallow—
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,
  From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale as blows but once
  A cent'ry, like the aloe!

X

Our stomachs we had just prepared
  To vest a small amount in;
When, gush! a flood of brine came down
  The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table rear'd
  Just like the Table Mountain.

XI

Down rush'd the soup, down gush'd the wine,
  Each roll, its rôle repeating,
Roll'd down—the round of beef declar'd
  For parting—not for meating!
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
  Was "too far gone for eating!"

XII

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
  The lamb too broke its tether;
Down mustard went—each condiment—
  Salt—pepper—all together!
Down everything, like craft that seek
  The Downs in stormy weather.

XIII

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
  Her timbers seem'd to sever;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
  Such lurch she had gone never;
She almost seem'd about to take
  A bed of down for ever!

XIV

Down dropt the captain's nether jaw,
  Thus robb'd of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
  Beside Vesuvian sluices,
Playing at dice for soul and ship,
  And throwing Sink and Deuces.

XV

Down fell the steward on his face,
To all the Saints commending;
And candles to the Virgin vow'd,
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
Check-mate, was close impending!

XVI

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
Their beads with fervour telling,
While Alps of surge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling.
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shudder'd at each white swelling!

XVII

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave:
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the god, seemed tossing in
A raging scarlet fever!

XVIII

Sore, sore afraid, each Papist pray'd
To Saint and Virgin Mary;
But one there was that stood composed
Amid the waves' vagary;
As staunch as rock, a true game-cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Carey!

XIX

His ruddy cheek retain'd its streak,
No danger seem'd to shrink him:
His step still bold—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him:
The Lady of the Lake, he seem'd
To know, could never sink him.

XX

Relaxed at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing;
The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

XXI

And as he walked to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In undertone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
"You're welcome, Charlie," "Cowdenknowes,"
"Kenmure," or "Campbells' Coming."

XXII

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle:
When rose on high a frightful cry—
"The Devil's in the binnacle!"

XXIII

"The Saints be near," the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter—
"Steady's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!"

XXIV

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is:
But when they at the compass look'd,
It seem'd non compass mentis.

XXV

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,
'Twas past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon;
Never by compass, till that hour,
Such latitudes were taken!

XXVI

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection;
They found no gun—no iron—none—
To vary its direction;
It seem'd a new magnetic case
Of Poles in Insurrection!

XXVII

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches;
Oh! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the heart,
That needle gave them stitches.

XXVIII

With deep amaze, the Stranger gazed
To see them so white-livered:
And walked abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shivered;
But when he stood beside the card,
St. Josef! how it quivered!

XXIX

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
In eye of timid dreamer—
The nervous finger of a sot
Ne'er showed a plainer tremor;
To every brain it seemed too plain,
There stood th' Infernal Schemer!

XXX

Mix'd brown and blue each visage grew,
  Just like a pullet's gizzard;
Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,
  From tacking like an izzard,
Bore down in this plain course at last,
  "It's Michael Scott—the Wizard!"

XXXI

A smile passed o'er the ruddy face:
  "To see the poles so falter
I'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
  For with no fiends I palter!
Michael I'm not—although a Scott—
  My Christian name is Walter."

XXXII

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
  On all the fearful faction;
The captain's head (for he had read)
  Confess'd the needle's action,
And bow'd to Him in whom the North
  Has lodged its main attraction!

THE GHOST

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD

"I'll be your second."—LISTON.

IN Middle Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mr. Brown;
And many folks considered him
The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out—
One Friday he died hard,
And left a widow'd wife to mourn,
At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months
Thought mourning quite a tax;
And wished, like Mr. Wilberforce,
To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet;
The thing came thus about:
She asked him in at home, and then
At church, he asked her out!

Assurance such as this the man
In ashes could not stand;
So like a Phœnix he rose up
Against the Hand in Hand!

One dreary night the angry sprite
Appeared before her view;
It came a little after one,
But she was after two!

"O Mrs. B., O Mrs. B.!
Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame,
To burn your widow's weeds?

" It's not so long since I have left
For aye the mortal scene ;
My memory—like Rogers's—
Should still be bound in green !

" Yet if my face you still retrace,
I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old Forget-me-not,
With all the leaves torn out !

" To think that on that finger joint
Another pledge should cling ;
O Bess ! upon my very soul
It struck like 'Knock and Ring.'

" A ton of marble on my breast
Can't hinder my return ;
Your conduct, ma'am, has set my blood
A-boiling in my urn !

" Remember, oh ! remember, how
The marriage rite did run,—
If ever we one flesh should be
'Tis now—when I have none !

" And you, Sir—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kick'd.

" A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up !—you marry, ma'am,
And I'll come up again."

More he had said, but chanticleer
The spritely shade did shock
With sudden crow,—and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock !

THE FALL

> “ Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep.”
>
> *Count Fathom.*

Who does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls,
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;
While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bale or bliss;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!
Oh, Heav'n! it turns me now to ice with chill of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:
On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rush'd in force,
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course.
My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the goal;
But still I viewed the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.

Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting
shore!
And lofty trees, like wingèd things, flit by for evermore;
Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen
sound,
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat
gathering round.
Oh agony! Oh life! My home! and those that made it
sweet:
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed
the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from
ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag,—in speechless pain,—from midnight
deep to deep;
I did not die,—but anguish stunn'd my senses into sleep.
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to
find:
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my
mind;
And through my brain there thrill'd a cry,—a cry as shrill
as birds
Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words:
"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and nightgown, I declares!
He's been a-walking in his sleep, and pitch'd all down the
stairs!"

OUR VILLAGE

BY A VILLAGER

Our village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village, but
our village of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards,
two elders, and a withy;
And in the middle there's a green, of about not exceeding
an acre and a half;
It's common to all and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies,
three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and
a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar
sort of common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders,
two dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve
geese.
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous
for bowling when the little village boys play at
cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure
to come and stand right before the wicket.
There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and
workshops, and pigsties, and poultry huts, and
such-like sheds,
With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man,
three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's
Heads.
The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that
for love or money can raise
A postillion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white
horses, and a ramshackle "neat postchaise!"

There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever
may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing cold, little
Methodist Chapel of Ease;
And close by the churchyard, there's a stonemason's yard,
that when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and
cherubims, very low and reasonable.
There's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it with
Old Jack Jeffery and Tom Pike;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin,
or anything else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them
but the upright post;
But the pound is kept in repair for the sake of Cob's
horse as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a
chap in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and
shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts that sells everything, kept by
the widow of Mr. Task;
But when you go there it's ten to one she's out of everything you ask.
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies,
about the old sugary cask:
There are six empty houses, and not so well papered inside
as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales
and election placards all about.
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden
pots in the window is seen;
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead
geranium, and a teaplant with five black leaves,
and one green.
As for hollyhocks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles
and jasmines, you may go and whistle;
But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock,

a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle!
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—
With two pear trees that don't bear; one plum, and an apple that every year is stripped by a thief.
There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby,
A select establishment for six little boys, and one big, and four little girls and a baby;
There's a rectory with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the Rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks;
There's a barber's once a week well filled with rough black-bearded, shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls;
There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small greengrocer's, and a baker,
But he won't bake on a Sunday; and there's a sexton that's a coal merchant besides, and an undertaker;
And a toyshop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.
Now I've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save and except one more house,
But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's the Village Poor House!

s' assistance Has
ll-mob ; In short, a
ut sends friend Sir

A PUBLIC DINNER

"Sit down and fall to, said the Barmecide."
Arabian Nights.

At seven you just nick it,
Give card—get wine ticket;
Walk round through the Babel,
From table to table,
To find—a hard matter—
Your name in a platter;
Your wish was to sit by
Your friend Mr. Whitby,
But stewards' assistance
Has placed you at distance,
And, thanks to arrangers,
You sit amongst strangers,
But too late for mending;
Twelve sticks come attending
A stick of a Chairman,
A little dark spare man,
With bald, shining nob,
'Mid committee swell-mob;
In short, a short figure,—
You thought the Duke bigger.
Then silence is wanted,
Non Nobis is chanted;
Then Chairman reads letter,
The Duke's a regretter,
A promise to break it,
But chair, he can't take it;
Is grieved to be from us,
But sends friend Sir Thomas,
And what is far better,

A cheque in the letter.
Hear! hear! and a clatter,
And there ends the matter.

Now soups come and fish in,
And C*** brings a dish in;
Then rages the battle,
Knives clatter, forks rattle,
Steel forks with black handles,
Under fifty wax candles;
Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr. Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful;
And then comes the waiter,
"Must trouble for tater";
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off;
Bucellas made handy,
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Of East India Sherry,
That's very hot—very!
You help Mr. Myrtle,
Then find your mock-turtle
Went off while you lingered,
With waiter light-fingered.
To make up for gammon,
You order some salmon,
Which comes to your fauces,
With boats without sauces.
You then make a cut on
Some lamb big as mutton;
And ask for some grass too,
But that you must pass too;
It served the first twenty,
But toast there is plenty.
Then, while lamb gets coldish,
A goose that is oldish—

ery Disposed to
beg of, A wing
wly budding,

At carving not clever—
You're begged to dissever,
And when you thus treat it,
Find no one will eat it.
So, hungry as glutton,
You turn to your mutton,
But—no sight for laughter—
The soup it's gone after.
Mr. Green then is very
Disposed to take Sherry;
And then Mr. Nappy
Will feel very happy;
And then Mr. Conner
Requests the same honour;
Mr. Clarke, when at leisure,
Will really feel pleasure;
Then waiter leans over
To take off a cover
From fowls, which all beg of,
A wing or a leg of;
And while they all peck bone,
You take to a neck-bone,
But even your hunger
Declares for a younger.
A fresh plate you call for,
But vainly you bawl for;
Now taste disapproves it,
No waiter removes it.
Still hope, newly budding,
Relies on a pudding;
But critics each minute
Set fancy agin it—
"That's queer Vermicelli."
"I say, Vizetelly,
There's glue in that jelly."
"Tarts bad altogether;
That crust's made of leather."
"Some custard, friend Vesey?"

lade long in the
u've nuts, but not
peeches are

"No—batter made easy."
"Some cheese, Mr. Foster?"
"——Don't like single Glo'ster."
Meanwhile, to top table,
Like fox in the fable,
You see silver dishes,
With those little fishes,
The whitebait delicious,
Borne past you officious;
And hear rather plainish
A sound that's champagnish,
And glimpse certain bottles
Made long in the throttles;
And sniff—very pleasant!
Grouse, partridge, and pheasant.
And see mounds of ices
For patrons and vices,
Pine-apple, and bunches
Of grapes for sweet munches,
And fruits of all virtue
That really desert you;
You've nuts, but not crack ones,
Half empty, and black ones;
With oranges sallow—
They can't be called yellow—
Some pippins well wrinkled,
And plums almond-sprinkled;
Some rout cakes, and so on,
Then with business to go on:
Long speeches are stutter'd,
And toasts are well butter'd,
While dames in the gallery,
All dressed in fallallery,
Look on at the mummery,
And listen to flummery.
Hip, hip! and huzzaing,
And singing and saying,
Glees, catches, orations,

And lists of donations.
Hush! a song, Mr. Tinney—
"Mr. Benbow, one guinea;
Mr. Frederick Manual,
One guinea—and annual."
Song—Jockey and Jenny,
"Mr. Markham, one guinea."
"Have you all filled your glasses?"
Here's a health to good lasses.
The subscription still skinny—
"Mr. Franklin—one guinea."
Franklin looks like a ninny;
"Mr. Boreham, one guinea—
Mr. Blogg, Mr. Finney,
Mr. Tempest—one guinea,
Mr. Merrington—twenty,"
Rough music, in plenty.
Away toddles Chairman,
The little dark spare man,
Not sorry at ending,
With white sticks attending,
And some vain Tomnoddy
Votes in his own body
To fill the void seat up,
And get on his feet up,
To say, with voice squeaking,
"Unaccustomed to speaking,"
Which sends you off seeking
Your hat, number thirty—
No coach—very dirty.
So, hungry and fever'd,
Wet-footed, spoilt-beaver'd,
Eyes aching in socket,
Ten pounds out of pocket,
To Brook Street the Upper
You haste home to supper.

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT;

OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

> "He left his body to the sea,
> And made a shark his legatee."
> BRYAN AND PERENNE.

"OH! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where's the trowsers blue?
Oh Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?"

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true,—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own,
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now, to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me!

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights
To haunt, as people say;
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round,
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without a '*quarter's* notice.'

"One half is here, the other half
Is near Columbia placed;
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

"But now, adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!"

lthough we differ,

ODE TO SIR ANDREW AGNEW, BART.

"At certain seasons he makes a prodigious clattering with his bill."—Selby.

"The bill is rather long, flat, and tinged with green."—Bewick.

O Andrew Fairservice,—but I beg pardon,
You never labour'd in Di Vernon's garden,
On curly kale and cabbages intent,—
Andrew Churchservice was the thing I meant,—
You are a Christian—I would be the same,
Although we differ, and I'll tell you why,
Not meaning to make game,
I do not like my Church so very High!

When people talk, as talk they will,
About your bill,
They say, among their other jibes and small jeers,
That, if you had your way,
You'd make the seventh day
As overbearing as the Dey of Algiers.
Talk of converting Blacks—
By your attacks,
You make a thing so horrible of *one* day,
Each nigger, they will bet a something tidy,
Would rather be a heathenish Man Friday,
Than your Man Sunday!

So poor men speak,
Who, once a week,
P'rhaps, after weaving artificial flowers,
Can snatch a glance of Nature's kinder bowers,

And revel in a bloom
That is not of the loom,
Making the earth, the streams, the skies, the trees,
A Chapel of Ease.
Whereas, as you would plan it,
Wall'd in with hard Scotch granite,
People all day should look to their behaviours;—
But though there be, as Shakspeare owns,
"Sermons in stones,"
Zounds! Would you have us work at them like paviours?

Spontaneous is pure devotion's fire;
And in a green wood many a soul has built
A new Church, with a fir-tree for its spire,
Where Sin has prayed for peace, and wept for guilt,
Better than if an architect the plan drew;
We know of old how medicines were back'd,
But true Religion needs not to be quack'd
By an Un-merry Andrew!

Suppose a poor town-weary sallow elf
At Primrose-hill would renovate himself,
Or drink (and no great harm)
Milk genuine at *Chalk* Farm,—
The innocent intention who would baulk,
And drive him back into St. Bennet Fink?
For my part, for my life, I cannot think
A walk on Sunday is "the Devil's Walk."

But there's a sect of Deists, and their creed
Is D—ing other people to be d—d,—
Yea, all that are not of their saintly level,
They make a pious point
To send, with an "aroint,"
Down to that great Fillhellenist, the Devil.
To such, a ramble by the River Lea
Is really treading on the "Banks of D—."

n, "This is not

e salt-cod and

Go down to Margate, wisest of law-makers,
And say unto the sea, as Canute did,
(Of course the sea will do as it is bid,)
"This is the Sabbath—let there be no Breakers!"
Seek London's Bishop, on some Sunday morn,
And try him with your tenets to inoculate,—
Abuse his fine souchong, and say in scorn,
"This is not *Churchman's* Chocolate!"

Or, seek Dissenters at their mid-day meal,
And read them from your Sabbath Bill some passages,
And while they eat their mutton, beef, and veal,
Shout out with holy zeal,—
"These are not *Chappel's* sassages!"
Suppose your Act should act up to your will,
Yet how will it appear to Mrs. Grundy,
To hear you saying of this pious bill,
"It *works* well—on a Sunday!"

To knock down apple-stalls is now too late,
Except to starve some poor old harmless madam;—
You might have done some good, and chang'd our fate,
Could you have upset *that*, which ruined Adam!
'Tis useless to prescribe salt-cod and eggs,
Or lay post-horses under legal fetters,
While Tattersall's on Sunday stirs its *Legs*,
Folks look for good examples from their *Betters!*

Consider,—Acts of Parliament may bind
A man to go where Irvings are discoursing—
But as for forcing "proper frames of mind,"
Minds are not *framed*, like melons, for such *forcing!*

Remember, as a Scottish legislator,
The Scotch Kirk always has a Moderator;
Meaning one need not ever be sojourning
In a long Sermon Lane without a turning.
Such grave old maids as Portia and Zenobia

May like discourses with a skein of threads,
And love a lecture for its many heads,
But as for me, I have the Hydra-phobia.

Religion one should never overdo:
Right glad I am no minister you be,
For you would say your service, sir, to me,
Till I should say, "My service, sir, to you."
Six days made all that is, you know, and then
Came that of rest—by holy ordination,
As if to hint unto the sons of men,
After creation should come re-creation.
Read right this text, and do not further search
To make a Sunday Workhouse of the Church.

THE LOST HEIR

"Oh where, and oh where
Is my bonny laddie gone?"
Old Song.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry,
That chill'd my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaub'd with grease and mud.
She turn'd her East, she turn'd her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seem'd to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone almost a screech,
As wild as ocean bird's,
Or female Ranter mov'd to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if
I only knew which way—
A Child as is lost about London Streets, and especially
Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch,
you little Kitty M'Nab!
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you
did, you dirty deceitful young drab.
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with
my own blessed Motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a-playing at making
little dirt pies.
I wonder he left the court where he was better off than
all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a
dead kitten by way of toys.
When his Father comes home, and he always comes home
as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and
the beef and the inguns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own consarns, and
don't be making a mob in the street;
O Sergeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor
little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like
a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a
court for the sake of his clothes by the prigs;
He'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it my-
self for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trowsers considering not very much patch'd, and
red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.
His shirt, it's very lucky I'd got washing in the tub, or
that might have gone with the rest;
But he'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits
and a burn on the breast.
He'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and
not quite so much jagg'd at the brim,

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not
a fit, and, you'll know by that if it's him.
Except being so well dress'd, my mind would misgive,
some old beggar woman in want of an orphan,
Had borrow'd the child to go a begging with, but I'd
rather see him laid out in his coffin!
Do, good people, move on, such a rabble of boys! I'll
break every bone of 'em I come near,
Go home—you're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy
Jones, go along home with your beer.
This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my
name was Betty Morgan,
Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along
of following a Monkey and an Organ:
O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got
kiddynapp'd with them Italians,
They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will,
the outlandish tatterdemallions.
Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow,
with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!
And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying
fresh herrings to-morrow.
O Billy, you're bursting my heart in two, and my life
won't be of no more vally,
If I'm to see other folk's darlins, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley,
And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks
at the old three-legged chair,
As Billy used to make coaches and horses of, and there
ain't no Billy there!
I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only
know'd where to run,
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a
month through stealing a penny bun,—
The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would
kill me raily,
To find my Bill holdin up his little innocent hand at the
Old Bailey.

For though I say it as oughtn't, yet I will say, you may
search for miles and mileses
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t'other of St. Giles's.
And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a
Mother ought to speak;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it
hasn't been washed for a week;
As for hair, tho' it's red, it's the most nicest hair when I've
time to just show it the comb;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will
only bring him safe and sound home.
He's blue eyes, and not to be call'd a squint, though a little
cast he's certainly got;
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke,
by his falling on a pewter pint pot;
He's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and
very large teeth for his age;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid
on the Drury Lane Stage.
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but O, I
never never shall see him no more!
O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him
back from death's door!
Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em,
was at twenty a penny!
And the threepence he'd got by grottoing was spent in
plums, and sixty for a child is too many.
And the Cholera man came and whitewash'd us all and,
drat him, made a seize of our hog,—
It's no use to send the Crier to cry him about, he's such
a blunderin drunken old dog;
The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was
guzzling with his bell at the Crown,
And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about Town.
Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come, Billy, come
home, to your best of Mothers!

I'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so,
they'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.
Or may be he's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch,
to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,
And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole,
when the soot has ketch'd, and the chimbly's red
hot.
Oh I'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine,
to clap my two longin eyes on his face,
For he's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come
back, you'll see me drop stone dead on the place.
I only wish I'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms,
and wouldn't I hug him and kiss him!
Lauk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child
don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
Why, there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young
wretch, it's that Billy as sartin as sin!
But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair,
and I'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his
skin!

pucker, And

ıg like a goose,

THE FOX AND THE HEN

A FABLE

Speaking within *compass*, as to fabulousness I prefer *Southcote* to *Northcote*.

PIGROGROMITUS.

ONE day, or night, no matter where or when,
Sly Reynard, like a foot-pad, laid his pad
Right on the body of a speckled Hen,
Determined upon taking all she had;
And like a very bibber at his bottle,
Began to draw the claret from her throttle;
Of course it put her in a pretty pucker,
And with a scream as high
As she could cry,
She call'd for help—she had enough of sucker.

Dame Partlet's scream
Waked, luckily, the house-dog from his dream,
And, with a savage growl
In answer to the fowl,
He bounded forth against the prowling sinner,
And, uninvited, came to the Fox Dinner.

Sly Reynard, heedful of the coming doom,
Thought, self-deceived,
He should not be perceived,
Hiding his *brush* within a neighbouring *broom*;
But quite unconscious of a Poacher's snare,
And caught in copper noose,
And looking like a goose,
Found that his fate had "hung upon a *hare*";

ınd not of Men.

Rat could nibble

His tricks and turns were render'd of no use to him,
And worst of all he saw old surly Tray
Coming to play
Tray-Deuce with him.

Tray, an old Mastiff bred at Dunstable,
Under his Master, a most special constable,
Instead of killing Reynard in a fury,
Seized him for legal trial by a Jury;
But Juries—Æsop was a sheriff then—
Consisted of twelve Brutes and not of Men.

But first the Elephant sat on the body—
I mean the Hen—and proved that she was dead,
To the veriest fool's head
Of the Booby and the Noddy.

Accordingly, the Stork brought in a bill
Quite true enough to kill,
And then the Owl was call'd,—for, mark,
The Owl can witness in the dark.
To make the evidence more plain,
The Lynx connected all the chain.
In short there was no quirk or quibble
At which a legal Rat could nibble;
The Culprit was as far beyond hope's bounds,
As if the Jury had been *packed*—of hounds.
Reynard, however, at the utmost nick,
Is seldom quite devoid of shift and trick;
Accordingly our cunning Fox,
Through certain influence, obscurely channel'd,
A friendly Camel got into the box,
When 'gainst his life the Jury was impanel'd.

Now, in the Silly Isles such is the law,
If Jurors should withdraw,
They are to have no eating and no drinking,
Till all are starved into one way of thinking.

four till ten, while

Thus Reynard's Jurors, who could not agree,
Were lock'd up strictly, without bit or mummock,
Till every Beast that only had *one* stomach,
Bent to the Camel, who was blest with *three.*
To do them justice, they debated
From four till ten, while dinner waited,
When thirst and hunger got the upper,
And each inclin'd to mercy, and hot supper:
"Not Guilty" was the word, and Master Fox
Was freed to murder other hens and cocks.

MORAL

What moral greets us by this tale's assistance
    But that the Solon is a sorry Solon,
Who makes the full stop of a Man's existence
    Depend upon a *Colon?*

THE POACHER

A SERIOUS BALLAD

But a bold pheasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
GOLDSMITH.

BILL BLOSSOM was a nice young man,
And drove the Bury coach;
But bad companions were his bane,
And egg'd him on to poach.

They taught him how to net the birds,
And how to noose the hare;
And with a wiry terrier,
He often set a snare.

Each "shiny night" the moon was bright,
To park, preserve, and wood
He went, and kept the game alive,
By killing all he could.

Land-owners, who had rabbits, swore
That he had this demerit—
Give him an inch of warren, he
Would take a yard of ferret.

At partridges he was not nice;
And many, large and small,
Without Hall's powder, without lead,
Were sent to Leaden Hall.

He did not fear to take a deer
From forest, park, or lawn;
And without courting lord or duke,
Used frequently to *fawn.*

Folks who had hares discovered snares—
His course they could not stop:
No barber he, and yet he made
Their hares a perfect crop.

To pheasant he was such a foe,
He tried the keepers' nerves;
They swore he never seem'd to have
Jam satis of *preserves.*

The Shooter went to beat, and found
No sporting worth a pin,
Unless he tried the *covers* made
Of silver, plate, or tin.

In Kent the game was little worth,
In Surrey not a button;
The Speaker said he often tried
The *Manors* about *Sutton.*

No county from his tricks was safe;
In each he tried his lucks,
And when the keepers were in *Beds,*
He often was at *Bucks.*

And when he went to *Bucks,* alas!
They always came to *Herts;*
And even *Oxon* used to wish
That he had his deserts.

But going to his usual *Hants,*
Old *Cheshire* laid his plots:
He got entrapp'd by legal *Berks,*
And lost his life in *Notts.*

✓

A WATERLOO BALLAD

To Waterloo, with sad ado,
And many a sigh and groan,
Amongst the dead, came Patty Head,
To look for Peter Stone.

“O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If I shall find him here?
I'm come to weep upon his corse,
My Ninety-Second dear!

“Into our town a sergeant came,
With ribands all so fine,
A-flaunting in his cap—alas!
His bow enlisted mine!

“They taught him how to turn his toes,
And stand as stiff as starch;
I thought that it was love and May,
But it was love and March!

“A sorry March indeed to leave
The friends he might have kep',—
No March of Intellect it was,
But quite a foolish step.

“O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If hereabout he lies?
I want a corpse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes.”

Her sorrow on the sentinel
  Appear'd to deeply strike:—
" Walk in," he said, " among the dead,
  And pick out which you like."

And soon she picked out Peter Stone,
  Half turned into a corse;
A cannon was his bolster, and
  His mattrass was a horse.

" O Peter Stone, O Peter Stone,
  Lord, here has been a skrimmage!
What have they done to your poor breast
  That used to hold my image?"

" O Patty Head, O Patty Head,
  You're come to my last kissing;
Before I'm set in the Gazette
  As wounded, dead, and missing!

" Alas! a splinter of a shell
  Right in my stomach sticks;
French mortars don't agree so well
  With stomachs as French bricks.

" This very night a merry dance
  At Brussels was to be;—
Instead of opening a ball,
  A ball has open'd me.

" Its billet every bullet has,
  And well it does fulfil it;—
I wish mine hadn't come so straight,
  But been a 'crooked billet.'

" And then there came a cuirassier
  And cut me on the chest;—
He had no pity in his heart,
  For he had *steel'd his breast.*

"Next thing a lancer, with his lance,
  Began to thrust away;
I call'd for quarter, but, alas!
  It was not Quarter-day.

"He ran his spear right through my arm,
  Just here above the joint;—
O Patty dear, it was no joke,
  Although it had a point.

"With loss of blood I fainted off,
  As dead as women do—
But soon by charging over me,
  The *Coldstream* brought me to.

"With kicks and cuts, and balls and blows,
  I throb and ache all over;
I'm quite convinc'd the field of Mars
  Is not a field of clover!

"O why did I a soldier turn
  For any royal Guelph?
I might have been a Butcher, and
  In business for myself!

"O why did I the bounty take?
  (And here he gasp'd for breath)
My shillingsworth of 'list is nail'd
  Upon the door of death!

"Without a coffin I shall lie
  And sleep my sleep eternal:
Not ev'n a *shell*—my only chance
  Of being made a *Kernel!*

"O Patty dear, our wedding bells
  Will never ring at Chester!
Here I must lie in Honour's bed,
  That isn't worth a *tester!*

"Farewell, my regimental mates,
With whom I used to dress!
My corps is changed, and I am now
In quite another mess.

"Farewell, my Patty dear, I have
No dying consolations,
Except, when I am dead, you'll go
And see th' Illuminations."

A LAY OF REAL LIFE

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle." GOLDSMITH.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones." SILVERSMITH.

WHO ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve, to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin"?
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "What a noise"?—
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had";
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referr'd me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathised with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

✓

THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT

> "I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes, sounding like the *peep*, *peep*, of a young sparrow."—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

> —— "A voice cried Sweep no more!
> Macbeth hath murdered sweep."
> SHAKSPEARE.

One morning, ere my usual time
I rose, about the seventh chime,
When little stunted boys that climb
  Still linger in the street;
And as I walked, I saw indeed
A sample of the sooty breed,
Though he was rather run to seed,
  In height above five feet.
A mongrel tint he seemed to take,
Poetic simile to make,
DAY through his MARTIN 'gan to break,
  White overcoming jet.
From side to side he crossed oblique,
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek,
And yet no English word can speak,
  He walked upon the fret:
And while he sought the dingy job
His lab'ring breast appeared to throb,
And half a hiccup half a sob
  Betray'd internal woe.
To cry the cry he had by rote
He yearn'd, but law forbade the note,
Like Chanticleer with roupy throat,
  He gaped—but not a crow!

I watched him, and the glimpse I snatched
Disclosed his sorry eyelids patch'd
With red, as if the soot had catch'd
  That hung about the lid;
And soon I saw the tear-drop stray,
He did not care to brush away;
Thought I, the cause he will betray—
  And thus at last he did.

Well, here's a pretty go! here's a Gagging Act, if ever there was a gagging!
But I'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty of magging.
They had better send us all off, they had, to the School for the Deaf and Dumb,
To unlarn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regularly mum.
But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to peep,
Directly I open my eyes, I can't help calling out Sweep
As natural as the sparrows among the chimbley-pots, that say Cheep!
For my own part I find my suppressed voice very uneasy,
And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt when you are sneezy.
Well, it's all up with us! tho' I suppose we mustn't cry all up.
Here's a precious merry Christmas, I'm blest if I can earn either bit or sup!
If crying Sweep, of mornings, is going beyond quietness's border,
Them as pretends to be fond of silence oughtn't to cry hear, hear, and order, order.
I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we've sut-on too, don't sympathise with us
As a Speaker what don't speak, and that's exactly our own cus.

God help us if we don't not cry, how are we to pursue our callings?
I'm sure we're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawlings.
For instance, the general postmen, that at six o'clock go about ringing,
And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.
Greens oughtn't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the unpartial job,
If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.
Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seeking arter the cinders,
Instead of a little boy like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily under your windows?
There's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and keeps calling out Bank and City;
Let his Worship, the Mayor, decide if our call of Sweep is not just as pretty.
I can't see why the Jews should be let go about crying Old Close thro' their hooky noses,
And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old stone laws of Moses.
Why isn't the mouths of the muffin-men compell'd to be equally shut?
Why, because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat no sut.
Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we shan't have no heart to dance,
And Jack in the Green will go in black like mourning for our mischance;
If we live as long as May, that's to say, through the hard winter and pinching weather,
For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul together.
I only wish Mr. Wilberforce, or some of them that pities the niggers,

Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable starving figures,
A-sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to eat each other,
And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking Father and Mother.
They havn't a rag of clothes to mend, if their mothers had thread and needles,
But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things, like a swarm of common black beadles.
If they'd only inquired before passing the Act, and taken a few such peeps,
I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face against sweeps.
Climbing's an ancient respectable art, and if History's of any vally,
Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh,
When he wrote on a pane of glass how I'd climb, if the way I only knew,
And she writ beneath, if your heart's afeard, don't venture up the flue.
As for me I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are higher,
But how can I now say God save the King, if I ain't to be a Cryer?
There's London milk, that's one of the cries, even on Sunday the law allows,
But ought black sweeps, that are human beasts, to be worser off than black cows?
Do *we* go calling about, when it's church time, like the noisy Billingsgate vermin,
And disturb the parson with "All alive O!" in the middle of a funeral sermon?
But the fish won't keep, not the mackerel won't, is the cry of the Parliament elves,
Every thing, except the sweeps I think, is to be allowed to keep themselves!

Lord help us! what's to become of us if we mustn't cry no more?
We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a death's door.
And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot nations,
For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our situations!
And we should not do, in lieu of black-a-moor footmen, to serve ladies of quality nimbly,
For when we were drest in our sky-blue and silver, and large frills, all clean and neat, and white silk stockings, if they pleased to desire us to sweep the hearth, we couldn't resist the chimbley.

THE DESERT-BORN

"Fly to the desert, fly with me."—LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

'TWAS in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills,—
To think upon it, even now, my very blood it chills!—
My sketch-book spread before me, and my pencil in my hand,
I gazed upon the mountain range, the red tumultuous sand,
The plumy palms, the sombre firs, the cedars tall and proud,—
When lo! a shadow pass'd across the paper like a cloud,
And looking up I saw a form, apt figure for the scene,
Methought I stood in presence of some oriental queen!

The turban on her head was white as any driven snow;
A purple bandalette past o'er the lofty brow below,
And thence upon her shoulders fell, by either jewell'd ear;
In yellow folds voluminous she wore her long cachemere;
Whilst underneath, with ample sleeves, a Turkish robe of silk
Enveloped her in drapery the colour of new milk;
Yet oft it floated wide in front, disclosing underneath
A gorgeous Persian tunic, rich with many a broider'd wreath,
Compelled by clasps of costly pearl around her neck to meet—
And yellow as the amber were the buskins on her feet!

nd undefin'd,

Of course I bowed my lowest bow—of all the things on earth,
The reverence due to loveliness, to rank, or ancient birth,
To pow'r, to wealth, to genius, or to any thing uncommon,
A man should bend the lowest in a *Desert* to a *Woman!*
Yet some strange influence stronger still, though vague and undefin'd,
Compell'd me, and with magic might subdued my soul and mind;
There was a something in her air that drew the spirit nigh,
Beyond the common witchery that dwells in woman's eye!
With reverence deep, like any slave of that peculiar land,
I bowed my forehead to the earth, and kissed the arid sand;
And then I touched her garment's hem, devoutly as a Dervise,
Predestinated (so I felt) for ever to her service.

Nor was I wrong in auguring thus my fortune from her face,
She knew me, seemingly, as well as any of her race;
"Welcome!" she cried, as I uprose submissive to my feet;
"It was ordained that you and I should in this desert meet!
Aye, ages since, before thy soul had burst its prison bars,
This interview was promis'd in the language of the stars!"
Then clapping, as the Easterns wont, her all-commanding hands,
A score of mounted Arabs came fast spurring o'er the sands,
Nor rein'd they up their foaming steeds till in my very face
They blew the breath impetuous, and panting from the race.

"Fear nought," exclaimed the radiant one, as I sprang off aloof,
"Thy precious frame need never fear a blow from horse's hoof!
Thy natal star was fortunate as any orb of birth,
And fate hath held in store for thee the rarest gift of earth."
Then turning to the dusky men, that humbly waited near,
She cried, "Go bring the Beautiful—for lo! the Man is here!"

Off went th' obsequious train as swift as Arab hoofs could flee,
But Fancy fond outraced them all, with bridle loose and free,
And brought me back, for love's attack, some fair Circassian bride,
Or Georgian girl, the Harem's boast, and fit for sultan's side;
Methought I lifted up her veil, and saw dark eyes beneath,
Mild as gazelle's, a snowy brow, ripe lips, and pearly teeth,
A swanlike neck, a shoulder round, full bosom, and a waist
Not too compact, and rounded limbs, to oriental taste.
Methought—but here, alas! alas! the airy dream to blight,
Behold the Arabs leading up a mare of milky white!
To tell the truth, without reserve, evasion, or remorse,
The last of creatures in my love or liking is a horse:
Whether in early youth some kick untimely laid me flat,
Whether from born antipathy, as some dislike a cat,
I never yet could bear the kind, from Meux's giant steeds
Down to those little bearish cubs of Shetland's shaggy breeds;—
As for a warhorse, he that can bestride one *is* a hero,
Merely to look at such a sight my courage sinks to zero.

om born antipathy,

r was in stirrups yet

With lightning eyes, and thunder mane, and hurricanes
of legs,
Tempestuous tail—to picture him description vainly begs!
His fiery nostrils send forth clouds of smoke instead of
breath—
Nay, was it not a Horse that bore the grisly Shape of
Death?
Judge then how cold an ague-fit of agony was mine
To see the mistress of my fate, imperious, make a sign
To which my own foreboding soul the cruel sense supplied:
"Mount, happy man, and *run away* with your Arabian
bride!"
Grim was the smile, and tremulous the voice with
which I spoke,
Like any one's when jesting with a subject not a joke,
So men have trifled with the axe before the fatal
stroke.

"Lady, if mine had been the luck in Yorkshire to be
born,
Or any of its *ridings*, this would be a blessed morn;
But, hapless one! I cannot ride—there's something in a
horse
That I can always honour, but I never could endorse—
To speak still more commercially, in riding I am quite
Averse to running long, and apt to be paid off at sight:
In legal phrase, for every class to understand me still,
I never was in stirrups yet a tenant but at will;
Or, if you please, in artist terms, I never went a-straddle
On any horse without 'a want of keeping' in the saddle.
In short," and here I blush'd, abash'd, and held my head
full low,
"I'm one of those whose infant ears have heard the
chimes of Bow!"

The lady smiled, as houris smile, adown from Turkish
skies,

And beams of cruel kindness shone within her hazel eyes;
"Stranger," she said, "or rather say, my nearest, dearest friend,
There's something in your eyes, your air, and that high instep's bend,
That tells me you're of Arab race,—whatever spot of earth,
Cheapside, or Bow, or Stepney, had the honour of your birth,
The East it is your country! Like an infant changed at nurse
By fairies, you have undergone a nurtureship perverse;
But this—these desert sands—these palms, and cedars waving wild,
All, all, adopt thee as their own—an oriental child—
The cloud may hide the sun awhile—but soon or late, no doubt,
The spirit of your ancestry will burst and sparkle out!
I read the starry characters—and lo! 'tis written there,
Thou wert foredoom'd of sons of men to ride upon this Mare,
A Mare till now was never back'd by one of mortal mould,
Hark, how she neighs, as if for thee she knew that she was foal'd!"

And truly—I devoutly wish'd a blast of the simoom
Had stifled her!—the Mare herself appeared to mock my doom;
With many a bound she caper'd round and round me like a dance,
I feared indeed some wild caress would end the fearful prance,
And felt myself, and saw myself—the phantasy was horrid!—
Like old Redgauntlet, with a shoe imprinted on my forehead!

On bended knees, with bowing head, and hands uprais'd
in pray'r,
I begg'd the turban'd Sultaness the issue to forbear;
I painted weeping orphan babes, around a widow'd wife,
And drew my death as vividly as others draw from life;
"Behold," I said, "a simple man, for such high feats
unfit,
Who never yet has learn'd to know the crupper from the
bit,
Whereas the boldest horsemanship, and first equestrian
skill,
Would well be task'd to bend so wild a creature to the
will."
Alas! alas! 'twas all in vain, to supplicate and kneel,
The quadruped could not have been more cold to my
appeal!
"Fear nothing," said the smiling Fate, "when human
help is vain,
Spirits shall by thy stirrups fly, and fairies guide the
rein;
Just glance at yonder animal, her perfect shape remark,
And in thy breast at once shall glow the oriental spark!
As for thy spouse and tender babes, no Arab roams the
wild
But for a mare of such descent, would barter wife and
child."

"Nay then," cried I—(heav'n shrive the lie!) "to tell
the secret truth,
'Twas my unhappy fortune once to over-ride a youth!
A playful child,—so full of life!—a little fair-haired boy,
His sister's pet, his father's hope, his mother's darling
joy!
Ah me! the frantic shriek she gave! I hear it ringing
now!
That hour, upon the bloody spot, I made a holy vow;
A solemn compact, deeply sworn, to witness my remorse.

That never more these limbs of mine should mount on living horse!"
Good Heav'n! to see the angry glance that flashed upon me now!
A chill ran all my marrow through—the drops were on my brow!
I knew my doom, and stole a glance at that accursed Mare,
And there she stood, with nostrils wide, that snuff'd the sultry air.
How lion-like she lash'd her flanks with her abundant tail;
While on her neck the stormy mane kept tossing to the gale!
How fearfully she roll'd her eyes between the earth and sky,
As if in wild uncertainty to gallop or to fly!
While with her hoof she scoop'd the sand as if before she gave
My plunge into eternity she meant to dig my grave!

And I, that ne'er could calmly bear a horse's ears at play—
Or hear without a yard of jump his shrill and sudden neigh—
Whose foot within a stable-door had never stood an inch—
Whose hand to pat a living steed would feel an awful flinch,—
I that had never thrown a leg across a pony small,
To scour the pathless desert on the tallest of the tall!
For oh! it is no fable, but at ev'ry look I cast,
Her restless legs seem'd twice as long as when I saw them last!

In agony I shook,—and yet, although congealed by fears,
My blood was boiling fast, to judge from noises in my ears;
I gasp'd as if in vacuo, and thrilling with despair,
Some secret Demon seem'd to pass his fingers through my hair.

I could not stir—I could not speak—I could not even see—
A sudden mist rose up between that awful Mare and me,—
I tried to pray, but found no words—tho' ready ripe to weep,
No tear would flow,—o'er ev'ry sense a swoon began to creep,—
When lo! to bring my horrid fate at once unto the brunt,
Two Arabs seized me from behind, two others in the front,
And ere a muscle could be strung to try the strife forlorn,
I found myself, Mazeppa-like, upon the Desert-Born!

Terrific was the neigh she gave, the moment that my weight
Was felt upon her back, as if exulting in her freight;
Whilst dolefully I heard a voice that set each nerve ajar,—
"Off with the bridle—quick!—and leave his guidance to his star!"

"Allah! il Allah!" rose the shout,—and starting with a bound,
The dreadful Creature cleared at once a dozen yards of ground;
And grasping at her mane with both my cold convulsive hands,
Away we flew—away! away! across the shifting sands!
My eyes were closed in utter dread of such a fearful race,
But yet by certain signs I knew we went no earthly pace,
For turn whichever way we might, the wind with equal force
Rush'd like a torrid hurricane still adverse to our course—
One moment close at hand I heard the roaring Syrian Sea,
The next it only murmur'd like the humming of a bee!

And when I dared at last to glance across the wild immense,
Oh ne'er shall I forget the whirl that met the dizzy sense!
What seem'd a little sprig of fern, ere lips could reckon twain,
A palm of forty cubits high, we passed it on the plain!
What tongue could tell,—what pencil paint,—what pen describe the ride?
Now off—now on—now up—now down,—and flung from side to side!
I tried to speak, but had no voice, to soothe her with its tone—
My scanty breath was jolted out with many a sudden groan—
My joints were racked—my back was strained, so firmly I had clung—
My nostrils gush'd, and thrice my teeth had bitten through my tongue—
When lo!—farewell all hope of life!—she turn'd and faced the rocks,
None but a flying horse could clear those monstrous granite blocks!
So thought I,—but I little knew the desert pride and fire,
Deriv'd from a most deer-like dam, and lion-hearted sire;
Little I guess'd the energy of muscle, blood, and bone,
Bound after bound, with eager springs, she clear'd each massive stone;—
Nine mortal leaps were pass'd before a huge grey rock at length
Stood planted there as if to dare her utmost pitch of strength—
My time was come! that granite heap my monument of death!
She paused, she snorted loud and long, and drew a fuller breath;
Nine strides and then a louder beat that warn'd me of her spring,

;, she clear'd each

I felt her rising in the air like eagle on the wing—
But oh! the crash!—the hideous shock!—the million sparks around!
Her hindmost hoofs had struck the crest of that prodigious mound!
Wild shriek'd the headlong Desert-Born—or else 'twas demon's mirth,
One second more, and Man and Mare roll'd breathless on the earth!

* * * * * * *

How long it was I cannot tell ere I revived to sense,
And then but to endure the pangs of agony intense;
For over me lay powerless, and still as any stone,
The Corse that erst had so much fire, strength, spirit, of its own.
My heart was still—my pulses stopp'd—midway 'twixt life and death,
With pain unspeakable I fetch'd the fragment of a breath,
Not vital air enough to frame one short and feeble sigh,
Yet even that I loath'd because it would not let me die.
Oh! slowly, slowly, slowly on, from starry night till morn,
Time flapp'd along, with leaden wings, across that waste forlorn!
I cursed the hour that brought me first within this world of strife—
A sore and heavy sin it is to scorn the gift of life—
But who hath felt a horse's weight oppress his labouring breast?
Why, any who has had, like me, the NIGHT MARE on his chest.

; And who was
ongest ale â€"
man up to town,

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS

A PASTORAL REPORT

ONE Sunday morning—service done—
'Mongst tombstones shining in the sun,
A knot of bumpkins stood to chat
Of that and this, and this and that;
What people said of Polly Hatch—
Which side had won the cricket match;
And who was cotch'd, and who was bowl'd;—
How barley, beans, and 'taters sold—
What men could swallow at a meal—
When Bumpstead Youths would ring a peal—
And who was taken off to jail—
And where they brew'd the strongest ale—
At last this question they address,
"What's Agricultural Distress?"

HODGE

"For my peart, it's a thought o' mine,
It be the fancy farming line,
Like yonder gemman,—him I mean,
As took the Willa nigh the Green,—
And turn'd his cattle in the wheat;
And gave his porkers hay to eat;
And sent his footman up to town,
To ax the Lonnon gentry down,
To be so kind as make his hay,
Exactly on St. Swithin's day;—
With consequences you may guess—
That's Hagricultural Distress."

Master Blogg at
Hagricultural

DICKON

“Last Monday morning, Master Blogg
Com’d for to stick our bacon-hog;
But th’ hog he cock’d a knowing eye,
As if he twigg’d the reason why,
And dodg’d and dodg’d ’un such a dance,
He didn’t give the noose a chance;
So Master Blogg at last lays off,
And shams a rattle at the trough,
When swish! in bolts our bacon-hog
Atwixt the legs o’ Master Blogg,
And flops him down in all the muck,
As hadn’t been swept up by luck—
Now that, accordin’ to my guess,
Be Hagricultural Distress.”

GILES

“No, that arn’t it, I tell ’ee flat;
I’ze bring a worser case nor that!
Last Friday week, I takes a start
To Reading, with our horse and cart;
Well, when I’ze set the ’taters down,
I meets a crony at the Crown;
And what betwixt the ale and Tom,
It’s dark afore I starts for home;
So whipping hard, by long and late,
At last we reaches nigh the gate,
And, sure enough, there Master stand,
A lantern flaring in his hand,—
‘Why, Giles,’ says he, ‘what’s that ’un thear?
Yond’ chestnut horse bean’t my bay mear!
He bean’t not worth a leg o’ Bess!’
There’s Hagricultural Distress!”

HOB

“That’s nothin yet, to Tom’s mishap!
A-gooing through the yard, poor chap,

r Jones lays
o the pint â€”
oad of hay, As
s he's a simple

Only to fetch his milking-pails,
When up he shies like head or tails;
Nor would the Bull let Tom a-be,
Till he had toss'd the best o' three ;—
And there lies Tom with broken bones,
A surgeon's job for Doctor Jones;
Well, Doctor Jones lays down the law,
'There's two crackt ribs, besides a jaw,—
Eat well,' says he, 'stuff out your case,
For that will keep the ribs in place;'
But how was Tom, poor chap, to chaw,
Seeing as how he'd broke his jaw?
That's summut to the pint—yes, yes,
That's Hagricultural Distress!"

SIMON

"Well, turn and turn about is fair:
Tom's bad enough, and so's the mare;
But nothing to my load of hay—
You see, 'twas hard on quarter-day,
And cash was wanted for the rent;
So up to Lonnon I was sent,
To sell as prime a load of hay,
As ever dried on summer's day.

"Well, standing in Whitechapel Road,
A chap comes up to buy my load,
And looks, and looks about the cart,
Pretending to be 'cute and smart;
But no great judge, as people say,
'Cause why? he never smelt the hay.
Thinks I, as he's a simple chap,
He'll give a simple price mayhap,
Such buyers comes but now and then,
So slap I axes nine pun' ten.
'That's dear,' says he, and pretty quick
He taps his leathers with his stick.

'Suppose,' says he, 'we wet our clay,
Just while we bargin 'bout the hay.'
So in we goes, my chap and me;
He drinks to I, and I to he;
At last, says I, a little gay,
'It's time to talk about that hay.'
'Nine pund,' says he, 'and I'm your man,
Live, and let live—for that's my plan.'
'That's true,' says I, 'but still I say,
It's nine pun' ten for that 'ere hay.'
And so we chaffers for a bit,
At long and last the odds we split;
And off he sets to show the way,
Where up a yard I leaves the hay.
Then, from the pocket of his coat,
He pulls a book, and picks a note.
'That's Ten,' says he—'I hope to pay
Tens upon tens for loads of hay.'
'With all my heart, and soon,' says I,
And feeling for the change thereby;
But all my shillings com'd to five—
Says he, 'No matter, man alive!
There's something in your honest phiz
I'd trust, if twice the sum it is;—
You'll pay next time you come to town.'
'As sure,' says I, 'as corn is brown.'
'All right,' says he.—Thinks I 'huzza!
He's got no bargain of the hay!'

"Well, home I goes, with empty cart,
Whipping the horses pretty smart,
And whistling ev'ry yard o' way,
To think how well I'd sold the hay—
And just cotch'd Master at his greens
And bacon, or it might be beans,
Which didn't taste the worse sure*ly*,
To hear his hay had gone so high.

t taste the worse

But lord! when I laid down the note,
It stuck the victuals in his throat,
And chok'd him till his face all grew
Like pickling-cabbage, red and blue;
With such big goggle eyes, Ods nails!
They seem'd a-coming out like snails!
'A note,' says he, half mad with passion,
'Why, thou dom'd fool! thou'st took a flash 'un!'
Now, wasn't that a pretty mess?
That's Hagricultural Distress."

ıy, farming is to
r, age, and cold

COLIN

"Phoo! phoo! You're nothing near the thing!
You only argy in a ring;
'Cause why? You never cares to look,
Like me, in any larned book;
But schollards know the wrong and right
Of every thing in black and white.

"Well, Farming, that's its common name,
And Agriculture be the same:
So put your Farming first, and next
Distress, and there you have your text.
But here the question comes to press,
What farming be, and what's distress?
Why, farming is to plough and sow,
Weed, harrow, harvest, reap, and mow,
Thrash, winnow, sell,—and buy and breed
The proper stock to fat and feed.
Distress is want, and pain, and grief,
And sickness,—things as wants relief;
Thirst, hunger, age, and cold severe;
In short, ax any overseer,—
Well, now, the logic for to chop,
Where's the distress about a crop?
There's no distress in keeping sheep,
I likes to see 'em frisk and leap;

There's no distress in seeing swine
Grow up to pork and bacon fine;
There's no distress in growing wheat
And grass for men or beasts to eat;
And making of lean cattle fat,
There's no distress, of course, in that.
Then what remains?—But one thing more,
And that's the *Farming of the Poor!*"

HODGE, DICKON, GILES, HOB, AND SIMON

"Yea!—aye!—sure*ly*!—for sartin!—yes!—
That's Hagricultural Distress!"

DOMESTIC POEMS.

"It's hame, hame, hame."—A. Cunningham.
"There's no place like home."—Clari.

I

HYMENEAL RETROSPECTIONS

O Kate! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife!
When I look back at Hymen's dear day,
Not a lovelier bride ever chang'd to a wife,
Though you're now so old, wizen'd, and grey!

Those eyes, then, were stars, shining rulers of fate!
But as liquid as stars in a pool;
Though now they're so dim, they appear, my dear Kate,
Just like gooseberries boil'd for a fool!

That brow was like marble, so smooth and so fair;
Though it's wrinkled so crookedly now,
As if Time, when those furrows were made by the share,
Had been tipsy whilst driving his plough!

Your nose, it was such as the sculptors all chose,
When a Venus demanded their skill;
Though now it can hardly be reckon'd a nose,
But a sort of Poll-Parroty bill!

Your mouth, it was then quite a bait for the bees,
Such a nectar there hung on each lip;
Though now it has taken that lemon-like squeeze,
Not a blue-bottle comes for a sip!

Your chin, it was one of Love's favourite haunts,
From its dimple he could not get loose;
Though now the neat hand of a barber it wants,
Or a singe, like the breast of a goose!

How rich were those locks, so abundant and full,
With their ringlets of auburn so deep!
Though now they look only like frizzles of wool,
By a bramble torn off from a sheep!

That neck, not a swan could excel it in grace,
While in whiteness it vied with your arms;
Though now a grave 'kerchief you properly place,
To conceal that scrag-end of your charms!

Your figure was tall, then, and perfectly straight,
Though it now has two twists from upright—
But bless you! still bless you! my Partner! my Kate!
Though you be such a perfect old fright!

II

The sun was slumbering in the West,
My daily labours past;
On Anna's soft and gentle breast
My head reclined at last;—
The darkness clos'd around, so dear
To fond congenial souls,
And thus she murmur'd at my ear,
"My love, we're out of coals!"

"That Mister Bond has call'd again,
Insisting on his rent;
And all the Todds are coming up
To see us, out of Kent;—
I quite forgot to tell you John
Has had a tipsy fall;—
I'm sure there's something going on
With that vile Mary Hall!"—

"Miss Bell has bought the sweetest silk,
And I have bought the rest—
Of course, if we go out of town,
Southend will be the best.—
I really think the Jones's house
Would be the thing for us;—
I think I told you Mrs. Pope
Had parted with her *nus*——

"Cook, by the way, came up to-day,
To bid me suit myself—
And what d'ye think? the rats have gnawed
The victuals on the shelf.—
And, lord! there's such a letter come,
Inviting you to fight!
Of course you don't intend to go—
God bless you, dear, good night!"

III

A PARENTAL ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop,—first let me kiss away that tear)—
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouch'd by sorrow, and unsoil'd by sin—
(Good heav'ns! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air—
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!

(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents—(Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for Fays, by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From ev'ry blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in Youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble!—that's his precious nose!)

Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping-rope!)
With pure heart newly stamp'd from Nature's mint—
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)
Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off, with another shove!)
Dear nurseling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touch'd with the beauteous tints of dawning life—
(He's got a knife!)

Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky foreseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick—
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies, buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk,
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)

Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy and breathing music like the South,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,—
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,—
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

IV

A SERENADE

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry,
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids, or open mine!

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why,
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from the birth?"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!—
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Two such nights, and I shall die!
Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I,—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?"

"Lullaby, oh, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, oh lullaby;
Nature soon will stupify—
My nerves relax,—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

rent so punctually

e Cup â€" Yes,
re of such ample

THE GREEN MAN

Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man
As ever lived—at least at number Four,
In Austin Friars, in Mrs. Brown's first floor,
At fifty pounds,—or thereabouts,—per ann.
The Lady reckon'd him her best of lodgers,
His rent so punctually paid each quarter,—
He did not smoke like nasty foreign codgers—
Or play French horns like Mr. Rogers—
Or talk his flirting nonsense to her daughter,—
Not that the girl was light behaved or courtable—
Still on one failing tenderly to touch,
The Gentleman did like a drop too much,
(Tho' there are many such)
And took more Port than was exactly portable.
In fact,—to put the cap upon the nipple,
And try the charge,—Tom certainly *did* tipple.
He thought the motto was but sorry stuff
On Cribb's Prize Cup—Yes, wrong in ev'ry letter—
That "D—d be he who first cries *Hold Enough!*"
The more cups hold, and if enough, the better.
And so to set example in the eyes
Of Fancy's lads, and give a broadish hint to them,
All his cups were of such ample size
That he got into them.

Once in the company of merry mates,
In spite of Temperance's ifs and buts,
So sure as Eating is set off with *plates*,
His Drinking always was bound up with *cuts!*

:urred to him ! 'Twas
:himes of day, With

ı of his face as green
ınd quite absorb'd in

Howbeit, such Bacchanalian revels
Bring very sad catastrophes about;
Palsy, Dyspepsy, Dropsy, and Blue Devils,
Not to forget the Gout.
Sometimes the liver takes a spleenful whim
To grow to Strasburg's regulation size,
As if for those hepatical goose pies—
Or out of depth the head begins to swim—
Poor Simpson! what a thing occurred to him!
'Twas Christmas—he had drunk the night before,—
Like Baxter, who so "went beyond his last"—
One bottle more, and then *one* bottle more,
Till oh! the red-wine *Ruby-con* was pass'd!
And homeward, by the short small chimes of day,
With many a circumbendibus to spare,
For instance, twice round Finsbury Square,
To use a fitting phrase, he *wound* his way.

Then comes the rising, with repentance bitter,
And all the nerves—(and sparrows)—in a twitter,
Till settled by the sober Chinese cup:
The hands, o'er all, are members that make motions,
A sort of wavering, just like the ocean's,
Which has its swell, too, when it's getting up—
An awkward circumstance enough for elves
Who shave themselves;
And Simpson just was ready to go thro' it,
When lo! the first short glimpse within the glass—
He jump'd—and who alive would fail to do it?—
To see, however it had come to pass,
One section of his face as green as grass!
In vain each eager wipe,
With soap—without—wet—hot or cold—or dry,
Still, still, and still, to his astonished eye
One cheek was green, the other cherry ripe!
Plump in the nearest chair he sat him down,
Quaking, and quite absorb'd in a deep study,—
But verdant and not brown,—

What could have happened to a tint so ruddy?
Indeed it was a very novel case,
By way of penalty for being jolly,
To have that evergreen stuck in his face,
Just like the windows with their Christmas holly.

far from the

"All claret marks,"—thought he—Tom knew his forte—
"Are red—this colour CANNOT come from Port!"

atch, harm catch,"

One thing was plain; with such a face as his,
'Twas quite impossible to ever greet
Good Mrs. Brown; nay, any party meet,
Altho' 'twas such a parti-coloured phiz!
As for the public, fancy Sarcy Ned,
The coachman, flying, dog-like, at his head,
With "Ax your pardon, Sir, but if you please—
Unless it comes too high—
Vere ought a feller, now, to go to buy
The t'other half, Sir, of that 'ere green cheese?"
His mind recoil'd—so he tied up his head,
As with a raging tooth, and took to bed;
Of course with feelings far from the serene,
For all his future prospects seemed to be,
To match his customary tea,
Black, mixt with green.

Meanwhile, good Mrs. Brown
Wondered at Mr. S. not coming down,
And sent the maid up stairs to learn the why;
To whom poor Simpson, half delirious,
Returned an answer so mysterious
That curiosity began to fry;
The more, as Betty, who had caught a snatch
By peeping in upon the patient's bed,
Reported a most bloody, tied-up head,
Got over-night of course—"Harm watch, harm catch,"
From Watchmen in a boxing-match.

Cases she'd seen

So, liberty or not,—
Good lodgers are too scarce to let them off in
A suicidal coffin—
The dame ran up as fast as she could trot;
Appearance,—"fiddle-sticks!" should not deter
From going to the bed,
And looking at the head:
"La! Mister S——, he need not care for her!
A married woman that had had
Nine boys and gals, and none had turned out bad—
Her own dear late would come home late at night,
And liquor always got him in a fight.
She'd been in hospitals—she wouldn't faint
At gores and gashes fingers wide and deep;
She knew what's good for bruises and what ain't—
Turlington's Drops she made a pint to keep.
Cases she'd seen beneath the surgent's hand—
Such skulls japann'd—she meant to say trepann'd!
Poor wretches! you would think they'd been in battle,
And hadn't hours to live,
From tearing horses' kicks or Smithfield cattle,
Shamefully over-driv!—
Heads forced to have a silver plate atop,
To get the brains to stop.
At imputations of the legs she'd been,
And neither screech'd nor cried——"
Hereat she pluck'd the white cravat aside,
And lo! the whole phenomenon was seen—
"Preserve us all! He's going to gangrene!"

Alas! through Simpson's brain
Shot the remark, like ball, with mortal pain;
It tallied truly with his own misgiving,
And brought a groan,
To move a heart of stone—
A sort of farewell to the land of living!
And as the case was imminent and urgent,
He did not make a shadow of objection

/ tongue â€" felt
m dark green glass,

To Mrs. B.'s proposal for a "surgent,"
But merely gave a sigh of deep dejection,
While down the verdant cheek a tear of grief
Stole, like a dew-drop on a cabbage-leaf.

Swift flew the summons,—it was life or death!
And in as short a time as he could race it,
Came Doctor Puddicome, as short of breath,
To try his Latin charms against *Hic Jacet.*
He took a seat beside the patient's bed,
Saw tongue—felt pulse—examined the bad cheek,—
Poked, strok'd, pinch'd, kneaded it—hemm'd—shook his head—
Took a long solemn pause the cause to seek,
(Thinking, it seem'd in Greek,)
Then ask'd—'twas Christmas—"Had he eaten grass,
Or greens—and if the cook was so improper
To boil them up with copper,
Or farthings made of brass;
Or if he drank his Hock from dark green glass,
Or dined at City Festivals, whereat
There's turtle, and green fat?"
To all of which, with serious tone of woe,
Poor Simpson answered "No."
Indeed he might have said in form auricular,
Supposing Puddicome had been a monk—
He had not eaten (he had only drunk)
Of any thing "Particular."
The Doctor was at fault;
A thing so new quite brought him to a halt.
Cases of other colours came in crowds,
He could have found their remedy, and soon;
But green—it sent him up among the clouds,
As if he had gone up with Green's balloon!

Black with Black Jaundice he had seen the skin;
From Yellow Jaundice yellow,
From saffron tints to sallow;—

blue, by Cholera's

Then retrospective memory lugg'd in
Old Purple Face, the Host at Kentish Town—
East Indians, without number,
He knew familiarly, by heat done Brown,
From tan to a burnt umber,
Ev'n those eruptions he had never seen
Of which the Caledonian Poet spoke,
As "*rashes* growing green"—
"Phoo! phoo! a rash grow green!
Nothing of course but a broad Scottish joke!"
Then as to flaming visages, for those
The Scarlet Fever answer'd, or the Rose—
But verdant! that was quite a novel stroke!
Men turn'd to blue, by Cholera's last stage,
In common practice he had really seen;
But Green—he was too old, and grave, and sage,
To think of the last stage to Turnham Green!

nland ! " cried the

So matters stood in-doors—meanwhile without,
Growing in going like all other rumours,
The modern miracle was buzz'd about,
By people of all humours,
Native or foreign in their dialecticals;
Till all the neighbourhood, as if their noses
Had taken the odd gross from little Moses,
Seem'd looking thro' green spectacles.
"Green faces!" so they all began to comment—
"Yes—opposite to Druggists' lighted shops,
But that's a flying colour—never stops—
A bottle-green that's vanish'd in a moment.
Green! nothing of the sort occurs to mind,
Nothing at all to match the present piece;
Jack in the Green has nothing of the kind—
Green-grocers are not green—nor yet green geese!"
The oldest Supercargoes or Old Sailors
Of such a case had never heard,
From Emerald Isle to Cape de Verd;
"Or Greenland!" cried the whalers.

All tongues were full of the Green Man, and still
They could not make him out, with all their skill;
No soul could shape the matter, head or tail—
But Truth steps in where all conjectures fail.

A long half hour, in needless puzzle,
Our Galen's cane had rubbed against his muzzle;
He thought, and thought, and thought, and thought,
and thought—
And still it came to nought,
When up rush'd Betty, loudest of Town Criers,
"Lord, Ma'am, the new Police is at the door!
It's B, ma'am, Twenty-four,—
As brought home Mister S. to Austin Friars,
And says there's nothing but a simple case—
He got that 'ere green face
By sleeping in the kennel near the Dyer's!"

HIT OR MISS

"Twa dogs, that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time."—BURNS.

ONE morn—it was the very morn
September's sportive month was born—
The hour, about the sunrise, early;
The sky grey, sober, still, and pearly,
With sundry orange streaks and tinges
Through daylight's door, at cracks and hinges;
The air, calm, bracing, freshly cool,
As if just skimm'd from off a pool;
The scene, red, russet, yellow, laden,
From stubble, fern, and leaves that deaden,
Save here and there a turnip patch,
Too verdant with the rest to match;
And far a-field a hazy figure,
Some roaming lover of the trigger.
Meanwhile the level light perchance
Pick'd out his barrel with a glance;
For all around a distant popping
Told birds were flying off or dropping.
Such was the morn—a morn right fair
To seek for covey or for hare—
When, lo! too far from human feet
For even Ranger's boldest beat,
A Dog, as in some doggish trouble,
Came cant'ring through the crispy stubble,
With dappled head in lowly droop,
But not the scientific stoop;
And flagging, dull, desponding ears,
As if they had been soak'd in tears,
And not the beaded dew that hung
The filmy stalks and weeds among.

His pace, indeed, seem'd not to know
An errand, why, or where to go,
To trot, to walk, or scamper swift—
In short, he seem'd a dog adrift;
His very tail, a listless thing,
With just an accidental swing,
Like rudder to the ripple veering,
When nobody on board is steering.

So, dull and moody, canter'd on
Our vagrant pointer, christen'd Don;
When, rising o'er a gentle slope,
That gave his view a better scope,
He spied, some dozen furrows distant,
But in a spot as inconsistent,
A second dog across his track,
Without a master to his back;
As if for wages, workman-like,
The sporting breed had made a strike,
Resolv'd nor birds nor puss to seek,
Without another paunch a week!

This other was a truant curly,
But, for a spaniel, wondrous surly;
Instead of curvets gay and brisk,
He slouch'd along without a frisk,
With dogged air, as if he had
A good half mind to running mad;
Mayhap the shaking at his ear
Had been a quaver too severe;
Mayhap the whip's "exclusive dealing"
Had too much hurt e'en spaniel feeling,
Nor if he had been cut, 'twas plain
He did not mean to come again.

Of course the pair soon spied each other;
But neither seem'd to own a brother;
The course on both sides took a curve,

As dogs when shy are apt to swerve;
But each o'er back and shoulder throwing
A look to watch the other's going,
Till, having clear'd sufficient ground,
With one accord they turn'd them round,
And squatting down, for forms not caring,
At one another fell to staring;
As if not proof against a touch
Of what plagues humankind so much,
A prying itch to get at notions
Of all their neighbour's looks and motions.
Sir Don at length was first to rise—
The better dog in point of size,
And, snuffing all the ground between,
Set off, with easy jaunty mien;
While Dash, the stranger, rose to greet him,
And made a dozen steps to meet him—
Their noses touch'd, and rubb'd awhile
(Some savage nations use the style),
And then their tails a wag began,
Though on a very cautious plan,
But in their signals quantum suff.
To say, "A civil dog enough."

Thus having held out olive branches,
They sank again, though not on haunches,
But couchant, with their under jaws
Resting between the two forepaws,
The prelude, on a luckier day,
Or sequel, to a game of play:
But now they were in dumps, and thus
Began their worries to discuss,
The Pointer, coming to the point
The first, on times so out of joint.
"Well, Friend,—so here's a new September,
As fine a first as I remember;
And, thanks to such an early Spring,
Plenty of birds, and strong on wing."

's me and
le."
ck of hounds ! "

"Birds!" cried the little crusty chap,
As sharp and sudden as a snap,
"A weasel suck them in the shell!
What matter birds, or flying well,
Or fly at all, or sporting weather,
If fools with guns can't hit a feather!"

"Ay, there's the rub, indeed," said Don,
Putting his gravest visage on;
"In vain we beat our beaten way,
And bring our *organs* into play,
Unless the proper killing kind
Of *barrel tunes* are play'd behind:
But when *we* shoot,—that's me and Squire—
We hit as often as we fire."

"More luck for you!" cried little Woolly,
Who felt the cruel contrast fully;
"More luck for you, and Squire to boot!
We miss as often as we shoot!"

"Indeed!—No wonder you're unhappy!
I thought you looking rather snappy;
But fancied, when I saw you jogging,
You'd had an overdose of flogging;
Or p'rhaps the gun its range had tried
While you were ranging rather wide."

"Me! running—running wide—and hit!
Me shot! what, pepper'd?—Deuce a bit!
I almost wish I had! That Dunce,
My master, then would hit for once!
Hit me! Lord, how you talk! why, zounds!
He couldn't hit a pack of hounds!"

"Well, that must be a case provoking.
What, *never*—but, you dog, you're joking!
I see a sort of wicked grin
About your jaw you're keeping in."

/hole day's run,

res and scores ;
€" For all that I

"A joke! an old tin kettle's clatter
Would be as much a joking matter.
To tell the truth, that dog-disaster
Is just the type of me and master,
When fagging over hill and dale,
With his vain rattle at my tail.
Bang, bang, and bang, the whole day's run,
But *leading* nothing but his gun—
The very shot I fancy hisses,
It's sent upon such awful misses!"

"Of course it does! But p'rhaps the fact is
Your master's hand is out of practice!"

"Practice?—No doctor, where you will,
Has finer—but he cannot kill!
These three years past, thro' furze and furrow,
All covers I have hunted thorough;
Flush'd cocks and snipes about the moors;
And put up hares by scores and scores;
Coveys of birds, and lots of pheasants;—
Yes, game enough to send in presents
To ev'ry friend he has in town,
Provided he had knock'd it down:
But no—the whole three years together,
He has not giv'n me flick or feather—
For all that I have had to do
I wish I had been missing too!"

"Well,—such a hand would drive me mad;
But is he truly quite so bad?"

"Bad!—worse!—you cannot underscore him;
If I could put up, just before him,
The great Balloon that paid the visit
Across the water, he would miss it!
Bite him! I do believe, indeed,
It's in his very blood and breed!

iss'd the stage ! '
nt ; Nay, just by

It marks his life, and runs all through it;
What can be miss'd, he's sure to do it.
Last Monday he came home to Tooting,
Dog-tir'd, as if he'd been a-shooting,
And kicks at me to vent his rage—
'Get out!' says he—'I've miss'd the stage!'
Of course, thought I—what chance of hitting?
You'd miss the Norwich waggon, sitting!"

"Why, he must be the county's scoff!
He ought to leave, and not let, off!
As fate denies his shooting wishes,
Why don't he take to catching fishes?
Or any other sporting game,
That don't require a bit of aim?"

"Not he!—Some dogs of human kind
Will hunt by sight, because they're blind.
My master angle!—no such luck!
There he might strike, who never struck!
My master shoots because he can't,
And has an eye that aims aslant;
Nay, just by way of making trouble,
He's changed his single gun for double;
And now, as girls a-walking do,
His *misses* go by two and two!
I wish he had the mange, or reason
As good, to miss the shooting season!"

"Why yes, it must be main unpleasant
To point to covey, or to pheasant,
For snobs, who, when the point is mooting,
Think *letting fly* as good as shooting!"

"Snobs!—if he'd wear his ruffled shirts,
Or coats with water-wagtail skirts,
Or trowsers in the place of smalls,
Or those tight fits he wears at balls,

Like Captain
've twigg'd, and

ng ! and off you
ing your head

Or pumps, and boots with tops, mayhap,
Why we might pass for Snip and Snap,
And shoot like blazes ! fly or sit,
And none would stare, unless we hit.
But no—to make the more combustion,
He goes in gaiters and in fustian,
Like Captain Ross, or Topping Sparks,
And deuce a miss but some one marks !
For Keepers, shy of such encroachers,
Dog us about like common poachers !
Many's the covey I've gone by,
When underneath a sporting eye ;
Many a puss I've twigg'd, and pass'd her—
I miss 'em to prevent my master !"

"And so should I, in such a case !
There's nothing feels so like disgrace,
Or gives you such a scurvy look—
A kick and pail of slush from Cook,
Cleftsticks, or Kettle, all in one,
As standing to a missing gun !
It's whirr ! and bang ! and off you bound,
To catch your bird before the ground :
But no—a pump and ginger pop
As soon would get a bird to drop !
So there you stand, quite struck a-heap,
Till all your tail is gone to sleep ;
A sort of stiffness in your nape,
Holding your head well up to gape ;
While off go birds across the ridges,
First small as flies, and then as midges,
Cocksure, as they are living chicks,
Death's Door is not at Number Six !"

"Yes ! yes ! and then you look at master,
The cause of all the late disaster,
Who gives a stamp, and raps an oath
At gun, or birds, or maybe both ;

P'rhaps curses you, and all your kin,
To raise the hair upon your skin!
Then loads, rams down, and fits new caps,
To go and hunt for more miss-haps!"

"Yes! yes! but, sick and sad, you feel
But one long wish to go to heel;
You cannot scent for cutting mugs—
Your nose is turning up, like Pug's;
You can't hold up, but plod and mope;
Your tail like sodden end of rope,
That o'er a wind-bound vessel's side
Has soak'd in harbour, tide and tide.
On thorns and scratches, till that moment
Unnoticed, you begin to comment;
You never felt such bitter brambles,
Such heavy soil, in all your rambles!
You never felt your fleas so vicious!
Till, sick of life so unpropitious,
You wish at last, to end the passage,
That you were dead, and in your sassage!"

"Yes! that's a miss from end to end!
But, zounds! you draw so well, my friend,
You've made me shiver, skin and gristle,
As if I heard my master's whistle!
Though how you came to learn the knack—
I thought your Squire was quite a crack!"

"And so he is!—He always hits—
And sometimes hard, and all to bits.
But ere with him our tongues we task,
I've still one little thing to ask;
Namely, with such a random master,
Of course you sometimes want a plaster?
Such missing hands make game of more
Than ever pass'd for game before—
A pounded pig—a widow's cat—

whole wide world,
"
'll hit a partridge ;
f lead, â€”

A patent ventilating hat—
For shot, like mud, when thrown so thick,
Will find a coat whereon to stick!"

"What! accidentals, as they're term'd?
No never—none—since I was worm'd—
Not e'en the Keeper's fatted calves,—
My master does not miss by halves!
His shot are like poor orphans, hurl'd
Abroad upon the whole wide world,—
But whether they be blown to dust,
As often-times I think they must,
Or melted down too near the sun,
What comes of them is known to none—
I never found, since I could bark,
A Barn that bore my master's mark!"

"Is that the case?—Why then, my brother,
Would we could swap with one another!
Or take the Squire, with all my heart,
Nay, all my liver, so we part!
He'll hit you hares—(he uses cartridge)
He'll hit you cocks—he'll hit a partridge;
He'll hit a snipe; he'll hit a pheasant;
He'll hit—he'll hit whatever's present;
He'll always hit,—as that's your wish—
His pepper never lacks a dish!"

"Come, come, you banter,—let's be serious;
I'm sure that I am half delirious,
Your picture set me so a-sighing—
But does he shoot so well—shoot flying?"

"Shoot flying? Yes—and running, walking—
I've seen him shoot two farmers talking—
He'll hit the game, whene'er he can,
But failing that he'll hit a man,—
A boy—a horse's tail or head—
Or make a pig a pig of lead,—

orning, Which
seems to shoot
r'd down the
would but hit or

Oh, friend! they say no dog as yet,
However hot, was known to sweat,
But sure I am that I perspire
Sometimes *before my master's fire!*
Misses! no, no, he *always* hits,
But so as puts me into fits!
He shot my fellow dog this morning,
Which seemed to me sufficient warning!"

"Quite, quite, enough!—So that's a hitter!
Why, my own fate I thought was bitter,
And full excuse for cut and run;
But give me still the missing gun!
Or rather, Sirius! send me this,
No gun at all, to hit or miss,
Since sporting seems to shoot thus double,
That right or left it brings us trouble!"

So ended Dash;—and Pointer Don
Prepared to urge the moral on;
But here a whistle long and shrill
Came sounding o'er the council hill,
And starting up, as if their tails
Had felt the touch of shoes and nails,
Away they scamper'd down the slope,
As fast as other pairs elope,—
Resolv'd, instead of sporting rackets,
To beg, or dance in fancy jackets;
At butchers' shops to try their luck;
To help to draw a cart or truck;
Or lead Stone Blind poor men, at most
Who would but hit or miss a post.

THE FORLORN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, FROM SYDNEY

"VELL! Here I am—no Matter how it suits
A-keeping Company vith them dumb Brutes;
Old Park vos no bad Judge—confound his vig!
Of vot vood break the Sperrit of a Prig!

"The Like of Me, to come to New Sow Wales
To go a-tagging arter Vethers' Tails
And valk in Herbage as delights the Flock,
But stinks of Sweet Herbs vorser nor the Dock!

"To go to set this solitary Job
To Von whose Vork vos alvay in a Mob!
It's out of all our Lines, for sure I am
Jack Shepherd even never kep a Lamb!

"I arn't ashamed to say I sit and veep
To think of Seven Year of keepin Sheep,
The spooniest Beasts in Nater, all to Sticks,
And not a Votch to take for all their Ticks!

"If I'd fore-seed how Transports vould turn out
To only Baa! and Botanize about,
I'd quite as leaf have had the t'other Pull,
And come to Cotton, as to all this Vool!

"Von only happy moment I have had
Since here I come to be a Farmer's Cad,
And then I cotch'd a vild Beast in a Snooze,
And pick'd her Pouch of three young Kangaroos!

"Vot chance have I to go to Race or Mill?
Or show a sneaking Kindness for a Till;
And as for Vashings, on a hedge to dry,
I'd put the Natives' Linen in my Eye!

"If this whole Lot of Mutton I could scrag,
And find a Fence to turn it into Swag,
I'd give it all in Lonnon Streets to stand,
And if I had my pick, I'd say the Strand!

"But ven I goes, as maybe vonce I shall,
To my old Crib to meet with Jack, and Sal,
I've been so gallows honest in this Place,
I shan't not like to show my sheepish Face.

"It's wery hard for nothing but a Box
Of Irish Blackguard to be keepin' Flocks,
'Mong naked Blacks, sich Savages to hus,
They've nayther got a Pocket nor a Pus.

"But Folks may tell their Troubles till they're sick
To dumb brute Beasts,—and so I'll cut my Stick!
And vot's the Use a Feller's Eyes to pipe
Vere von can't borrow any Gemman's Vipe?"

LIEUTENANT LUFF

ALL you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been,
Except in one regard,
He did not like soft water,
So he took to drinking hard!

Said he, "Let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of Tea,
But I am no Bohemian,
So do not like Bohea.
If wine's a poison, so is Tea,
Though in another shape:
What matter whether one is kill'd
By canister or grape!"

According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of Port, he made
A port-hole of his mouth!
A single pint he might have sipp'd
And not been out of sorts,
In geologic phrase—the rock
He split upon was quarts!

To "hold the mirror up to vice"
With him was hard, alas!
The worse for wine he often was,
But not "before a glass."
No kind and prudent friend had he
To bid him drink no more,—

The only chequers in his course
Were at a tavern door!

Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in toe!
And join'd with this an evil came
Of quite another sort—
For while he drank, himself, his purse
Was getting "something short."

For want of cash he soon had pawn'd
One half that he possessed,
And drinking showed him duplicates
Beforehand of the rest!
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets;
For why,—they found that his half-pay
Did not half pay his debts.

But Luff contrived a novel mode
His creditors to chouse;
For his own execution he
Put into his own house!
A pistol to the muzzle charged
He took devoid of fear;
Said he, "This barrel is my last,
So now for my last bier!"

Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
And not against his brain,
So he blew out his lights—and none
Could blow them in again!
A Jury for a Verdict met,
And gave it in these terms:—
"We find as how as certain slugs
Has sent him to the worms!"

MORNING MEDITATIONS

LET Taylor preach upon a morning breezy
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying—
For my part getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

What if the lark does carol in the sky,
Soaring beyond the sight to find him out—
Wherefore am I to rise at such a fly?
I'm not a trout.

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime—
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

To me Dan Phœbus and his car are nought,
His steeds that paw impatiently about,—
Let them enjoy, say I, as horses ought,
The first turn-out!

Right beautiful the dewy meads appear
Besprinkled by the rosy-finger'd girl;
What then,—if I prefer my pillow-beer
To early pearl?

My stomach is not ruled by other men's,
And grumbling for a reason, quaintly begs
"Wherefore should master rise before the hens
Have laid their eggs?"

Why from a comfortable pillow start
To see faint flushes in the east awaken?
A fig, say I, for any streaky part,
Excepting bacon.

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well—he died young.

With charwomen such early hours agree,
And sweeps, that earn betimes their bit and sup;
But I'm no climbing boy, and need not be
"All up—all up!"

So here I'll lie, my morning calls deferring,
Till something nearer to the stroke of noon;—
A man that's fond precociously of *stirring*,
Must be a spoon.

A PLAIN DIRECTION

"Do you never deviate?"
John Bull.

In London once I lost my way
In faring to and fro,
And ask'd a little ragged boy
The way that I should go;
He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I box'd his little saucy ears,
And then away I strode;
But since I've found that weary path
Is quite a common road.
Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a famous town
That drove a famous trade,
Where Whittington walk'd up and found
A fortune ready made.
The very streets are paved with gold;
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a Fairy Land,
In some romantic tale,
Where Dwarfs if good are sure to thrive
And wicked Giants fail.
My wish is great, my shoes are strong,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about some happy Isle,
Where ev'ry man is free,
And none can lie in bonds for life
For want of L. S. D.
Oh that's the land of Liberty!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've dreamt about some blessed spot,
Beneath the blessed sky,
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.
I'm fond of all antiquities,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Royal Court
Maintain'd in noble state,
Where ev'ry able man, and good,
Is certain to be great!
I'm very fond of seeing sights,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Temple too,
Where Christians come to pray;
But canting knaves and hypocrites,
And bigots keep away.
Oh that's the parish church for me!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

They say there is a Garden fair,
That's haunted by the dove,
Where love of gold doth ne'er eclipse
The golden light of love—
The place must be a Paradise,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard there is a famous Land
For public spirit known—
Whose Patriots love its interests
Much better than their own.
The Land of Promise sure it is!
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've read about a fine Estate,
A Mansion large and strong;
A view all over Kent and back,
And going for a song.
George Robins knows the very spot,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

And all round the

I've heard there is a Company
All formal and enroll'd,
Will take your smallest silver coin
And give it back in gold.
Of course the office door is mobb'd,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

I've heard about a pleasant Land,
Where omelettes grow on trees,
And roasted pigs run crying out,
"Come eat me, if you please."
My appetite is rather keen,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square."

THE ASSISTANT DRAPERS' PETITION

"Now's the time and now's the hour."—BURNS.
"Seven's the main."—CROCKFORD.

PITY the sorrows of a class of men,
  Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity,
No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,
  But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.

Oppress'd and discontented with our lot,
  Amongst the clamorous we take our station;
A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
  One piece of Irish in our agitation.

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen,
  We venerate our Glorious Constitution;
We joy King William's advent should have been,
  And only want a Counter Revolution.

'Tis not Lord Russell and his final measure,
  'Tis not Lord Melbourne's counsel to the throne,
'Tis not this Bill, or that, gives us displeasure,
  The measures we dislike are all our own.

The Cash Law the "Great Western" loves to name;
  The tone our foreign policy pervading;
The Corn Laws—none of these we care to blame,
  Our evils we refer to over-trading.

By Tax or Tithe our murmurs are not drawn;
  We reverence the Church—but hang the cloth!
We love her ministers—but curse the lawn!
  We have, alas! too much to do with both!

We love the sex :—to serve them is a bliss !
  We trust they find us civil, never surly ;
All that we hope of female friends is this,
  That their last linen may be wanted early.

Ah ! who can tell the miseries of men
  That serve the very cheapest shops in town ?
Till faint and weary, they leave off at ten,
  Knock'd up by ladies beating of 'em down !

But has not Hamlet his opinion given—
  O Hamlet had a heart for Drapers' servants !
"That custom is"—say custom after seven—
  "More honour'd in the breach than the observance."

O come then, gentle ladies, come in time,
  O'erwhelm our counters, and unload our shelves ;
Torment us all until the seventh chime,
  But let us have the remnant to ourselves !

We wish of knowledge to lay in a stock,
  And not remain in ignorance incurable ;—
To study Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Locke,
  And other fabrics that have proved so durable.

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
  And not to go bewilder'd to our beds ;
With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
  And pins and needles running in our heads !

For oh ! the brain gets very dull and dry,
  Selling from morn till night for cash or credit ;
Or with a vacant face and vacant eye,
  Watching cheap prints that Knight did never edit.

Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
  We often think, when we are dull and vapoury,
The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
  Because that Adam did not deal in drapery.

: of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of
ink of that, my Cat 1

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM

My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd,
My curtains drawn and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.
Last night I had a curious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mistress Mogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

She look'd so fair, she sang so well,
I could but woo and she was won,
Myself in blue, the bride in white,
The ring was placed, the deed was done!
Away we went in chaise-and-four,
As fast as grinning boys could flog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

What loving tête-à-têtes to come!
But tête-à-têtes must still defer!
When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
With sister Belle she couldn't part,
But all *my* ties had leave to jog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

t d'ye think of that,
frog â€” What d'ye
think of that, my Cat
t Mister Blogg â€”

The mother brought a pretty Poll—
A monkey too, what work he made!
The sister introduced a Beau—
My Susan brought a favourite maid.
She had a tabby of her own,—
A snappish mongrel christen'd Gog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

The Monkey bit—the Parrot scream'd,
All day the sister strumm'd and sung;
The petted maid was such a scold!
My Susan learn'd to use her tongue:
Her mother had such wretched health,
She sate and croak'd like any frog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

No longer Deary, Duck, and Love,
I soon came down to simple "M!"
The very servants cross'd my wish,
My Susan let me down to them.
The poker hardly seem'd my own,
I might as well have been a log—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My clothes they were the queerest shape!
Such coats and hats she never met!
My ways they were the oddest ways!
My friends were such a vulgar set!
Poor Tomkinson was snubb'd and huff'd—
She could not bear that Mister Blogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Vhat d'ye think of that,

f that, my Cat ? What

hat, my Cat? What

At times we had a spar, and then
Mama must mingle in the song—
The sister took a sister's part—
The Maid declared her Master wrong—
The Parrot learn'd to call me "Fool!"
My life was like a London fog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

My Susan's taste was superfine,
As proved by bills that had no end—
I never had a decent coat—
I never had a coin to spend!
She forced me to resign my Club,
Lay down my pipe, retrench my grog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Each Sunday night we gave a rout
To fops and flirts, a pretty list;
And when I tried to steal away,
I found my study full of whist!
Then, first to come and last to go,
There always was a Captain Hogg—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

Now was not that an awful dream
For one who single is and snug—
With Pussy in the elbow-chair
And Tray reposing on the rug?—
If I must totter down the hill,
'Tis safest done without a clog—
What d'ye think of that, my Cat?
What d'ye think of that, my Dog?

RURAL FELICITY

Well, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that's country born,
And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass and our corn.
It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write and invite me down,
Tho' as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes one more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all sorts of rural bliss,
For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and its poultry, looks not much amiss;
There's something about a dairy farm, with its different kinds of live stock,
That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam and his innocent flock;
But somehow the good old Elysium fields have not been well handed down,
And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear Leicester Fields up in town.

To be sure it is pleasant to walk in the meads, and so I should like for miles,
If it wasn't for clodpoles of carpenters that put up such crooked stiles;
For the bars jut out, and you must jut out, till you're almost broken in two,
If you clamber you're certain sure of a fall, and you stick if you try to creep through.
Of course, in the end, one learns how to climb without constant tumbles down,

But still as to walking so stylishly, it's pleasanter done
about town.
There's a way, I know, to avoid the stiles, and that's by
a walk in a lane,
And I did find a very nice shady one, but I never dared
go again;
For who should I meet but a rampaging bull, that wouldn't
be kept in the pound,
A trying to toss the whole world at once, by sticking his
horns in the ground?
And that, by-the-bye, is another thing, that pulls rural
pleasures down,
Ev'ry day in the country is cattle-day, and there's only
two up in town.
Then I've rose with the sun, to go brushing away at the
first early pearly dew,
And to meet Aurory, or whatever's her name, and I always
got wetted through;
My shoes are like sops, and I caught a bad cold, and a
nice draggle-tail to my gown,
That's not the way that we bathe our feet, or wear our
pearls, up in town!
As for picking flow'rs, I have tried at a hedge, sweet
eglantine roses to snatch,
But, mercy on us! how nettles will sting, and how the
long brambles do scratch;
Besides hitching my hat on a nasty thorn that tore all the
bows from the crown,
One may walk long enough without hats branching off, or
losing one's bows about town.
But worse than that, in a long rural walk, suppose that
it blows up for rain,
And all at once you discover yourself in a real St. Swithin's
Lane;
And while you're running all ducked and drown'd, and
pelted with sixpenny drops,
"Fine weather," you hear the farmers say; "a nice growing
show'r for the crops!"

But who's to crop me another new hat, or grow me
another new gown?
For you can't take a shilling fare with a plough as you do
with the hackneys in town.

Then my nevys too, they must drag me off to go with
them gathering nuts,
And we always set out by the longest way and return by
the shortest cuts.
Short cuts, indeed! But it's nuts to them, to get a poor
lustyish aunt
To scramble through gaps or jump over a ditch, when
they're morally certain she can't,—
For whenever I get in some awkward scrape, and it's
almost daily the case,
Tho' they don't laugh out, the mischievous brats, I see
the hooray! in their face.

There's the other day, for my sight is short, and I saw
what was green beyond,
And thought it was all terry firmer and grass till I walked
in the duckweed pond:
Or perhaps when I've pully-hauled up a bank they see
me come launching down,
As none but a stout London female can do as is come a
first time out of town.
Then how sweet, some say, on a mossy bank a verdurous
seat to find,
But for my part I always found it a joy that brought a
repentance behind;
For the juicy grass with its nasty green has stained a
whole breadth of my gown—
And when gowns are dyed, I needn't say, it's much better
done up in town.
As for country fare, the first morning I came I heard such
a shrill piece of work!
And ever since—and it's ten days ago—we've lived upon
nothing but pork;

One Sunday except, and then I turn'd sick, a plague take all countrified cooks!
Why didn't they tell me, *before* I had dined, they made pigeon pies of the rooks?
Then the gooseberry wine, tho' it's pleasant when up, it doesn't agree when it's down,
But it served me right like a gooseberry fool to look for champagne out of town!
To be sure cousin G. meant it all for the best when he started this pastoral plan,
And his wife is a worthy domestical soul and she teaches me all that she can,
Such as making of cheese, and curing of hams, but I'm sure that I never shall learn,
And I've fetch'd more back-ache than butter as yet by chumping away at the churn;
But in making hay, tho' it's tanning work, I found it more easy to make,
But it tries one's legs, and no great relief when you're tired to sit down on the rake.
I'd a country dance too at harvest home, with a regular country clown,
But, Lord! they don't hug one round the waist and give one such smacks in town!
Then I've tried to make friends with the birds and the beasts, but they take to such curious rigs,
I'm always at odds with the turkey-cock, and I can't even please the pigs.
The very hens pick holes in my hands when I grope for the new-laid eggs,
And the gander comes hissing out of the pond on purpose to flap at my legs.
I've been bump'd in a ditch by the cow without horns, and the old sow trampled me down,
The beasts are as vicious as any wild beasts—but they're kept in cages in town!
Another thing is the nasty dogs—thro' the village I hardly can stir

Since giving a bumpkin a pint of beer just to call off a barking cur;
And now you would swear all the dogs in the place were set on to hunt me down,
But neither the brutes nor the people I think are as civilly bred as in town.
Last night about twelve I was scared broad awake, and all in a tremble of fright,
But instead of a family murder it proved an owl that flies screeching at night.
Then there's plenty of ricks and stacks all about, and I can't help dreaming of Swing—
In short, I think that a pastoral life is not the most happiest thing;
For besides all the troubles I've mentioned before as endur'd for rurality's sake,
I've been stung by the bees, and I've set among ants, and once—ugh! I trod on a snake!
And as to moskitoes they tortured me so, for I've got a particular skin,
I do think it's the gnats coming out of the ponds that drives the poor suicides in!
And after all an't there new-laid eggs to be had upon Holborn Hill?
And dairy-fed pork in Broad St. Giles's, and fresh butter wherever you will?
And a covered cart that brings Cottage Bread quite rustical-like and brown?
So one isn't so very uncountrified in the very heart of the town.
Howsomever my mind's made up, and although I'm sure cousin Giles will be vext,
I mean to book me an inside place up to town upon Saturday next,
And if nothing happens, soon after ten, I shall be at the Old Bell and Crown,
And perhaps I may come to the country again, when London is all burnt down!

A FLYING VISIT

"A Calendar! a Calendar! look in the Almanac, find out moonshine—find out moonshine!"—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I

The by-gone September,
As folks may remember,
At least if their memory saves but an ember,
One fine afternoon,
There went up a Balloon,
Which did not return to the Earth very soon.

II

For, nearing the sky,
At about a mile high,
The Aëronaut bold had resolved on a fly;
So cutting his string,
In a Parasol thing
Down he came in a field like a lark from the wing.

III

Meanwhile, thus adrift,
The Balloon made a shift
To rise very fast, with no burden to lift;
It got very small,
Then to nothing at all;
And then rose the question of where it would fall?

IV

Some thought that, for lack
Of the man and his pack,
'Twould rise to the Cherub that watches Poor Jack;
Some held, but in vain,
With the first heavy rain
'Twould surely come down to the Gardens again!

V

But still not a word
For a month could be heard
Of what had become of the Wonderful Bird:
The firm Gye and Hughes,
Wore their boots out and shoes,
In running about and inquiring for news.

VI

Some thought it must be
Tumbled into the Sea;
Some thought it had gone off to High Germanie;
For Germans, as shown
By their writings, 'tis known
Are always delighted with what is high-flown.

VII

Some hinted a bilk,
And that maidens who milk,
In far distant Shires would be walking in silk:
Some swore that it must,
"As they said at the *fust*,
Have gone again' flashes of lightning and *bust!*"

VIII

However, at last,
When six weeks had gone past,
Intelligence came of a plausible cast;
A wondering clown,
At a hamlet near town,
Had seen "like a moon of green cheese" coming down.

IX

Soon spread the alarm,
And from cottage and farm,
The natives buzz'd out like the bees when they swarm;
And off ran the folk,—
It is such a good joke
To see the descent of a bagful of smoke.

X

And lo! the machine,
Dappled yellow and green,
Was plainly enough in the clouds to be seen:
"Yes, yes," was the cry,
"It's the old one, sure*ly*,
Where *can* it have been such a time in the sky?

XI

"Lord! where will it fall?
It can't find out Vauxhall,
Without any pilot to guide it at all!"
Some wager'd that Kent
Would behold the event,
Debrett had been posed to *predict* its descent.

XII

Some thought it would pitch
In the old Tower Ditch,
Some swore on the Cross of St. Paul's it would hitch;
And Farmers cried "Zounds!
If it drops on our grounds,
We'll try if Balloons can't be put into pounds!"

XIII

But still to and fro
It continued to go,
As if looking out for soft places below;
No difficult job,
It had only to bob
Slap-dash down at once on the heads of the mob:

XIV

Who, too apt to stare
At some castle in air,
Forget that the earth is their proper affair;
Till, watching the fall
Of some soap-bubble ball,
They tumble themselves with a terrible sprawl.

XV

Meanwhile, from its height
Stooping downward in flight,
The Phenomenon came more distinctly in sight:
Still bigger and bigger,
And strike me a nigger
Unfreed, if there was not a live human figure!

XVI

Yes, plain to be seen,
Underneath the machine,
There dangled a mortal—some swore it was Green;
Some Mason could spy;
Others named Mr. Gye;
Or Hollond, compell'd by the Belgians to fly.

XVII

'Twas Graham the flighty,
Whom the Duke high and mighty
Resign'd to take care of his own lignum-vitæ;
'Twas Hampton, whose whim
Was in Cloudland to swim,
Till e'en Little Hampton looked little to him!

XVIII

But all were at fault;
From the heavenly vault
The falling balloon came at last to a halt;
And bounce! with the jar
Of descending so far,
An outlandish Creature was thrown from the car!

XIX

At first with the jolt
All his wits made a bolt,
As if he'd been flnng by a mettlesome colt;
And while in his faint,
To avoid all complaint,
The muse shall endeavour his portrait to paint.

XX

The face of this elf,
Round as platter of delf,
Was pale as if only a cast of itself:
His head had a rare
Fleece of silvery hair,
Just like the Albino at Bartlemy Fair.

XXI

His eyes they were odd,
Like the eyes of a cod,
And gave him the look of a watery God.
His nose was a snub;
Under which, for his grub,
Was a round open mouth like to that of a chub.

XXII

His person was small,
Without figure at all,
A plump little body as round as a ball:
With two little fins,
And a couple of pins,
With what has been christened a bow in the shins.

XXIII

His dress it was new,
A full suit of sky-blue—
With bright silver buckles in each little shoe—
Thus painted complete,
From his head to his feet,
Conceive him laid flat in Squire Hopkins's wheat.

XXIV

Fine text for the crowd!
Who disputed aloud
What sort of a creature had dropp'd from the cloud—
"He's come from o'er seas,
He's a Cochin Chinese—
By jingo! he's one of the wild Cherokees!"

XXV

"Don't nobody know?"
"He's a young Esquimaux,
Turn'd white like the hares by the Arctical snow."
"Some angel, my dear,
Sent from some upper *spear*
For Plumtree or Agnew, too good for this-here!"

XXVI

Meanwhile, with a sigh,
Having open'd one eye,
The Stranger rose up on his seat by and by;
And finding his tongue,
Thus he said, or he sung,
"*Mi criky bo biggamy kickery bung!*"

XXVII

"Lord! what does he speak?"
"It's Dog-Latin—it's Greek!"
"It's some sort of slang for to puzzle a Beak!"
"It's no like the Scotch,"
Said a Scot on the watch,
"Phoo! it's nothing at all but a kind of hotch-potch!"

XXVIII

"It's not parly voo,"
Cried a schoolboy or two,
"Nor Hebrew at all," said a wandering Jew.
Some held it was sprung
From the Irvingite tongue,
The same that is used by a child very young.

XXIX

Some guess'd it high Dutch,
Others thought it had much
In sound of the true Hoky-poky-ish touch;
But none could be poz,
What the Dickins! (not Boz)
No mortal could tell what the Dickins it was!

XXX

When who should come pat,
In a moment like that,
But Bowring, to see what the people were at—
A Doctor well able,
Without any fable,
To talk and translate all the babble of Babel.

XXXI

So just drawing near,
With a vigilant ear,
That took ev'ry syllable in, very clear,
Before one could sip
Up a tumbler of flip,
He knew the whole tongue, from the root to the tip!

XXXII

Then stretching his hand,
As you see Daniel stand,
In the Feast of Belshazzar, that picture so grand!
Without more delay,
In the Hamilton way
He English'd whatever the Elf had to say.

XXXIII

"*Krak kraziboo ban,*
I'm the Lunatick Man,
Confined in the Moon since creation began—
Sit muggy bigog,
Whom except in a fog
You see with a Lanthorn, a Bush, and a Dog.

XXXIV

"*Lang sinery lear,*
For this many a year,
I've long'd to drop in at your own little sphere,—
Och, pad-mad aroon
Till one fine afternoon,
I found that Wind-Coach on the horns of the Moon.

XXXV

" *Cush quackery go,*
But, besides you must know,
I'd heard of a profiting Prophet below;
Big botherum blether,
Who pretended to gather
The tricks that the Moon meant to play with the weather.

XXXVI

" *So Crismus an crash,*
Being shortish of cash,
I thought I'd a right to partake of the hash—
Slik mizzle an smak,
So I'm come with a pack,
To sell to the trade, of My Own Almanack.

XXXVII

" *Fiz bobbery pershal*
Besides aims commercial,
Much wishing to honour my friend Sir John Herschel,
Cum puddin and tame,
It's inscribed to his name,
Which is now at the full in celestial fame.

XXXVIII

" *Wept wepton wish wept,*
Pray this Copy accept "——
But here on the Stranger some Kidnappers leapt:
For why? a shrewd man
Had devis'd a sly plan
The Wonder to grab for a show Caravan.

XXXIX

So plotted, so done—
With a fight as in fun,
While mock pugilistical rounds were begun,
A knave who could box,
And give right and left knocks,
Caught hold of the Prize by his silvery locks.

XL

And hard he had fared,
But the people were scared
By what the Interpreter roundly declared;
"You ignorant Turks!
You will be your own Burkes—
He holds all the keys of the lunary works!

XLI

"You'd best let him go—
If you keep him below,
The Moon will not change, and the tides will not flow;
He left her at full,
And with such a long pull,
Zounds! ev'ry man Jack will run mad like a bull!"

XLII

So awful a threat
Took effect on the set;
The fright, tho', was more than their Guest could forget;
So taking a jump,
In the car he came plump,
And threw all the ballast right out in a lump.

XLIII

Up soar'd the machine,
With its yellow and green;
But still the pale face of the Creature was seen,
Who cried from the car
"*Dam in yooman bi gar!*"
That is,—"What a sad set of villains you are!"

XLIV

Howbeit, at some height,
He threw down quite a flight
Of Almanacks, wishing to set us all right—
And, thanks to the boon,
We shall see very soon
If Murphy knows most, or the Man in the Moon!

QUEEN MAB

A LITTLE fairy comes at night,
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,
With silver spots upon her wings,
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand,
And when a good child goes to bed
She waves her wand from right to left,
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,
And trees that bear delicious fruit,
And bow their branches at a wish:

Of arbours filled with dainty scents
From lovely flowers that never fade;
Bright flies that glitter in the sun,
And glow-worms shining in the shade.

And talking birds with gifted tongues,
For singing songs and telling tales,
And pretty dwarfs to show the way
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,
From left to right she weaves her rings,
And then it dreams all through the night
Of only ugly horrid things!

Then lions come with glaring eyes,
And tigers growl, a dreadful noise,
And ogres draw their cruel knives,
To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,
Or raging flames come scorching round,
Fierce dragons hover in the air,
And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,
And wish the long black gloom away;
But good ones love the dark, and find
The night as pleasant as the day.

n France.

TO HENRIETTA,*

ON HER DEPARTURE FOR CALAIS

WHEN little people go abroad, wherever they may roam,
They will not just be treated as they used to be at home;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France.

Of course you will be Frenchified; and first, it's my belief,
They'll dress you in their foreign style as à-la-mode as beef,
With a little row of beehives, as a border to your frock,
And a pair of frilly trousers, like a little bantam cock.

But first they'll seize your bundle (if you have one) in a crack,
And tie it with a tape by way of bustle on your back;
And make your waist so high or low, your shape will be a riddle,
For anyhow you'll never have your middle in the middle.

Your little English sandals for a while will hold together,
But woe betide you when the stones have worn away the leather;
For they'll poke your little pettitoes (and there will be a hobble!)
In such a pair of shoes as none but carpenters can cobble!

---

* The daughter of Hood's friend William Harvey, the artist.

What next?—to fill your head with French to match the native girls,
In scraps of *Galignani* they'll screw up your little curls;
And they'll take their nouns and verbs, and some bits of verse and prose,
And pour them in your ears that you may spout them through your nose.

France !

You'll have to learn a *chou* is quite another sort of thing
To that you put your foot in; that a *belle* is not to ring;
That a *corne* is not the nubble that brings trouble to your toes;
Nor *peut-être* a potato, as *some* Irish folks suppose.

No, no, they have no murphies there, for supper or for lunch,
But you may get in course of time a *pomme de terre* to munch,
With which, as you perforce must do as Calais folks are doing,
You'll maybe have to gobble up the frog that went a wooing!

But pray at meals, remember this, the French are so polite,
No matter what you eat or drink, "whatever is, is right!"
So when you're told at dinner-time that some delicious stew
Is cat instead of rabbit, you must answer "*Tant mieux!*"

For little folks who go abroad, wherever they may roam,
They cannot just be treated as they used to be at home;
So take a few promiscuous hints, to warn you in advance,
Of how a little English girl will perhaps be served in France!

A PARTHIAN GLANCE

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."—ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

Aye, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they cannot keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allow'd to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Through the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Heads or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin indeed—
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback soften'd with sand?
Had you ever your nose towell'd up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees,—
But how well I remember that "pepper-and-salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was kill'd by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?
Have you bow'd to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove,
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am wither'd and worn by a premature care,
And wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

r work alone, And

A TRUE STORY

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But lets its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself;
In fact, of any grave attack
On victual there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seemed a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possessed a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor,
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warmed it on the hob,
Why then they only twitched the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never killed him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,

It had a universal sting;
One touch of that ecstatic stump
Could jerk his limbs and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers!*

One way there is, that has been judged
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
It's paying for a blank at last;
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking,
And loud,—altho' he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum
And tooth, but still it would not come,
Tho' tied to string by some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By draw'rs, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,
Like his, to have their troubles out.
Sad sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,

And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rushed,
While eyes and mouth together gushed;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat, prepared to learn
How teeth are charmed to quit their sockets.

nching at his heart,
â€" where it used to

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touched a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One cord seemed wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes;
"Bone of his bone," he felt, of course,
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numbed his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;
So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let's finish, if you please."
"How, finish! why, it's out!"—"Oh no—
'Tis you are out, to argue so;
I'm none of your before-hand tippers.
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But, as you say you pulled it out,
Of course it's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds, sir! d'ye think I'd sell the truth

worth a laugh, but
that Hunks
hus Hunks prepared

To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it!"
But Hunks still asked to see the tooth,
And swore by gum! he had not drawn it.

His end obtained, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favour of his wit
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!
The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth:
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!

Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
When, planted right against a stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney,
A vagrant reaper, Irish born,
That helped to reap our miser's corn,
But had not helped to reap his money,
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;
His whistle all at once was quelled,
And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking;
However, Mike began to stickle

In words before he used the sickle;
But mercy was not long attendant:
From words at last he took to blows,
And aimed a cut at Hunks's nose,
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper;
There lay the severed nose, alas!
Beside the daisies on the grass,
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay:
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter.
Away went Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.
In many a little country place
It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decoctor;
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learned man hot,—
"What! Hunks again within my door!
I'll pull his nose"; quoth Hunks, "You cannot."

The doctor looked and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
"Oh! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;

That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapped upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools, a chestful or a drawerful—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Looked half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepared for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box:
His fury seemed above controlling,
He bellowed like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;
Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
I have thee by the nose—it's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seemed quite to turn him topsy-turvy;
He uttered prayers, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turned upwards like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.

And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,

vas meant by nature
d ; So, fixed by dint

And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I'd rather——
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff.
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short, he paid and had the feature
Replaced as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 'twas cold to handle
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid),
And white just like an end of candle,
The doctor deemed and proved it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So, fixed by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandaged up and muffled.
The chair unfastened, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went, these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying thro' the nose.'"

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE

"Alas! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren!"—*Hudibras.*

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships,—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells,—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose,
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And all day long she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter;
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter:

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopped like a Kangaroo;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the Beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair began to stiffen;
For when he looked where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last she opened her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate,—
And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
For lost you are, and betrayed!"

And away she went, with a sea-gull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
  And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
  Each over the other's back!

Ah me! it had been a beautiful scene,
  With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water-hillocks all seem'd to him
  Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
  Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
  On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
  Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreased,—his moments of life
  Seemed measured, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
  In front, and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
  There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
  The surges came tumbling in,
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
  And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
  As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
  The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
  And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
  Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
  And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
  Of the nightshade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
  One tub, or keg, to be seen,
It might have given his spirits a lift
  Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
  To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, not a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
  Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
  He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
  And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapped in his face,
  The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
  "Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
  Oh! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
  The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafened amidst the mountain tops,
  And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And washed away the other salt drops
  That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
  And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat
  Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel returned that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin!

A FAIRY TALE

On Hounslow Heath—and close beside the road,
As western travellers may oft have seen,—
A little house some years ago there stood,
A minikin abode;
And built like Mr. Birkbeck's, all of wood:
The walls of white, the window-shutters green,—
Four wheels it had at North, South, East, and West
(Though now at rest),
On which it used to wander to and fro,
Because its master ne'er maintained a rider,
Like those who trade in Paternoster Row;
But made his business travel for itself,
Till he had made his pelf,
And then retired—if one may call it so,
Of a roadsider.

Perchance, the very race and constant riot
Of stages, long and short, which thereby ran,
Made him more relish the repose and quiet
Of his now sedentary caravan;
Perchance, he loved the ground because 'twas common,
And so he might impale a strip of soil
That furnished, by his toil,

is bow'r !
o reading ; But setting
aggons,

Some dusty greens, for him and his old woman ;—
And five tall hollyhocks, in dingy flower:
Howbeit, the thoroughfare did no ways spoil
His peace,—unless, in some unlucky hour,
A stray horse came, and gobbled up his bow'r !

But, tired of always looking at the coaches,
The same to come,—when they had seen them one day!
And, used to brisker life, both man and wife
Began to suffer N U E's approaches,
And feel retirement like a long wet Sunday,—
So, having had some quarters of school breeding,
They turned themselves, like other folks, to reading ;
But setting out where others nigh have done,
And being ripened in the seventh stage,
The childhood of old age,
Began, as other children have begun,—
Not with the pastorals of Mr. Pope,
Or Bard of Hope,
Or Paley ethical, or learned Porson,—
But spelt, on Sabbaths, in St. Mark, or John,
And then relax'd themselves with Whittington,
Or Valentine and Orson—
But chiefly fairy tales they loved to con,
And being easily melted in their dotage,
Slobber'd,—and kept
Reading,—and wept
Over the White Cat, in their wooden cottage.

Thus reading on—the longer
They read, of course, their childish faith grew stronger
In Gnomes, and Hags, and Elves, and Giants grim,—
If talking Trees and Birds revealed to him,
She saw the flight of Fairyland's fly-waggons,
And magic fishes swim
In puddle ponds, and took old crows for dragons,—
Both were quite drunk from the enchanted flagons ;
When as it fell upon a summer's day,

orn-pipe before the

As the old man sat a feeding
On the old babe-reading,
Beside his open street-and-parlour door,
A hideous roar
Proclaimed a drove of beasts was coming by the way.

Long-horned, and short, of many a different breed,
Tall, tawny brutes, from famous Lincoln-levels
Or Durham feed;
With some of those unquiet black dwarf devils
From nether side of Tweed,
Or Firth of Forth;
Looking half wild with joy to leave the North,—
With dusty hides, all mobbing on together,—
When,—whether from a fly's malicious comment
Upon his tender flank, from which he shrank;
Or whether
Only in some enthusiastic moment,—
However, one brown monster, in a frisk,
Giving his tail a perpendicular whisk,
Kicked out a passage through the beastly rabble;
And after a pas seul,—or, if you will, a
Horn-pipe before the basket-maker's villa,
Leapt o'er the tiny pale,—
Backed his beefsteaks against the wooden gable,
And thrust his brawny bell-rope of a tail
Right o'er the page,
Wherein the sage
Just then was spelling some romantic fable.

The old man, half a scholar, half a dunce,
Could not peruse,—who could?—two tales at once;
And being huffed
At what he knew was none of Riquet's Tuft;
Banged-to the door,
But most unluckily enclosed a morsel
Of the intruding tail, and all the tassel:—
The monster gave a roar,

tale, And, quaintly
d turned a corner,
nazing; It made her

And bolting off with speed increased by pain,
The little house became a coach once more,
And, like Macheath, "took to the road" again!

Just then, by fortune's whimsical decree,
The ancient woman stooping with her crupper
Towards sweet home, or where sweet home should be,
Was getting up some household herbs for supper;
Thoughtful of Cinderella, in the tale,
And, quaintly wondering if magic shifts
Could o'er a common pumpkin so prevail,
To turn it to a coach;—what pretty gifts
Might come of cabbages, and curly kale;
Meanwhile she never heard her old man's wail,
Nor turned, till home had turned a corner, quite
Gone out of sight!

At last, conceive her, rising from the ground,
Weary of sitting on her russet clothing,
And looking round
Where rest was to be found,
There was no house—no villa there—no nothing!
No house!
The change was quite amazing;
It made her senses stagger for a minute,
The riddle's explication seemed to harden;
But soon her superannuated *nous*
Explain'd the horrid mystery;—and raising
Her hand to heaven, with the cabbage in it,
On which she meant to sup,—
"Well! this *is* Fairy work! I'll bet a farden,
Little Prince Silverwings has ketch'd me up,
And set me down in some one else's garden!"

✓

CRANIOLOGY

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little poll-hills,
The faculties throw up like mole-hills;
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
For though he knew his skull had *grinders*,
Still there turned up no *organ* finders,
Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
Knew aught about its pia mater.

At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;
At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary *nesses*
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
Thus Veneration, he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown;
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple;
That Language taught the tongues close by,

And took in pupils thro' the eye,
Close by his neighbour Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seized on by a swarm of Scotchmen
Those scientifical hotch-potch men,
Who have at least a penny dip,
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they smatter
By bobbing twenty things in water:
These men, I say, made quick appliance
And close, to phrenologic science;
For of all learnèd themes whatever,
That schools and colleges deliver,
There's none they love so near the bodles,
As analysing their own noddles;
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse;
Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls!
For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs joined with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin;
Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest skull of oily scullion.
No great man died but this they *did* do,
They begged his cranium of his widow:
No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster;
For thereon they could show depending,
"The head and front of his offending":

How that his philanthropic bump
Was mastered by a baser lump;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses knotted tail to tail!
And many a stiff and sturdy battle
Occurs between these adverse cattle,
The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascribed to indigestion,—
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery, good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopro—
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.

These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.s beyond the Border,
To make them for some months eternal,
Were entered monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos,
A great deal more than I or he knows:
How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
By wearing tight hats round the temple;

What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear;
And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation;
Whether shillelaghs in reality
May deaden Individuality;
Or tongs and poker be creative
Of alterations in th' Amative;
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclined to all Constructiveness:
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.

THE WEE MAN

V

A ROMANCE

It was a merry company,
  And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man, of dwarfish span,
  Came up and hailed the boat.

"Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
  And will you let me in?
A slender space will serve my case,
  For I am small and thin."

They saw he was a dwarfish man,
  And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
  And so they took him in.

They laughed to see his little hat,
  With such a narrow brim;
They laughed to note his dapper coat,
  With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
  When, gravely, one and all
At once began to think the man
  Was not so very small:

His coat had got a broader skirt,
  His hat a broader brim;
His leg grew stout, and soon plumped out
  A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
  More rough the billows grew,—
And rose and fell, a greater swell,
  And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five!—for four!—for three!—not more
Than two could find a place!

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees—
Ay—closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

"Good sir, you must not sit a-stern,
The wave will else come in!"
Without a word he gravely stirred,
Another seat to win.

"Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit a-lee!"
With smiling face and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still, by constant quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbour wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

Lord! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dewdrop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
"I' the name of all that's great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?"

Loud laughed the Gogmagog, a laugh
As loud as giant's roar—
"When first I came, my proper name
Was Little—now I'm *Moore!*"

THE PROGRESS OF ART

Oh happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seemed,
And such Old Masters all were deemed
As nothing to the young!

Some scratchy strokes—abrupt and few,
So easily and swift I drew,
Sufficed for my design;
My sketchy, superficial hand
Drew solids at a dash—and spanned
A surface with a line.

Not long my eye was thus content,
But grew more critical—my bent
Essayed a higher walk;
I copied leaden eyes in lead—
Rheumatic hands in white and red,
And gouty feet—in chalk.

Anon my studious art for days
Kept making faces—happy phrase,
For faces such as mine!
Accomplished in the details then,
I left the minor parts of men,
And drew the form divine.

Old Gods and Heroes—Trojan—Greek,
Figures—long after the antique,
Great Ajax justly feared;
Hectors, of whom at night I dreamt,
And Nestor, fringed enough to tempt
Bird-nesters to his beard.

A Bacchus, leering on a bowl,
A Pallas that out-stared her owl,
A Vulcan—very lame;
A Dian stuck about with stars,
With my right hand I murdered Mars—
(One Williams did the same).

But tired of this dry work at last,
Crayon and chalk aside I cast,
And gave my brush a drink!
Dipping—"as when a painter dips
In gloom of earthquake and eclipse,"—
That is—in Indian ink.

Oh then, what black Mont Blancs arose,
Crested with soot, and not with snows:
What clouds of dingy hue!
In spite of what the bard has penned,
I fear the distance did not "lend
Enchantment to the view."

Not Radcliffe's brush did e'er design
Black Forests half so black as mine,
Or lakes so like a pall;
The Chinese cake dispersed a ray
Of darkness, like the light of Day
And Martin over all.

Yet urchin pride sustained me still,
I gazed on all with right good will,
And spread the dingy tint;
"No holy Luke helped me to paint,
The devil surely, not a Saint,
Had any finger in't!"

But colours came!—like morning light,
With gorgeous hues, displacing night,
Or Spring's enlivened scene:
At once the sable shades withdrew;
My skies got very, very blue;
My trees extremely green.

And washed by my cosmetic brush,
How Beauty's cheek began to blush;
With lock of auburn stain—
(Not Goldsmith's Auburn)—nut-brown hair,
That made her loveliest of the fair;
Not "loveliest of the plain!"

Her lips were of vermilion hue:
Love in her eyes, and Prussian blue,
Set all my heart in flame!
A young Pygmalion, I adored
The maids I made—but time was stored
With evil—and it came!

Perspective dawned—and soon I saw
My houses stand against its law;
And "keeping" all unkept!
My beauties were no longer things
For love and fond imaginings;
But horrors to be wept!

Ah! why did knowledge ope my eyes?
Why did I get more artist wise?
    It only serves to hint,
What grave defects and wants are mine;
That I'm no Hilton in design—
    In nature no De Wint!

Thrice happy time!—Art's early days!
When o'er each deed, with sweet self-praise,
    Narcissus-like I hung!
When great Rembrandt but little seemed,
And such Old Masters all were deemed
    As nothing to the young!

THOSE EVENING BELLS

Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,—
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,
And letters only just in time!

The Muffin-boy has passed away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay,
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 'twill be when she is gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other maids with timely yells
Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

THE CARELESSE NURSE MAYD

I SAWE a Mayd sitte on a Bank,
Beguiled by Wooer fayne and fond;
And whiles His flatterynge Vowes She drank,
Her Nurselynge slipt within a Pond!

All Even Tide they Talkde and Kist,
For She was Fayre and He was Kinde;
The Sunne went down before She wist
Another Sonne had sett behinde!

With angrie Hands and frownynge Browe,
That deemd Her owne the Urchine's Sinne,
She pluckt Him out, but he was nowe
Past being Whipt for fallynge in.

She then beginnes to wayle the Ladde
With Shrikes that Echo answered round—
O foolishe Mayd! to be soe sadde
The Momente that her Care was drownd!

DOMESTIC ASIDES; OR, TRUTH IN PARENTHESES

"I REALLY take it very kind,
This visit, Mrs. Skinner!
I have not seen you such an age—
(The wretch has come to dinner!)

"Your daughters, too, what loves of girls—
What heads for painters' easels!
Come here and kiss the infant, dears—
(And give it p'rhaps the measles!)

"Your charming boys I see are home
From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
'Twas very kind to bring them both—
(What boots for my new Brussels!)

"What! little Clara left at home?
Well now I call that shabby:
I should have loved to kiss her so—
(A flabby, dabby, babby!)

"And Mr. S., I hope he's well,
Ah! though he lives so handy,
He never now drops in to sup—
(The better for our brandy!)

"Come, take a seat—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage;
You're come of course to spend the day!
(Thank Heaven, I hear the carriage!)

"What! must you go? next time I hope
You'll give me longer measure;
Nay—I shall see you down the stairs—
(With most uncommon pleasure!)

"Good-bye! good-bye! remember all,
Next time you'll take your dinners!
(Now, David, mind I'm not at home
In future to the Skinners!")

SHOOTING PAINS

"The charge is prepar'd."—*Macheath.*

If I shoot any more I'll be shot,
For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
I have march'd the whole day
With a gun,—for no pay—
Zounds, I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;
To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!
With confidence fraught
My two pointers I brought,
But we are not a point towards game yet!

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
Not far, were his words,
I could go without birds:
If my legs could cry out, they'd cry "Walker!"

Not Hawker could find out a flaw,—
My appointments are modern and Mantony;
And I've brought my own man,
To mark down all he can,
But I can't find a mark for my Anthony!

The partridges,—where can they lie?
I have promis'd a leash to Miss Jervas,
As the least I could do;
But without even two
To brace me,—I'm getting quite nervous!

To the pheasants—how well they're preserv'd!—
My sport's not a jot more beholden,
As the birds are so shy,
For my friends I must buy,
And so send "silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze that could shroud her,
With toil unrelax'd,
Till my patience is tax'd,
But I cannot be tax'd for hare-powder.

I've been roaming for hours in three flats,
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
But still vainly I court
The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for "setting my cap at!"

A woodcock,—this month is the time,—
Right and left I've made ready my lock for,
With well-loaded double,
But 'spite of my trouble,
Neither barrel can I find a cock for!

A rabbit I should not despise,
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly;
This day's the eleventh,
It is not the seventh,
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

For a mallard I've waded the marsh,
And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh!
Mine is not the luck,
To obtain thee, O Duck,
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco!

For a field-fare I've fared far a-field,
Large or small I am never to sack bird,
Not a thrush is so kind
As to fly, and I find
I may whistle myself for a black-bird!

I am angry, I'm hungry, I'm dry,
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
And so weary an elf,
I am sick of myself,
And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
And look out for a cock or a hen there;
I have search'd round and round,
All the Baronet's ground,
But Sir Christopher hasn't a wren there!

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
And it's really too bad,
Not a shot I have had
With Hall's Powder renown'd for "quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense;
And there still remains one
More mischance on my gun—
"Fined for shooting without any licence."

JOHN DAY

A PATHETIC BALLAD

"A Day after the Fair."—*Old Proverb.*

John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight,
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas box,
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armour can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The barmaid of the Crown he loved,
From whom he never ranged,
For though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers!

One day, as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never learn
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, altho'
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued,
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin,
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

O Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Tho' I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assail'd,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, tho' he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death!

The cruel maid that caused his love
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk!

HUGGINS AND DUGGINS

PASTORAL, AFTER POPE

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
Whilst keeping flocks on Salisbury plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers
Are turned to songsters or to lovers,
Each of the lass he call'd his dear,
Began to carol loud and clear.
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
In the way of ancient shepherd men;
Who thus alternate hitched in song,
"All things by turns, and nothing long."

HUGGINS

Of all the girls about our place,
There's one beats all in form and face;
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,
You'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

Duggins

To groves and streams I tell my flame,
I make the cliffs repeat her name;
When I'm inspired by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins!

Huggins

When I am walking in the grove,
I think of Peggy as I rove.
I'd carve her name on every tree,
But I don't know my A, B, C.

Duggins

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
I think of nothing else but Sally.
I'd sing her praise, but I can sing
No song, except "God save the king!"

Huggins

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
And all confess she bears the bell,—
Where'er she goes swains flock together,
Like sheep that follow the bell wether.

Duggins

Sally is tall and not too straight,—
Those very poplar shapes I hate;
But something twisted like an S,—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

Huggins

When Peggy's dog her arms empris'n
I often wish my lot was hisn;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

Duggins

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about, and stare at she;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's eyes!

HUGGINS

Love goes with Peggy where she goes,—
Beneath her smile the garden grows;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts!

DUGGINS

Where Sally goes it's always Spring,
Her presence brightens everything;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks!

DUGGINS

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas Day;
For when she's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool,—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS

Only with Peggy and with health,
I'd never wish for state or wealth;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I'd drink her health if I had fourpence!

DUGGINS

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
"Marry come up!" but will not marry.

THE CHINA - MENDER

Good-morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call! Well! here's another pretty job!
Lord help my Lady!—what a smash!—if you had only heard her sob!
It was all through Mr. Lambert: but for certain he was winey,
To think for to go to sit down on a table full of Chiney.
"Deuce take your stupid head!" says my Lady to his very face;
But politeness, you know, is nothing when there's Chiney in the case;
And if ever a woman was fond of Chiney to a passion,
It's my mistress, and all sorts of it, whether new or old fashion.
Her brother's a sea-captain, and brings her home ship-loads—
Such bonzes, and such dragons, and nasty squatting things like toads;
And great nidnoddin' mandarins, with palsies in the head:
I declare I've often dreamt of them, and had nightmares in my bed.
But the frightfuller they are—lawk! she loves them all the better,
She'd have Old Nick himself made of Chiney if they'd let her.
Lawk-a-mercy! break her Chiney, and it's breaking her very heart;

If I touched it, she would very soon say, "Mary, we must part."
To be sure she is unlucky: only Friday comes Master Randall,
And breaks a broken spout, and fresh chips a tea-cup handle:
He's a dear, sweet little child, but he will so finger and touch,
And that's why my Lady doesn't take to children much.
Well, there's stupid Mr. Lambert, with his two greatcoat flaps,
Must go and sit down on the Dresden shepherdesses' laps,
As if there was no such things as rosewood chairs in the room!
I couldn't have made a greater sweep with the handle of the broom.
Mercy on us! how my mistress began to rave and tear!
Well, after all, there's nothing like good ironstone ware for wear.
If ever I marry, that's flat, I'm sure it won't be John Dockery—
I should be a wretched woman in a shop full of crockery.
I should never like to wipe it, though I love to be neat and tidy,
And afraid of mad bulls on market-days every Monday and Friday.
I'm very much mistook if Mr. Lambert's will be a catch;
The breaking the Chiney will be the breaking-off of his own match.
Missis wouldn't have an angel, if he was careless about Chiney;
She never forgives a chip, if it's ever so small and tiny.
Lawk! I never saw a man in all my life in such a taking;
I could find it in my heart to pity him for all his mischief-making.
To see him stand a-hammering and stammering, like a zany;

But what signifies apologies, if they won't mend old
Chaney!
If he sent her up whole crates full, from Wedgwood's
and Mr. Spode's,
He couldn't make amends for the crack'd mandarins and
smash'd toads.
Well! every one has their tastes, but, for my part, my
own self,
I'd rather have the figures on my poor dear grandmother's
old shelf:
A nice pea-green poll-parrot, and two reapers with brown
ears of corns,
And a shepherd with a crook after a lamb with two gilt
horns,
And such a Jemmy Jessamy in top-boots and sky-blue
vest,
And a frill and flower'd waistcoat, with a fine bow-pot at
the breast.
God help her, poor old soul! I shall come into 'em at her
death;
Though she's a hearty woman for her years, except her
shortness of breath.
Well! you may think the things will mend—if they
won't, Lord mend us all!
My lady will go in fits, and Mr. Lambert won't need to
call;
I'll be bound in any money, if I had a guinea to give,
He won't sit down again on Chiney the longest day he
has to live.
Poor soul! I only hope it won't forbid his banns of
marriage;
Or he'd better have sat behind on the spikes of my Lady's
carriage.
But you'll join 'em all of course, and stand poor Mr.
Lambert's friend,
I'll look in twice a day, just to see, like, how they mend.
To be sure it is a sight that might draw tears from dogs
and cats,

Here's this pretty little pagoda, now, has lost four of its
cocked hats.
Be particular with the pagoda: and then here's this
pretty bowl—
The Chinese Prince is making love to nothing because of
this hole;
And here's another Chinese man, with a face just like
a doll,
Do stick his pigtail on again, and just mend his parasol.
But I needn't tell you what to do, only do it out of hand,
And charge whatever you like to charge—my Lady won't
make a stand.
Well! good morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call, for it's time our
gossip ended:
And you know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner
the Chiney's mended.

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS

BY AN OLD SERVANT

I

THE BROKEN DISH

WHAT'S life but full of care and doubt
  With all its fine humanities,
With parasols we walk about,
  Long pigtails, and such vanities.

We plant pomegranate trees and things,
  And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacocks' wings,
  To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
  And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue,—
  But life's as frail as dishes!

Walking about their groves of trees,
  Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese,
  They'd both be smashed to shivers!

II

ODE TO PEACE

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT

OH Peace, oh come with me and dwell—
    But stop, for there's the bell.
Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches
    On Wednesday, when there's very few
        In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.

Oh Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there's a carriage.
Oh Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods!
Oh Peace! thou art the goddess I adore—
There come some more.
Oh Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That's Lord Dunn's footman, for he loves a riot!

Oh Peace!
Knocks will not cease.
Oh Peace! thou wert for human comfort plann'd—
That's Weippert's band.
Oh Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.
Oh Peace! oh Peace! another carriage stops—
It's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have showed up Lady Squander,
And now I've seen her up the stair,
Oh Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare.
Oh Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken,—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind.
Oh Peace! serene in worldly shyness,—
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

Oh Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place and lone,
That you and I may call our own;
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan! what business have you in my pantry?

Oh Peace! but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife—Oh Peace!
And that great German, Vander Trunk,

And that great talker, Miss Apreece;
Oh Peace! so dear to poet's quills—
Oh Peace! our greatest renovator;
I wonder where I put my waiter—
Oh Peace! but here my Ode I'll cease,
I have no peace to write of Peace!

III

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN

When I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years run on,
How soon I may be summoned hence—
There's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and not on rocks,
We're hourly standing at Death's door—
There's some one double knocks.

All human days have settled terms,
Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They're come to lunch of course!

And when my body's turned to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
Oh let them give a sigh and say—
I hear the upstairs bell!

IV

TO MARY HOUSEMAID, ON VALENTINE'S DAY

MARY, you know I've no love nonsense,
And though I pen on such a day,
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,
Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't formed your feature,
It saves you p'rhaps from being vain,
And many a poor unhappy creature
May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
Although your shape was two foot taller,
And wisely you let others pinch
Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands
From getting red by household duty,
But doing all that it commands,
Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms,
And at your old legs sneer and scoff,
But let her laugh, for you have charms
That nobody knows nothing of.

LAMENT FOR THE DECLINE OF CHIVALRY

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke,
All chivalrous romantic work
Is ended now and past!—
That iron age—which some have thought
Of metal rather overwrought—
Is now all overcast!

Ay! where are those heroic knights
Of old—those armadillo wights
Who wore the plated vest?—
Great Charlemagne and all his peers
Are cold—enjoying with their spears
An everlasting rest!

The bold King Arthur sleepeth sound;
So sleep his knights who gave that Round
Old Table such éclat!
Oh, Time has pluck'd the plumy brow!
And none engage at tourneys now
But those that go to law!

Grim John o' Gaunt is quite gone by,
And Guy is nothing but a Guy,
Orlando lies forlorn!—
Bold Sidney, and his kidney—nay,
Those "early champions"—what are they
But "Knights without a morn"?

No Percy branch now perseveres,
Like those of old, in breaking spears—
The name is now a lie!—
Surgeons, alone, by any chance,
Are all that ever couch a lance
To couch a body's eye!

Alas for Lion-Hearted Dick,
That cut the Moslems to the quick,
His weapon lies in peace:
Oh, it would warm them in a trice,
If they could only have a spice
Of his old mace in Greece!

The famed Rinaldo lies a-cold,
And Tancred too, and Godfrey bold,
That scaled the holy wall!
No Saracen meets Paladin,
We hear of no great *Salad*in,
But only grow the small!

Our *Cressys*, too, have dwindled since
To penny things—at our Black Prince
Historic pens would scoff:
The only one we moderns had
Was nothing but a Sandwich lad,
And measles took him off!

Where are those old and feudal clans,
Their pikes, and bills, and partisans,
Their hauberks, jerkins, buffs?
A battle was a battle then,
A breathing piece of work; but men
Fight now—with powder puffs!

The curtal-axe is out of date;
The good old crossbrow bends—to Fate;
    'Tis gone, the archer's craft!
No tough arm bends the springing yew,
And jolly draymen ride, in lieu
    Of Death, upon the shaft!

The spear,—the gallant tilter's pride,
The rusty spear, is laid aside,—
    Oh, spits now domineer!
The coat of mail is left alone,—
And where is all chain armour gone?
    Go ask at Brighton Pier.

We fight in ropes, and not in lists,
Bestowing hand-cuffs with our fists,
    A low and vulgar art!—
No mounted man is overthrown:
A tilt!—it is a thing unknown—
    Except upon a cart!

Methinks I see the bounding barb,
Clad like his Chief in steely garb,
    For warding steel's appliance!
Methinks I hear the trumpet stir!
'Tis but the guard to Exeter,
    That bugles the "Defiance"!

In cavils when will cavaliers
Set ringing helmets by the ears,
    And scatter plumes about?
Or blood—if they are in the vein?
That tap will never run again—
    Alas! the *Casque* is out!

No iron-crackling now is scored
By dint of battle-axe or sword,
To find a vital place—
Though certain doctors still pretend,
Awhile, before they kill a friend,
To labour through his case.

Farewell, then, ancient men of might!
Crusader, errant squire, and knight!
Our coats and customs soften;
To rise would only make you weep—
Sleep on, in rusty-iron sleep,
As in a safety coffin!

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS

"Who'll serve the King?"

WHAT little urchin is there never
Hath had that early scarlet fever,
Of martial trappings caught?
Trappings well call'd—because they trap
And catch full many a country chap
To go where fields are fought!

What little urchin with a rag
Hath never made a little flag
(Our plate will show the manner),
And wooed each tiny neighbour still,
Tommy or Harry, Dick or Will,
To come beneath the banner!

Just like that ancient shape of mist,
In Hamlet, crying "'List, oh 'list!"
   Come, who will serve the king,
And strike frog-eating Frenchmen dead,
And cut off Bonyparty's head?—
   And all that sort of thing.

So used I, when I was a boy,
To march with military toy,
   And ape the soldier's life;—
And with a whistle or a hum,
I thought myself a Duke of Drum
   At least, or Earl of Fife.

With gun of tin and sword of lath,
Lord! how I walk'd in glory's path
   With regimental mates,
By sound of trump and rub-a-dubs—
To 'siege the washhouse—charge the tubs—
   Or storm the garden gates.

Ah me! my retrospective soul!
As over memory's muster-roll
   I cast my eyes anew,
My former comrades all the while
Rise up before me, rank and file,
   And form in dim review.

Ay, there they stand, and dress in line,
Lubbock, and Fenn, and David Vine,
   And dark "Jamaeky Forde!"
And limping Wood, and "Cockey Hawes,"
Our captain always made, because
   He had a *real* sword!

Long Lawrence, Natty Smart, and Soame,
Who said he had a gun at home,
  But that was all a brag;
Ned Ryder, too, that used to sham
A prancing horse, and big Sam Lamb
  That *would* hold up the flag!

Tom Anderson, and "Dunny White,"
Who never right-abouted right,
  For he was deaf and dumb;
Jack Pike, Jem Crack, and Sandy Gray,
And Dickey Bird, that wouldn't play
  Unless he had the drum.

And Peter Holt, and Charley Jepp,
A chap that never kept the step—
  No more did "Surly Hugh";
Bob Harrington, and "Fighting Jim"—
We often had to halt for him,
  To let him tie his shoe.

"Quarrelsome Scott," and Martin Dick,
That kill'd the bantam cock, to stick
  The plumes within his hat;
Bill Hook, and little Tommy Grout,
That got so thump'd for calling out
  "Eyes right!" to "Squinting Matt."

Dan Simpson, that, with Peter Dodd,
Was always in the awkward squad,
  And those two greedy Blakes
That took our money to the fair,
To buy the corps a trumpet there,
  And laid it out in cakes.

Where are they now?—an open war
With open mouth declaring for?—
   Or fall'n in bloody fray?
Compell'd to tell the truth I am,
Their fights all ended with the sham,—
   Their soldiership in play.

Brave Soame sends cheeses out in trucks,
And Martin sells the cock he plucks,
   And Jepp now deals in wine;
Harrington bears a lawyer's bag,
And warlike Lamb retains his flag,
   But on a tavern sign.

They tell me Cockey Hawes's sword
Is seen upon a broker's board:
   And as for "Fighting Jim,"
In Bishopsgate, last Whitsuntide,
His unresisting cheek I spied
   Beneath a Quaker brim!

Quarrelsome Scott is in the church,
For Ryder now your eye must search
   The marts of silk and lace—
Bird's drums are filled with figs, and mute,
And I—I've got a substitute
   To Soldier in my place!

MARY'S GHOST

A PATHETIC BALLAD

'Twas in the middle of the night,
To sleep young William tried,
When Mary's ghost came stealing in,
And stood at his bed-side.

O William dear! O William dear!
My rest eternal ceases;
Alas! my everlasting peace
Is broken into pieces.

I thought the last of all my cares
Would end with my last minute;
But though I went to my long home,
I didn't stay long in it.

The body-snatchers they have come,
And made a snatch at me;
It's very hard them kind of men
Won't let a body be!

You thought that I was buried deep,
Quite decent-like and chary,
But from her grave in Mary-bone,
They've come and boned your Mary.

The arm that used to take your arm
Is took to Dr. Vyse;
And both my legs are gone to walk
The hospital at Guy's.

I vowed that you should have my hand,
But fate gives us denial;
You'll find it there, at Dr. Bell's,
In spirits and a phial.

As for my feet, the little feet
You used to call so pretty,
There's one, I know, in Bedford Row,
The t'other's in the City.

I can't tell where my head is gone,
But Doctor Carpue can;
As for my trunk, it's all packed up
To go by Pickford's van.

I wish you'd go to Mr. P.
And save me such a ride;
I don't half like the outside place,
They've took for my inside.

The cock it crows—I must be gone!
My William, we must part!
But I'll be yours in death, altho'
Sir Astley has my heart.

Don't go to weep upon my grave,
And think that there I be;
They haven't left an atom there
Of my anatomie.

meet by any chance,

ever men " are at the

THE WIDOW

One widow at a grave will sob
A little while, and weep, and sigh!
If two should meet on such a job,
They'll have a gossip by-and-by.
If three should come together—why,
Three widows are good company!
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice,
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C—— (why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the "common lot"
Had left to weep "no common loss";
For she had lately buried then
A man, the "very best of men,"
A lingering truth, discovered first
Whenever men "are at the worst."

To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape, and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did *not* weep:
In fact, what human life appears,
It was a perfect "veil of tears."
Though ever since she lost "her prop
And stay"—alas! he wouldn't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say,
Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
It looked so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!

Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy—
'Twas nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hoped to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seemed to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.
The springs were locked that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that watch the weather know,
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains
To call upon the "dear remains"—
Remains that could not tell a jot
Whether she ever wept or not,
Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame—
But still the naughty world must learn,
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"
At the next grave to Mr. Cross's!
For there an angel's virtues slept,
"Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!"
But still her painted face he kept,
"Encompassed in an angel's frame."

He looked quite sad and quite deprived,
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He looked so lone, and so *un*wived,
That soon the Widow Cross contrived
To fall in love with even *that* band!
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out thro' sorrow's sluices—
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,

; of rain, Like lovers

Tho' sopped, and sopped, and sopped again—
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watched the window-pane—
I mean to say in showery weather—
Has seen two little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together:
So fared it with that couple's weeping!
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear
Kept drawing near,
Their very blacks became attractive.

." Thus, when with

To cut a shortish story shorter,
Conceive them sitting *tête-à-tête*—
Two cups—hot muffins on a plate—
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water!
The brazen vessel for awhile
Had lectured in an easy song,
Like Abernethy,—on the bile—
The scalded herb was getting strong;
All seemed as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cosy cup of tea.
Alas! how often human sippers
With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould:
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves;
But, with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with "three removes."
Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about her loss,

owner ; for she prosed

The dear departed Mr. Cross
Came in for nothing but his thirds;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripped up the old disasters.
She might, indeed, have been supposed
A great *ship* owner ; for she prosed
Eternally of her Three Masters!

Thus, foolish woman! while she nursed
Her mild souchong, she talked and reckoned
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German—
Not Mr. Cross's Three per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man.
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,
Said he, "You'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"

AN OPEN QUESTION

"It is the king's highway that we are in, and in this way it is that thou hast placed the lions."—BUNYAN.

WHAT! shut the gardens! lock the latticed gate!
Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket!
And hang a wooden notice up to state,
"On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!"
The Birds, the Beasts, and all the Reptile race
Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!
Now, really, this appears the common case
Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The Gardens,—so unlike the ones we dub
Of Tea, wherein the artisan carouses,—
Mere shrubberies without one drop of shrub,—
Wherefore should they be closed like public-houses?
No ale is vended at the wild Deer's Head,—
Nor rum—nor gin—not even of a Monday—
The Lion is not carved—or gilt—or red,
And does not send out porter of a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The bear denied! the Leopard under locks!
As if his spots would give contagious fevers;
The Beaver close as hat within its box;
So different from other Sunday beavers!
The Birds invisible—the Gnaw-way Rats—
The Seal hermetically seal'd till Monday—
The Monkey tribe—the Family of Cats,—
We visit other families on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What is the brute profanity that shocks
  The super-sensitively serious feeling?
The Kangaroo—is he not orthodox
  To bend his legs, the way he does, in kneeling?
Was strict Sir Andrew, in his sabbath coat,
  Struck all a heap to see a *Coati Mundi?*
Or did the Kentish Plumtree faint to note
  The Pelicans presenting bills on Sunday?—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What feature has repulsed the serious set?
  What error in the bestial birth or breeding,
To put their tender fancies on the fret?
  One thing is plain—it is not in the feeding!
Some stiffish people think that smoking joints
  Are carnal sins 'twixt Saturday and Monday—
But then the beasts are pious on these points,
  For they all eat cold dinners on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What change comes o'er the spirit of the place,
  As if transmuted by some spell organic?
Turns fell Hyæna of the Ghoulish race?
  The Snake, *pro tempore*, the true Satanic?
Do Irish minds,—(whose theory allows
  That now and then Good Friday falls on Monday)—
Do Irish minds suppose that Indian Cows
  Are wicked Bulls of Bashan on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

There are some moody fellows, not a few,
  Who, turn'd by Nature with a gloomy bias,
Renounce black devils to adopt the blue,
  And think when they are dismal they are pious:
Is't possible that Pug's untimely fun
  Has sent the brutes to Coventry till Monday—
Or p'rhaps some animal, no serious one,
  Was overheard in laughter on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What dire offence have serious Fellows found
  To raise their spleen against the Regent's spinney?
Were charitable boxes handed round,
  And would not Guinea Pigs subscribe their guinea?
Perchance the Demoiselle refused to moult
  The feathers in her head—at least till Monday;
Or did the Elephant, unseemly, bolt
  A tract presented to be read on Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

At whom did Leo struggle to get loose?
  Who mourns through Monkey tricks his damaged clothing?
Who has been hiss'd by the Canadian Goose?
  On whom did Llama spit in utter loathing?
Some Smithfield saint did jealous feelings tell
  To keep the Puma out of sight till Monday,
Because he prey'd extempore as well
  As certain wild Itinerants on Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

To me it seems that in the oddest way
  (Begging the pardon of each rigid Socius)
Our would-be Keepers of the Sabbath-day
  Are like the Keepers of the brutes ferocious—
As soon the Tiger might expect to stalk
  About the grounds from Saturday till Monday,
As any harmless man to take a walk,
  If saints could clap him in a cage on Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,
  As surely as I am a Christian scion,
I cannot think it is a mortal sin—
  (Unless he's loose) to look upon a lion.
I really think that one may go, perchance,
  To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday—
(That is, provided that he did not dance)
  Bruin's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

In spite of all the fanatic compiles,
I cannot think the day a bit diviner,
Because no children, with forestalling smiles,
Throng, happy, to the gates of Eden Minor—
It is not plain, to my poor faith at least,
That what we christen "Natural" on Monday,
The wondrous History of bird and beast,
Can be Unnatural because it's Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Whereon is sinful fantasy to work?
The Dove, the wing'd Columbus of man's haven?
The tender Love-Bird—or the filial Stork?
The punctual Crane—the providential Raven?
The Pelican whose bosom feeds her young?
Nay, must we cut from Saturday till Monday
That feather'd marvel with a human tongue,
Because she does not preach upon a Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

The busy Beaver—that sagacious beast!
The Sheep that own'd an Oriental Shepherd—
That Desert-ship the Camel of the East,
The horn'd Rhinoceros—the spotted Leopard—
The creatures of the Great Creator's hand
Are surely sights for better days than Monday—
The elephant, although he wears no band,
Has he no sermon in his trunk for Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

What harm if men who burn the midnight-oil,
Weary of frame, and worn and wan in feature,
Seek once a-week their spirits to assoil,
And snatch a glimpse of "Animated Nature"?
Better it were if, in his best of suits,
The artisan, who goes to work on Monday,
Should spend a leisure hour among the brutes,
Than make a beast of his own self on Sunday—
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Why, zounds! what raised so Protestant a fuss
  (Omit the zounds! for which I make apology)
But that the Papists, like some fellows, thus
  Had somehow mixed up *Dens* with their theology?
Is Brahma's Bull—a Hindoo god at home—
  A papal bull to be tied up till Monday—
Or Leo, like his namesake, Pope of Rome,
  That there is such a dread of them on Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

Spirit of Kant! have we not had enough
  To make religion sad, and sour, and snubbish,
But Saints Zoological must cant their stuff,
  As vessels cant their ballast—rattling rubbish!
Once let the sect, triumphant to their text,
  Shut Nero up from Saturday till Monday,
And sure as fate they will deny us next
  To see the Dandelions on a Sunday—
  But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?

A BLACK JOB

> "No doubt the pleasure is as great,
> Of being cheated as to cheat."—HUDIBRAS.

THE history of human-kind to trace,
Since Eve—the first of dupes—our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.

Witness the famous Mississippi dreams!
A rage that time seems only to redouble—
The Banks, Joint-Stocks, and all the flimsy schemes,
For rolling in Pactolian streams,
That cost our modern rogues so little trouble.
No matter what,—to pasture cows on stubble,
To twist sea-sand into a solid rope,
To make French bricks and fancy bread of rubble,
Or light with gas the whole celestial cope—
Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!

Soap!—it reminds me of a little tale,
Tho' not a pig's, the hawbuck's glory,
When rustic games and merriment prevail—
But here's my story:
Once on a time—no matter when—
A knot of very charitable men
Set up a Philanthropical Society,
Professing on a certain plan,
To benefit the race of man,
And in particular that dark variety,
Which some suppose inferior—as in vermin
The sable is to ermine,

As smut to flour, as coal to alabaster,
  As crows to swans, as soot to driven snow,
  As blacking, or as ink, to "milk below,"
  Or yet a better simile to show,
As ragman's dolls to images in plaster!

However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of managing Committee,
  A board of grave responsible Directors—
A Secretary, good at pen and ink—
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
  And quite an army of Collectors!
Not merely male, but female duns,
  Young, old, and middle-aged—of all degrees—
With many of those persevering ones,
  Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!
And what might be their aim?
  To rescue Afric's sable sons from fetters—
To save their bodies from the burning shame
  Of branding with hot letters—
Their shoulders from the cowhide's bloody strokes,
    Their necks from iron yokes?
To end or mitigate the ills of slavery,
The Planter's avarice, the Driver's knavery?
To school the heathen Negroes and enlighten 'em,
    To polish up and brighten 'em,
And make them worthy of eternal bliss?
Why, no—the simple end and aim was this—
Reading a well-known proverb much amiss—
    To wash and whiten 'em!

They look'd so ugly in their sable hides:
  So dark, so dingy, like a grubby lot
Of sooty sweeps, or colliers, and besides,
    However the poor elves
    Might wash themselves,

Nobody knew if they were clean or not—
On Nature's fairness they were quite a blot!
Not to forget more serious complaints
That even while they join'd in pious hymn,
So black they were and grim,
In face and limb,
They look'd like Devils, tho' they sang like Saints!
The thing was undeniable!
They wanted washing! not that slight ablution
To which the skin of the White Man is liable,
Merely removing transient pollution—
But good, hard, honest, energetic rubbing
And scrubbing,
Sousing each sooty frame from heels to head
With stiff, strong, saponaceous lather,
And pails of water—hottish rather,
But not so boiling as to turn 'em red!

So spoke the philanthropic man
Who laid, and hatch'd, and nursed the plan—
And oh! to view its glorious consummation!
The brooms and mops,
The tubs and slops,
The baths and brushes in full operation!
To see each Crow, or Jim, or John,
Go in a raven and come out a swan!
While fair as Cavendishes, Vanes, and Russels,
Black Venus rises from the soapy surge,
And all the little Niggerlings emerge
As lily-white as mussels.

Sweet was the vision—but alas!
However in prospectus bright and sunny,
To bring such visionary scenes to pass
One thing was requisite, and that was—money!
Money, that pays the laundress and her bills,
For socks and collars, shirts and frills,

Cravats and kerchiefs—money, without which
The negroes must remain as dark as pitch;
A thing to make all Christians sad and shivery,
To think of millions of immortal souls
Dwelling in bodies black as coals,
And living—so to speak—in Satan's livery!

Money—the root of evil,—dross, and stuff!
But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enable them to give enough
To blanch an African from head to heel!
How blessed—yea, thrice blessed—to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!
While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one!

Moved by this logic, or appall'd,
To persons of a certain turn so proper,
The money came when call'd,
In silver, gold, and copper,
Presents from "Friends to blacks," or foes to whites,
"Trifles," and "offerings," and "widows' mites,"
Plump legacies, and yearly benefactions,
With other gifts
And charitable lifts,
Printed in lists and quarterly transactions.
As thus—Elisha Brettel,
An iron kettle.
The Dowager Lady Scannel,
A piece of flannel.
Rebecca Pope,
A bar of soap.
The Misses Howels,
Half-a-dozen towels.
The Master Rush's,
Two scrubbing-brushes.

l the Committee,

Mr. T. Groom,
A stable broom,
And Mrs. Grubb,
A tub.

Great were the sums collected!
And great results in consequence expected.
But somehow, in the teeth of all endeavour,
According to reports
At yearly courts,
The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

Yes! spite of all the water sous'd aloft,
Soap, plain and mottled, hard and soft,
Soda and pearlash, huckaback and sand,
Brooms, brushes, palm of hand,
And scourers in the office strong and clever,
In spite of all the tubbing, rubbing, scrubbing,
The routing and the grubbing,
The blacks, confound them! were as black as ever!

In fact in his perennial speech,
The Chairman own'd the niggers did not bleach,
As he had hoped,
From being washed and soaped,
A circumstance he named with grief and pity;
But still he had the happiness to say,
For self and the Committee,
By persevering in the present way
And scrubbing at the Blacks from day to day,
Although he could not promise perfect white,
From certain symptoms that had come to light,
He hoped in time to get them gray!

Lull'd by this vague assurance,
The friends and patrons of the sable tribe
Continued to subscribe,
And waited, waited on with much endurance—
Many a frugal sister, thrifty daughter—

as she loved her sable

Many a stinted widow, pinching mother—
With income by the tax made somewhat shorter,
Still paid implicitly her crown per quarter,
Only to hear as ev'ry year came round,
That Mr. Treasurer had spent her pound;
And as she loved her sable brother,
That Mr. Treasurer must have another!

But, spite of pounds or guineas,
Instead of giving any hint
Of turning to a neutral tint,
The plaguy Negroes and their piccaninnies
Were still the colour of the bird that caws—
Only some very aged souls
Showing a little gray upon their polls,
Like daws!

However, nothing dashed
By such repeated failures, or abashed,
The Court still met;—the Chairman and Directors,
The Secretary, good at pen and ink,
The worthy Treasurer, who kept the chink,
And all the cash Collectors;
With hundreds of that class, so kindly credulous,
Without whose help, no charlatan alive,
Or Bubble Company could hope to thrive,
Or busy Chevalier, however sedulous—
Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who willingly receiving chaff for corn,
As pointed out by Butler's tact,
Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being pluck'd and shorn!

However, in long hundreds there they were,
Thronging the hot, and close, and dusty court,
To hear once more addresses from the Chair,
And regular Report.

Alas! concluding in the usual strain,
That what with everlasting wear and tear,
The scrubbing-brushes hadn't got a hair—
The brooms—mere stumps—would never serve again—
The soap was gone, the flannels all in shreds,
The towels worn to threads,
The tubs and pails too shatter'd to be mended—
And what was added with a deal of pain,
But as accounts correctly would explain,
Tho' thirty thousand pounds had been expended—
The Blackamoors had still been wash'd in vain!

"In fact, the Negroes were as black as ink,
Yet, still as the Committee dared to think,
And hoped the proposition was not rash,
A rather free expenditure of cash—"
But ere the prospect could be made more sunny—
Up jump'd a little, lemon-coloured man,
And with an eager stammer, thus began,
In angry earnest, though it sounded funny:
"What! More subscriptions! No—no—no,—not I!
You have had time—time—time enough to try!
They WON'T come white! then why—why—why—why
—why,
More money?"

"Why!" said the Chairman, with an accent bland,
And gentle waving of his dexter hand,
"Why must we have more dross, and dirt, and dust,
More filthy lucre, in a word, more gold—
The why, sir, very easily is told,
Because Humanity declares we must!
We've scrubb'd the negroes till we've nearly killed 'em,
And finding that we cannot wash them white,
But still their nigritude offends the sight,
We mean to gild 'em!"

ETCHING MORALISED

TO A NOBLE LADY

"To point a moral."—JOHNSON.

FAIREST Lady and Noble, for once on a time,
Condescend to accept, in the humblest of rhyme,
And a style more of Gay than of Milton,
A few opportune verses design'd to impart
Some didactical hints in a Needlework Art,
Not described by the Countess of Wilton.

An Art not unknown to the delicate hand
Of the fairest and first in this insular land,
But in Patronage Royal delighting;
And which now your own feminine fantasy wins,
Tho' it scarce seems a lady-like work, that begins
In a *scratching* and ends in a *biting!*

Yet oh! that the dames of the Scandalous School
Would but use the same acid, and sharp-pointed tool,
That are plied in the said operations—
Oh! would that our Candours on copper would sketch!
For the first of all things in beginning to etch
Are—good *grounds* for our representations.

Those protective and delicate coatings of wax,
Which are meant to resist the corrosive attacks
That would ruin the copper completely;
Thin cerements which whoso remembers the Bee
So applauded by Watts, the divine LL.D.,
Will be careful to spread very neatly.

For why? like some intricate deed of the law,
Should the ground in the process be left with a flaw,
Aqua-fortis is far from a joker;
And attacking the part that no coating protects,
Will turn out as distressing to all your *effects*
As a landlord who puts in a broker.

Then carefully spread the conservative stuff,
Until all the bright metal is cover'd enough,
To repel a destructive so active;
For in Etching, as well as in Morals, pray note
That a little raw spot, or a hole in a coat,
Your ascetics find vastly attractive.

Thus the ground being laid, very even and flat,
And then smoked with a taper, till black as a hat,
Still from future disasters to screen it,
Just allow me, by way of precaution, to state,
You must hinder the footman from changing your *plate*,
Nor yet suffer the butler to clean it.

Nay, the housemaid, perchance, in her passion to scrub,
May suppose the dull metal in want of a rub,
Like the Shield which Swift's readers remember—
Not to mention the chance of some other mishaps,
Such as having your copper made up into caps
To be worn on the First of September.

But aloof from all damage by Betty or John,
You secure the veil'd surface, and trace thereupon
The design you conceive the most proper:
Yet gently, and not with a needle too keen,
Lest it pierce to the wax through the paper between,
And of course play Old Scratch with the copper.

So in worldly affairs, the sharp-practising man
Is not always the one who succeeds in his plan,
   Witness Shylock's judicial exposure;
Who, as keen as his knife, yet with agony found,
That while urging his *point* he was losing his *ground*,
   And incurring a fatal disclosure.

But, perhaps, without tracing at all, you may choose
To indulge in some little extempore views,
   Like the older artistical people;
For example, a Corydon playing his pipe,
In a Low Country marsh, with a Cow after Cuyp,
   And a Goat skipping over a steeple.

A wild Deer at a rivulet taking a sup,
With a couple of Pillars put in to fill up,
   Like the columns of certain diurnals;
Or a very brisk sea, in a very stiff gale,
And a very Dutch boat, with a very big sail—
   Or a bevy of Retzsch's Infernals.

Architectural study—or rich Arabesque—
Allegorical dream—or a view picturesque,
   Near to Naples, or Venice, or Florence;
Or "as harmless as lambs and as gentle as doves,"
A sweet family cluster of plump little Loves,
   Like the Children by Reynolds or Lawrence.

But whatever the subject, your exquisite taste
Will ensure a design very charming and chaste,
   Like yourself, full of nature and beauty—
Yet besides the *good points* you already reveal,
You will need a few others—of well-temper'd steel,
   And especially form'd for the duty.

For suppose that the tool be imperfectly set,
Over many *weak lengths in your line* you will fret,
   Like a pupil of Walton and Cotton,
Who remains by the brink of the water, agape,
While the jack, trout, or barbel effects its escape
   Thro' the gut or silk line being rotten.

Therefore, let the steel point be set truly and round,
That the finest of strokes may be even and sound,
   Flowing glibly where fancy would lead 'em.
But alas! for the needle that fetters the hand,
And forbids even sketches of Liberty's land
   To be drawn with the requisite freedom!

Oh! the botches I've seen by a tool of the sort,
Rather hitching than etching, and making, in short,
   Such stiff, crabbed, and angular scratches,
That the figures seem'd statues or mummies from tombs,
While the trees were as rigid as bundles of brooms,
   And the herbage like bunches of matches!

The stiff clouds as if carefully iron'd and starch'd,
While a cast-iron bridge, meant for wooden, o'er-arch'd
   Something more like a road than a river.
Prythee, who in such characteristics could see
Any trace of the beautiful land of the free—
   The Free-Mason—Free-Trader—Free-Liver!

But prepared by a hand that is skilful and nice,
The fine point glides along like a skate on the ice,
   At the will of the Gentle Designer,
Who impelling the needle just presses so much,
That each line of her labour *the copper may touch*,
   As if done by a penny-a-liner.

And behold! how the fast-growing images gleam!
Like the sparkles of gold in a sunshiny stream,
Till perplex'd by the glittering issue,
You repine for a light of a tenderer kind—
And in choosing a substance for making a blind,
Do not sneeze at the paper call'd *tissue.*

For, subdued by the sheet so transparent and white,
Your design will appear in a soberer light,
And reveal its defects on inspection,
Just as Glory achieved, or political scheme,
And some more of our dazzling performances seem,
Not so bright on a *cooler reflection.*

So the juvenile Poet with ecstasy views
His first verses, and dreams that the songs of his Muse
Are as brilliant as Moore's and as tender—
Till some critical sheet scans the faulty design,
And alas! *takes the shine out of every line*
That had form'd such a vision of splendour;

Certain objects, however, may come in your sketch,
Which, design'd by a hand unaccustom'd to etch,
With a luckless result may be branded;
Wherefore add this particular rule to your code,
Let all vehicles take the *wrong* side of the road,
And man, woman, and child, be *left-handed.*

Yet regard not the awkward appearance with doubt,
But remember how often mere blessings fall out,
That at first seem'd no better than curses;
So, till *things take a turn,* live in hope, and depend
That whatever is wrong will come right in the end,
And console you for all your *reverses.*

But of errors why speak, when for beauty and truth
Your free, spirited Etching is worthy, in sooth,
  Of that Club (may all honour betide it !)
Which, tho' dealing in copper, by genius and taste,
Has accomplish'd *a service of plate* not disgraced
  By the work of a Goldsmith beside it ![1]

So your sketch superficially drawn on the plate,
It becomes you to fix in a permanent state,
  Which involves a precise operation,
With a keen biting fluid, which *eating its way*—
As in other professions is common they say—
  Has attain'd an artistical station.

And it's, oh ! that some splenetic folks I could name
If they *must* deal in acids would use but the same,
  In such innocent graphical labours !
In the place of the virulent spirit wherewith—
Like the polecat, the weasel, and things of that kith—
  They keep biting the backs of their neighbours !

But beforehand, with wax or the shoemaker's pitch,
You must build a neat dyke round the margin, in which
  You may pour the dilute aquafortis.
For if raw like a dram, it will shock you to trace
Your design with a horrible froth on its face,
  Like a wretch in articulo mortis.

Like a wretch in the pangs that too many endure
From the use of *strong waters*, without any pure,
  A vile practice, most sad and improper !
For, from painful examples, this warning is found,
That the raw burning spirit will *take up the ground*,
  In the churchyard, as well as on copper !

---

[1] "The Deserted Village." Illustrated by the Etching Club.

But the Acid has duly been lower'd, and bites
Only just where the visible metal invites,
Like a nature inclined to meet troubles;
And behold! as each slender and glittering line
Effervesces, you trace the completed design
In an elegant bead-work of bubbles!

And yet constantly secretly eating its way,
The shrewd acid is making the substance its prey,
Like some sorrow beyond inquisition,
Which is gnawing the heart and the brain all the while
That the face is illumed by its cheerfullest smile,
And the wit is in bright ebullition.

But still stealthily feeding, the treacherous stuff
Has corroded and deepen'd some portions enough—
The pure sky, and the water so placid—
And these tenderer tints to defend from attack,
With some turpentine varnish and sooty lamp-black
You must *stop out* the ferreting acid.

But before with the varnishing brush you proceed,
Let the plate with cold water be thoroughly freed
From the other less innocent liquor—
After which, on whatever you want to protect,
Put a *coat* that will act to that very effect,
Like the black one which hangs on the Vicar.

Then—the varnish well dried—urge the biting again,
But how long at its meal the *eau forte* may remain,
Time and practice alone can determine:
But of course not so long that the Mountain, and Mill,
The rude Bridge, and the Figures, whatever you will,
Are as black as the spots on your ermine.

It is true, none the less, that a dark-looking scrap,
With a sort of Blackheath, and Black Forest, mayhap,
Is consider'd as rather Rembrandty;
And that very black cattle and very black sheep,
A black dog, and a shepherd as black as a sweep,
Are the pets of some great Dilettante.

So with certain designers, one needs not to name,
All this life is a dark scene of sorrow and shame,
From our birth to our final adjourning—
Yea, this excellent earth and its glories, alack!
What with ravens, palls, cottons, and devils, as black
As a Warehouse for Family Mourning!

But before your own picture arrives at that pitch,
While the lights are still light, and the shadows, though rich,
More transparent than ebony shutters,
Never minding what Black-Arted critics may say,
Stop the biting, and pour the green fluid away,
As you please, into bottles or gutters.

Then removing the ground and the wax *at a heat*,
Cleanse the surface with oil, spermaceti or sweet,
For your hand a performance scarce proper—
So some careful professional person secure—
For the Laundress will not be a safe amateur—
To assist you in *cleaning the copper*.

And, in truth, 'tis a rather unpleasantish job,
To be done on a hot German stove, or a hob—
Though as sure of an instant forgetting,
When—as after the dark clearing-off of a storm—
The fair Landscape shines out in a lustre as warm
As the glow of the sun in its setting!

Thus your Etching complete, it remains but to hint,
That with certain assistance from paper and print,
  Which the proper Mechanic will settle,
You may charm all your Friends—without any sad tale
Of such perils and ills as beset Lady Sale—
  With *a fine India Proof of your Metal.*

A TALE OF A TRUMPET

"Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
Speak a little louder, for I'm very hard of hearing."
Old Ballad.

Of all old women hard of hearing,
The deafest, sure, was Dame Eleanor Spearing!
On her head, it is true,
Two flaps there grew,
That served for a pair of gold rings to go through,
But for any purpose of ears in a parley,
They heard no more than ears of barley.

No hint was needed from D. E. F.
You saw in her face that the woman was deaf;
From her twisted mouth to her eyes so peery,
Each queer feature asked a query;
A look that said in a silent way,
"Who? and What? and How? and Eh?
I'd give my ears to know what you say!"

And well she might! for each auricular
Was deaf as a post—and that post in particular
That stands at the corner of Dyott Street now,
And never hears a word of a row!
Ears that might serve her now and then
As extempore racks for an idle pen;
Or to hang with hoops from jewellers' shops
With coral, ruby, or garnet drops;
Or, provided the owner so inclined,
Ears to stick a blister behind;
But as for hearing wisdom, or wit,
Falsehood, or folly, or tell-tale-tit,

Or politics, whether of Fox or Pitt,
Sermon, lecture, or musical bit,
Harp, piano, fiddle, or kit,
They might as well, for any such wish,
Have been butter'd, done brown, and laid in a dish!

She was deaf as a post,—as said before—
And as deaf as twenty similes more,
Including the adder, that deafest of snakes,
Which never hears the coil it makes.

She was deaf as a house—which modern tricks
Of language would call as deaf as bricks—
  For her all human kind were dumb,
  Her drum, indeed, was so muffled a drum,
  That none could get a sound to come,
Unless the Devil who had Two Sticks!
She was deaf as a stone—say, one of the stones
Demosthenes suck'd to improve his tones;
And surely deafness no further could reach
Than to be in his mouth without hearing his speech!

She was deaf as a nut—for nuts, no doubt,
Are deaf to the grub that's hollowing out—
As deaf, alas! as the dead and forgotten—
(Gray has noticed the waste of breath,
In addressing the "dull, cold ear of death"),
Or the Felon's ear that was stuff'd with Cotton—
Or Charles the First *in statue quo;*
Or the still-born figures of Madame Tussaud,
With their eyes of glass, and their hair of flax,
That only stare whatever you "ax,"
For their ears, you know, are nothing but wax.

She was deaf as the ducks that swam in the pond,
And wouldn't listen to Mrs. Bond,—
As deaf as any Frenchman appears,
When he puts his shoulders into his ears:

n earwig to carry it in !
:ured Dame Eleanor
tling, tattling village of

And—whatever the citizen tells his son—
As deaf as Gog and Magog at one!
Or, still to be a simile-seeker,
As deaf as dogs'-ears to Enfield's Speaker!

She was deaf as any tradesman's dummy,
Or as Pharaoh's mother's mother's mummy;
Whose organs, for fear of our modern sceptics,
Were plugg'd with gums and antiseptics.

She was deaf as a nail—that you cannot hammer
A meaning into for all your clamour—
There never *was* such a deaf old Gammer!
        So formed to worry
        Both Lindley and Murray,
By having no ear for Music or Grammar!

Deaf to sounds, as a ship out of soundings,
Deaf to verbs, and all their compoundings,
Adjective, noun, and adverb, and particle,
Deaf to even the definite article—
No verbal message was worth a pin,
Though you hired an earwig to carry it in!

In short, she was twice as deaf as Deaf Burke,
Or all the Deafness in Yearsley's work,
Who in spite of his skill in hardness of hearing,
      Boring, blasting, and pioneering,
      To give the dunny organ a clearing,
Could never have cured Dame Eleanor Spearing.

Of course the loss was a great privation,
For one of her sex—whatever her station—
And none the less that the Dame had a turn
For making all families one concern,
And learning whatever there was to learn
In the prattling, tattling village of Tringham—
As who wore silk? and who wore gingham?

And what the Atkins's shop might bring 'em?
How the Smiths contrived to live? and whether
The fourteen Murphys all pigg'd together?
The wages per week of the Weavers and Skinners,
And what they boil'd for their Sunday dinners?
What plates the Bugsbys had on the shelf,
Crockery, china, wooden, or delf?
And if the parlour of Mrs. O'Grady
Had a wicked French print, or Death and the Lady?
Did Snip and his wife continue to jangle?
Had Mrs. Wilkinson sold her mangle?
What liquor was drunk by Jones and Brown?
And the weekly score they ran up at the Crown?
If the Cobbler could read, and believed in the Pope?
And how the Grubbs were off for soap?
If the Snobbs had furnish'd their room up-stairs,
And how they managed for tables and chairs,
Beds, and other household affairs,
Iron, wooden, and Staffordshire wares?
  And if they could muster a whole pair of bellows?
In fact, she had much of the spirit that lies
Perdu in a notable set of Paul Prys,
  By courtesy called Statistical Fellows—
A prying, spying, inquisitive clan,
Who have gone upon much of the self-same plan,
  Jotting the Labouring Class's riches;
And after poking in pot and pan,
  And routing garments in want of stitches,
Have ascertained that a working man
  Wears a pair and a quarter of average breeches!

But this, alas! from her loss of hearing,
Was all a seal'd book to Dame Eleanor Spearing;
  And often her tears would rise to their founts—
Supposing a little scandal at play
'Twixt Mrs. O'Fie and Mrs. Au Fait—
  That she couldn't audit the Gossips' accounts.
'Tis true, to her cottage still they came,

And ate her muffins just the same,
And drank the tea of the widow'd Dame,
And never swallow'd a thimble the less
Of something the Reader is left to guess,
For all the deafness of Mrs. S.,
  Who *saw* them talk, and chuckle, and cough,
But to *see* and not share in the social flow,
She might as well have lived, you know,
In one of the houses in Owen's Row,
  Near the New River Head, with its water cut off!

cat ; And as for the

And yet the almond-oil she had tried,
And fifty infallible things beside,
Hot, and cold, and thick, and thin,
Dabb'd, and dribbled, and squirted in:
But all remedies fail'd; and though some it was clear
    (Like the brandy and salt
    We now exalt)
Had made a noise in the public ear,
She was just as deaf as ever, poor dear!

At last—one very fine day in June—
    Suppose her sitting,
    Busily knitting,
And humming she didn't quite know what tune;
  For nothing she heard but a sort of a whizz,
Which, unless the sound of the circulation,
Or of Thoughts in the process of fabrication,
By a Spinning-Jennyish operation,
  It's hard to say what buzzing it is.
However, except that ghost of a sound,
She sat in a silence most profound—
The cat was purring about the mat,
But her Mistress heard no more of that
Than if it had been a boatswain's cat;
And as for the clock the moments nicking,
The Dame only gave it credit for ticking.
The bark of her dog she did not catch;

Nor yet the click of the lifted latch;
Nor yet the creak of the opening door;
Nor yet the fall of a foot on the floor—
But she saw the shadow that crept on her gown
And turn'd its skirt of a darker brown.

And lo! a man! a Pedlar! ay, marry,
With the little back-shop that such tradesmen carry,
Stock'd with brooches, ribbons, and rings,
Spectacles, razors, and other odd things,
For lad and lass, as Autolycus sings;
A chapman for goodness and cheapness of ware,
Held a fair dealer enough at a fair,
But deem'd a piratical sort of invader
By him we dub the "regular trader,"
Who—luring the passengers in as they pass
By lamps, gay panels, and mouldings of brass,
And windows with only one huge pane of glass,
And his name in gilt characters, German or Roman,—
If he isn't a Pedlar, at least he's a Showman!

However, in the stranger came,
And, the moment he met the eyes of the Dame,
Threw her as knowing a nod as though
He had known her fifty long years ago;
And presto! before she could utter "Jack"—
Much less "Robinson"—open'd his pack—
   And then from amongst his portable gear,
With even more than a Pedlar's tact,—
(Slick himself might have envied the act)—
Before she had time to be deaf, in fact—
   Popp'd a Trumpet into her ear.

         "There, Ma'am! try it!
         You needn't buy it—
   The last New Patent—and nothing comes nigh it
For affording the Deaf, at a little expense,
The sense of hearing, and hearing of sense!

nd Members of
s very true," says

ear," says Dame
nd the sweet little

A Real Blessing—and no mistake,
Invented for poor Humanity's sake;
For what can be a greater privation
Than playing Dummy to all creation,
And only looking at conversation—
Great Philosophers talking like Platos,
And Members of Parliament moral as Catos,
And your ears as dull as waxy potatoes!
Not to name the mischievous quizzers,
Sharp as knives, but double as scissors,
Who get you to answer quite by guess
Yes for No, and No for Yes."
("That's very true," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Try it again! No harm in trying—
I'm sure you'll find it worth your buying,
A little practice—that is all—
And you'll hear a whisper, however small,
Through an Act of Parliament party-wall,—
Every syllable clear as day,
And even what people are going to say—
I wouldn't tell a lie, I wouldn't,
But my Trumpets have heard what Solomon's couldn't;
And as for Scott he promises fine,
But can he warrant his horns like mine
Never to hear what a Lady shouldn't—
Only a guinea—and can't take less."
("That's very dear," says Dame Eleanor S.)

"Dear!—Oh dear, to call it dear!
Why it isn't a horn you buy, but an ear;
Only think, and you'll find on reflection
You're bargaining, Ma'am, for the Voice of Affection;
For the language of Wisdom, and Virtue, and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of youth:
Not to mention the striking of clocks—
Cackle of hens—crowing of cocks—

Lowing of cow, and bull, and ox—
Bleating of pretty pastoral flocks—
Murmur of waterfall over the rocks—
Every sound that Echo mocks—
Vocals, fiddles, and musical-box—
And zounds! to call such a concert dear!
But I mustn't swear with my horn in your ear.
Why, in buying that Trumpet you buy all those
That Harper, or any trumpeter, blows
At the Queen's Levees or the Lord Mayor's Shows,
At least as far as the music goes,
Including the wonderful lively sound,
Of the Guards' key-bugles all the year round:
Come—suppose we call it a pound!
"Come," said the talkative Man of the Pack,
"Before I put my box on my back,
For this elegant, useful Conductor of Sound,
Come—suppose we call it a pound!

"Only a pound! it's only the price
Of hearing a Concert once or twice,
        It's only the fee
        You might give Mr. C.
And after all not hear his advice,
But common prudence would bid you stump it;
        For, not to enlarge,
        It's the regular charge
At a Fancy Fair for a penny trumpet.
Lord! what's a pound to the blessing of hearing!"
("A pound's a pound," said Dame Eleanor Spearing.)

"Try it again! no harm in trying!
A pound's a pound there's no denying;
But think what thousands and thousands of pounds
We pay for nothing but hearing sounds:
Sounds of Equity, Justice, and Law,
Parliamentary jabber and jaw,

Pious cant and moral saw,
Hocus-pocus, and Nong-tong-paw,
And empty sounds not worth a straw;
Why it costs a guinea, as I'm a sinner,
To hear the sounds at a Public Dinner!
One pound one thrown into the puddle,
To listen to Fiddle, Faddle, and Fuddle!
Not to forget the sounds we buy
From those who sell their sounds so high,
That, unless the Managers pitch it strong,
To get a Signora to warble a song,
You must fork out the blunt with a haymaker's prong!

teen shillings â€" that's

where you ache, and

"It's not the thing for me—I know it,
To crack my own Trumpet up and blow it;
But it is the best, and time will show it,
        There was Mrs. F.
        So very deaf,
That she might have worn a percussion-cap,
And been knock'd on the head without hearing it snap.
Well, I sold her a horn, and the very next day
She heard from her husband at Botany Bay!
Come—eighteen shillings—that's very low,
You'll save the money as shillings go,
And I never knew so bad a lot,
By hearing whether they ring or not!

"Eighteen shillings! it's worth the price,
Supposing you're delicate minded and nice,
To have the medical man of your choice,
Instead of the one with the strongest voice—
Who comes and asks you, how's your liver,
And where you ache, and whether you shiver,
And as to your nerves, so apt to quiver,
As if he was hailing a boat in the river!
And then with a shout, like Pat in a riot,
Tells you to keep yourself perfectly quiet!

Or a tradesman comes—as tradesmen will—
Short and crusty about his bill,
Of patience, indeed, a perfect scorner,
And because you're deaf and unable to pay,
Shouts whatever he has to say,
In a vulgar voice, that goes over the way,
Down the street and round the corner!
Come—speak your mind—it's 'No or Yes.'"
("I've half a mind," said Dame Eleanor S.)

surgical gentry !

"Try it again—no harm in trying,
Of course you hear me, as easy as lying;
No pain at all, like a surgical trick,
To make you squall, and struggle, and kick,
Like Juno, or Rose,
Whose ear undergoes
Such horrid tugs at membrane and gristle,
For being as deaf as yourself to a whistle!

"You may go to surgical chaps if you choose,
Who will blow up your tubes like copper flues,
Or cut your tonsils right away,
As you'd shell out your almonds for Christmas-day;
And after all a matter of doubt,
Whether you ever would hear the shout
Of the little blackguards that bawl about,
'There you go with your tonsils out!'
Why I knew a deaf Welshman, who came from Glamorgan
On purpose to try a surgical spell,
And paid a guinea, and might as well
Have call'd a monkey into his organ!
For the Aurist only took a mug,
And pour'd in his ear some acoustical drug,
That, instead of curing, deafen'd him rather,
As Hamlet's uncle served Hamlet's father!
That's the way with your surgical gentry!

Whether the
't describe the
, Whether you like

And happy your luck
If you don't get stuck
Through your liver and lights at a royal entry,
Because you never answer'd the sentry!

"Try it again, dear Madam, try it!
Many would sell their beds to buy it.
I warrant you often wake up in the night,
Ready to shake to a jelly with fright,
And up you must get to strike a light,
And down you go, in you know what,
Whether the weather is chilly or hot,—
That's the way a cold is got,—
To see if you heard a noise or not!

"Why, bless you, a woman with organs like yours
Is hardly safe to step out of doors!
Just fancy a horse that comes full pelt,
But as quiet as if he was 'shod with felt,'
Till he rushes against you with all his force,
And then I needn't describe the course,
While he kicks you about without remorse,
How awkward it is to be groom'd by a horse!
Or a bullock comes, as mad as King Lear,
And you never dream that the brute is near,
Till he pokes his horn right into your ear,
Whether you like the thing or lump it,—
And all for want of buying a trumpet!

"I'm not a female to fret and vex,
But if I belonged to the sensitive sex,
Exposed to all sorts of indelicate sounds,
I wouldn't be deaf for a thousand pounds.
Lord! only think of chucking a copper
To Jack or Bob with a timber limb,
Who looks as if he was singing a hymn,
Instead of a song that's very improper!
Or just suppose in a public place

You see a great fellow a-pulling a face,
With his staring eyes and his mouth like an O,—
And how is a poor deaf lady to know,—
The lower orders are up to such games—
If he's calling 'Green Peas,' or calling her names?"
("They're tenpence a peck!" said the deafest of Dames.)

"'Tis strange what very strong advising,
By word of mouth, or advertising,
By chalking on walls, or placarding on vans,
With fifty other different plans,
The very high pressure, in fact, of pressing,
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing!
Whether the Soothing American Syrup,
A Safety Hat, or a Safety Stirrup,—
Infallible Pills for the human frame,
Or Rowland's O-don't-o (an ominous name)!
A Doudney's suit which the shape so hits
That it beats all others into *fits*;
A Mechi's razor for beards unshorn,
Or a Ghost-of-a-Whisper-Catching Horn!

"Try it again, Ma'am, only try!"
Was still the voluble Pedlar's cry;
"It's a great privation, there's no dispute,
To live like the dumb unsociable brute,
And to hear no more of the *pro* and *con*,
And how Society's going on,
Than Mumbo Jumbo or Prester John,
And all for want of this *sine quâ non*;
  Whereas, with a horn that never offends,
You may join the genteelest party that is,
And enjoy all the scandal, and gossip, and quiz,
  And be certain to hear of your absent friends;—
Not that elegant ladies, in fact,
In genteel society ever detract,
Or lend a brush when a friend is black'd,—
At least as a mere malicious act,—

chatter : Not to
g to the quorum.

But only talk scandal for fear some fool
Should think they were bred at *charity* school.
Or, maybe, you like a little flirtation,
Which even the most Don Juanish rake
Would surely object to undertake
At the same high pitch as an altercation.
It's not for me, of course, to judge
How much a Deaf Lady ought to begrudge;
But half-a-guinea seems no great matter—
Letting alone more rational patter—
Only to hear a parrot chatter:
Not to mention that feather'd wit,
The Starling, who speaks when his tongue is slit;
The Pies and Jays that utter words,
And other Dicky Gossips of birds,
That talk with as much good sense and decorum,
As many *Beaks* who belong to the quorum.

"Try it—buy it—say ten and six,
The lowest price a miser could fix:
I don't pretend with horns of mine,
Like some in the advertising line,
To '*magnify sounds*' on such marvellous scales,
That the sounds of a cod seem as big as a whale's;
But popular rumours, right or wrong,—
Charity sermons, short or long,—
Lecture, speech, concerto, or song,
All noises and voices, feeble or strong,
From the hum of a gnat to the clash of a gong,
This tube will deliver distinct and clear;
Or, supposing by chance
You wish to dance,
Why, it's putting a *Horn-pipe* into your ear!
Try it—buy it!
Buy it—try it!
The last New Patent, and nothing comes nigh it,
For guiding sounds to their proper tunnel:
Only try till the end of June,

And if you and the Trumpet are out of tune
  I'll turn it gratis into a funnel!"

as little, And heard

In short, the Pedlar so beset her,—
Lord Bacon couldn't have gammon'd her better,—
With flatteries plump and indirect,
And plied his tongue with such effect,—
A tongue that could almost have butter'd a crumpet,—
The deaf old woman bought the Trumpet.

* * * * *
* * * * *

The Pedlar was gone. With the horn's assistance,
She heard his steps die away in the distance;
And then she heard the tick of the clock,
The purring of puss, and the snoring of Shock;
And she purposely dropp'd a pin that was little,
And heard it fall as plain as a skittle!

'Twas a wonderful Horn, to be but just!
Nor meant to gather dust, must and rust;
So in half a jiffy, or less than that,
In her scarlet cloak and her steeple-hat,
Like old Dame Trot, but without her cat,
The Gossip was hunting all Tringham thorough,
As if she meant to canvass the borough,
  Trumpet in hand, or up to the cavity;—
And, sure, had the horn been one of those
The wild Rhinoceros wears on his nose,
  It couldn't have ripped up more depravity!

Depravity! mercy shield her ears!
'Twas plain enough that her village peers
  In the ways of vice were no raw beginners;
For whenever she raised the tube to her drum
Such sounds were transmitted as only come
  From the very Brass Band of human sinners!

Ribald jest and blasphemous curse
(Bunyan never vented worse),
With all those weeds, not flowers, of speech
Which the Seven Dialecticians teach;
Filthy Conjunctions, and Dissolute Nouns,
And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,
With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
Chiefly active in rows and mobs,
Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs,
And Interjections as bad as a blight,
Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight;
Fanciful phrases for crime and sin,
And smacking of vulgar lips where Gin,
Garlic, Tobacco, and offals go in—
A jargon so truly adapted, in fact,
To each thievish, obscene, and ferocious act,
So fit for the brute with the human shape,
Savage Baboon, or libidinous Ape,
From their ugly mouths it will certainly come
Should they ever get weary of shamming dumb!

Alas! for the Voice of Virtue and Truth,
And the sweet little innocent prattle of Youth!
The smallest urchin whose tongue could tang,
Shock'd the Dame with a volley of slang,
Fit for Fagin's juvenile gang;
        While the charity chap,
        With his muffin cap,
    His crimson coat, and his badge so garish,
Playing at dumps, or pitch in the hole,
Cursed his eyes, limbs, body and soul,
    As if they didn't belong to the Parish!

:hap, With his muffin

'Twas awful to hear, as she went along,
The wicked words of the popular song;
    Or supposing she listen'd—as gossips will—
At a door ajar, or a window agape,
To catch the sounds they allow'd to escape,

Those sounds belonged to Depravity still!
The dark allusion, or bolder brag
Of the dexterous "dodge," and the lots of "swag,"
The plunder'd house—or the stolen nag—
The blazing rick, or the darker crime,
That quench'd the spark before its time—
The wanton speech of the wife immoral—
The noise of drunken or deadly quarrel,
With savage menace, which threaten'd the life,
Till the heart seem'd merely a strop "for the knife";
The human liver, no better than that
Which is sliced and thrown to an old woman's cat;
And the head, so useful for shaking and nodding,
To be punch'd into holes, like "a shocking bad hat,"
That is only fit to be punch'd into wadding!

In short, wherever she turn'd the horn,
To the highly bred, or the lowly born,
The working man, who look'd over the hedge,
Or the mother nursing her infant pledge,
The sober Quaker, averse to quarrels,
Or the Governess pacing the village through,
With her twelve Young Ladies, two and two,
Looking, as such young ladies do,
Truss'd by Decorum and stuff'd with morals—
Whether she listen'd to Hob or Bob,
Nob or Snob,
The Squire on his cob,
Or Trudge and his ass at a tinkering job,
To the "Saint" who expounded at "Little Zion"—
Or the "Sinner" who kept "the Golden Lion"—
The man teetotally wean'd from liquor—
The Beadle, the Clerk, or the Reverend Vicar—
Nay, the very Pie in its cage of wicker—
She gather'd such meanings, double or single,
That like the bell
With muffins to sell,
Her ear was kept in a constant tingle!

nch'd the spark before
er than that Which is
s pacing the village
he Clerk, or the

, never since cup
he vice of a smith.

But this was nought to the tales of shame,
The constant runnings of evil fame,
Foul, and dirty, and black as ink,
That her ancient cronies, with nod and wink,
Pour'd in her horn like slops in a sink:
While sitting in conclave, as gossips do,
With their Hyson or Howqua, black or green,
And not a little of feline spleen
Lapp'd up in "Catty packages," too,
To give a zest to the sipping and supping;
For still by some invisible tether,
Scandal and Tea are link'd together,
As surely as Scarification and Cupping;
Yet never since Scandal drank Bohea—
Or sloe, or whatever it happen'd to be,
For some grocerly thieves
Turn over new leaves,
Without much amending their lives or their tea—
No, never since cup was fill'd or stirr'd
Were such wild and horrible anecdotes heard,
As blacken'd their neighbours of either gender,
Especially that, which is call'd the Tender,
But, instead of the softness we fancy therewith,
Was harden'd in vice as the vice of a smith.

Women! the wretches! had soil'd and marr'd
Whatever to womanly nature belongs;
For the marriage tie they had no regard,
Nay, sped their mates to the sexton's yard,
(Like Madame Laffarge, who with poisonous pinches
Kept cutting off her L by inches)—
And as for drinking, they drank so hard
That they drank their flat-irons, pokers, and tongs!

The men—they fought and gambled at fairs;
And poach'd—and didn't respect grey hairs—
Stole linen, money, plate, poultry, and corses;
And broke in houses as well as horses;

Unfolded folds to kill their own mutton,—
And would their own mothers and wives for a button:
But not to repeat the deeds they did,
Backsliding in spite of all moral skid,
If all were true that fell from the tongue,
There was not a villager, old or young,
But deserved to be whipp'd, imprison'd, or hung,
Or sent on those travels which nobody hurries
To publish at Colburn's, or Longman's, or Murray's.

Meanwhile the Trumpet, *con amore*,
Transmitted each vile diabolical story;
And gave the least whisper of slips and falls,
As that Gallery does in the Dome of St. Paul's,
Which, as all the world knows, by practice or print,
Is famous for making the most of a hint.
Not a murmur of shame,
Or buzz of blame,
Not a flying report that flew at a name,
Not a plausible gloss, or significant note,
Not a word in the scandalous circles afloat,
Of a beam in the eye, or diminutive mote,
But vortex-like that tube of tin
Suck'd the censorious particle in;
And, truth to tell, for as willing an organ
As ever listen'd to serpent's hiss,
Nor took the viperous sound amiss,
On the snaky head of an ancient Gorgon!

The Dame, it is true, would mutter "Shocking!"
And give her head a sorrowful rocking,
And make a clucking with palate and tongue,
Like the call of Partlet to gather her young,
A sound, when human, that always proclaims
At least a thousand pities and shames;
But still the darker the tale of sin,
Like certain folks, when calamities burst,
Who find a comfort in "hearing the worst,"

The farther she poked the Trumpet in.
Nay, worse, whatever she heard, she spread
East and West, and North and South,
Like the ball which, according to Captain Z,
Went in at his ear, and came out at his mouth.

What wonder between the Horn and the Dame,
Such mischief was made wherever they came,
That the parish of Tringham was all in a flame!
For although it required such loud discharges,
Such peals of thunder as rumbled at Lear,
To turn the smallest of table-beer,
A little whisper breathed into the ear
Will sour a temper "as sour as varges."
In fact such very ill blood there grew,
From this private circulation of stories,
That the nearest neighbours the village through,
Look'd at each other as yellow and blue,
As any electioneering crew
Wearing the colours of Whigs and Tories.

Ah! well the Poet said, in sooth,
That "whispering tongues can poison Truth,"—
Yea, like a dose of oxalic acid,
Wrench and convulse poor Peace, the placid,
And rack dear Love with internal fuel,
Like arsenic pastry, or what is as cruel,
Sugar of lead, that sweetens gruel,—
At least such torments began to wring 'em
From the very morn
When that mischievous Horn
Caught the whisper of tongues in Tringham.

The Social Clubs dissolved in huffs.
And the Sons of Harmony came to cuffs,
While feuds arose and family quarrels,
That discomposed the mechanics of morals,
For screws were loose between brother and brother,

While sisters fasten'd their nails on each other;
Such wrangles, and jangles, and miff, and tiff,
And spar, and jar—and breezes as stiff
As ever upset a friendship—or skiff!
The plighted lovers, who used to walk,
Refused to meet, and declined to talk;
And wish'd for *two* moons to reflect the sun,
That they mightn't look together on one;
While wedded affection ran so low,
That the oldest John Anderson snubbed his Jo—
And instead of the toddle adown the hill,
Hand in hand,
As the song has planned,
Scratch'd her, penniless, out of his will!

In short, to describe what came to pass
In a true, though somewhat theatrical way,
Instead of "Love in a Village"—alas!
The piece they perform'd was "The Devil to Pay!"

However, as secrets are brought to light,
And mischief comes home like chickens at night;
And rivers are track'd throughout their course,
And forgeries traced to their proper source;—
And the sow that ought
By the ear is caught,—
And the sin to the sinful door is brought;
And the cat at last escapes from the bag—
And the saddle is placed on the proper nag;
And the fog blows off, and the key is found—
And the faulty scent is pick'd out by the hound—
And the fact turns up like a worm from the ground—
And the matter gets wind to waft it about;
And a hint goes abroad, and the murder is out—
And the riddle is guess'd—and the puzzle is known—
So the truth was sniff'd, and the Trumpet was *blown!*

* * * * *

s pick'd out by the
ruth was sniffd, and

uster and cluster, And
and Witch to be the
d behold ! â€" Dame
l â€" And after a

'Tis a day in November—a day of fog—
But the Tringham people are all agog;
Fathers, Mothers, and Mothers' Sons,—
With sticks, and staves, and swords, and guns,—
As if in pursuit of a rabid dog;
But their voices—raised to the highest pitch—
Declare that the game is "a Witch!—a Witch!"

Over the Green, and along by The George—
Past the Stocks, and the Church, and the Forge,
And round the Pound, and skirting the Pond,
Till they come to the whitewash'd cottage beyond,
And there at the door they muster and cluster,
And thump, and kick, and bellow, and bluster—
Enough to put Old Nick in a fluster!
A noise, indeed, so loud and long,
And mix'd with expressions so very strong,
That supposing, according to popular fame,
"Wise Woman" and Witch to be the same,
No hag with a broom would unwisely stop,
But up and away through the chimney-top;
Whereas, the moment they burst the door,
Planted fast on her sanded floor,
With her Trumpet up to her organ of hearing,
Lo and behold!—Dame Eleanor Spearing!

Oh! then arises the fearful shout—
Bawl'd and scream'd, and bandied about—
"Seize her!—Drag the old Jezebel out!"
While the Beadle—the foremost of all the band,
Snatches the Horn from her trembling hand—
And after a pause of doubt and fear,
Puts it up to his sharpest ear.

"Now silence—silence—one and all!"
For the Clerk is quoting from Holy Paul!
But before he rehearses
A couple of verses,

The Beadle lets the Trumpet fall :
For instead of the words so pious and humble,
He hears a supernatural grumble.

Enough, enough ! and more than enough ;—
Twenty impatient hands and rough,
By arm, and leg, and neck, and scruff,
Apron, 'kerchief, gown of stuff—
Cap, and pinner, sleeve, and cuff—
Are clutching the Witch wherever they can,
With the spite of Woman and fury of Man ;
And then—but first they kill her cat,
And murder her dog on the very mat—
And crush the infernal Trumpet flat ;—
And then they hurry her through the door
She never, never will enter more !

Away ! away ! down the dusty lane
They pull her, and haul her, with might and main :
And happy the hawbuck, Tom or Harry,
Dandy, or Sandy, Jerry, or Larry,
Who happens to get "a leg to carry" !
And happy the foot that can give her a kick,
And happy the hand that can find a brick—
And happy the fingers that hold a stick—
Knife to cut, or pin to prick—
And happy the Boy who can lend her a lick ;—
Nay, happy the urchin—Charity-bred,—
Who can shy very nigh to her wicked old head !

Alas ! to think how people's creeds
Are contradicted by people's deeds !
  But though the wishes that Witches utter
Can play the most diabolical rigs—
Send styes in the eye—and measle the pigs—
  Grease horses' heels—and spoil the butter ;
Smut and mildew the corn on the stalk—
And turn new milk to water and chalk,—

Blight apples—and give the chickens the pip—
And cramp the stomach—and cripple the hip—
And waste the body—and addle the eggs—
And give a baby bandy legs;
Though in common belief a Witch's curse
Involves all these horrible things, and worse—
As ignorant bumpkins all profess,
No bumpkin makes a poke the less
At the back or ribs of old Eleanor S.!
  As if she were only a sack of barley!
Or gives her credit for greater might
Than the Powers of Darkness confer at night
  On that other old woman, the parish Charley!

Ay, now's the time for a Witch to call
On her Imps and Sucklings one and all—
Newes, Pyewacket, or Peck in the Crown,
(As Matthew Hopkins has handed them down)
Dick, and Willet, and Sugar-and-Sack,
Greedy Grizel, Jarmara the Black,
Vinegar Tom and the rest of the pack—
Ay, now's the nick for her friend Old Harry
To come "with his tail" like the bold Glengarry,
And drive her foes from their savage job
As a mad Black Bullock would scatter a mob:—
  But no such matter is down in the bond;
And spite of her cries that never cease,
But scare the ducks and astonish the geese,
The Dame is dragg'd to the fatal pond!

And now they come to the water's brim—
And in they bundle her—sink or swim;
Though it's twenty to one that the wretch must drown,
With twenty sticks to hold her down;
Including the help to the self-same end,
Which a travelling Pedlar stops to lend.
A Pedlar!—Yes!—The same!—the same!
Who sold the Horn to the drowning Dame!

And now is foremost amid the stir,
With a token only reveal'd to her;
A token that makes her shudder and shriek,
And point with her finger, and strive to speak—
But before she can utter the name of the Devil,
Her head is under the water level!

MORAL

There are folks about town—to name no names—
Who much resemble that deafest of Dames!
  And over their tea, and muffins, and crumpets,
Circulate many a scandalous word,
And whisper tales they could only have heard
  Through some such Diabolical Trumpets!

THE FORGE

A ROMANCE OF THE IRON AGE

"Who's here, beside foul weather?"—KING LEAR.

"Mine enemy's dog, though he had bit me,
Should have stood that night against my fire."—CORDELIA.

PART I

LIKE a dead man gone to his shroud,
The sun has sunk in a coppery cloud,
And the wind is rising squally and loud
   With many a stormy token,—
Playing a wild funereal air
Through the branches bleak, bereaved, and bare,
To the dead leaves dancing here and there—
   In short, if the truth were spoken,
It's an ugly night for anywhere,
   But an awful one for the Brocken!

            For oh! to stop
            On that mountain top,
After the dews of evening drop,
   Is always a dreary frolic—
Then what must it be when nature groans,
And the very mountain murmurs and moans
As if it writhed with the cholic—
With other strange supernatural tones,
From wood, and water, and echoing stones,
Not to forget unburied bones—
   In a region so diabolic!

A place where he whom we call Old Scratch,
By help of his Witches—a precious batch—
   Gives midnight concerts and sermons,

if a thousand wolves

In a Pulpit and Orchestra built to match,
A plot right worthy of him to hatch,
And well adapted, he knows, to catch
The musical, mystical Germans!

However it's quite
As wild a night
As ever was known on that sinister height
Since the Demon-Dance was morriced—
The earth is dark, and the sky is scowling,
And the blast through the pines is howling and growling,
As if a thousand wolves were prowling
About in the old Black Forest!

Madly, sadly, the Tempest raves
Through the narrow gullies and hollow caves,
And bursts on the rocks in windy waves,
Like the billows that roar
On a gusty shore
Mourning over the mariners' graves—
Nay, more like a frantic lamentation
From a howling set
Of demons met
To wake a dead relation.

Badly, madly, the vapours fly
Over the dark distracted sky,
At a pace that no pen can paint!
Black and vague like the shadows of dreams,
Scudding over the moon that seems,
Shorn of half her usual beams,
As pale as if she would faint!

The lightning flashes,
The thunder crashes,
The trees encounter with horrible clashes,
While rolling up from marish and bog,

:p him warm,
:s like the arm of

Rank and rich,
As from Stygian ditch,
Rises a foul sulphureous fog,
Hinting that Satan himself is agog,—
But leaving at once this heroical pitch,
The night is a very bad night in which
You wouldn't turn out a dog.

Yet ONE there is abroad in the storm,
And whenever by chance
The moon gets a glance,
She spies the Traveller's lonely form,
Walking, leaping, striding along,
As none can do but the super-strong;
And flapping his arms to keep him warm,
For the breeze from the North is a regular starver,
And to tell the truth,
More keen, in sooth,
And cutting than any German carver!

However, no time it is to lag,
And on he scrambles from crag to crag,
Like one determined never to flag—
Now weathers a block
Of jutting rock,
With hardly room for a toe to wag;
But holding on by a timber snag,
That looks like the arm of a friendly hag;
Then stooping under a drooping bough,
Or leaping over some horrid chasm,
Enough to give any heart a spasm!
And sinking down a precipice now,
Keeping his feet the Deuce knows how,
In spots whence all creatures would keep aloof,
Except the Goat, with his cloven hoof,
Who clings to the shallowest ledge as if
He grew like the weed on the face of the cliff!

So down, still down, the Traveller goes,
Safe as the Chamois amid his snows,
Though fiercer than ever the hurricane blows,
And round him eddy, with whirl and whizz,
Tornadoes of hail, and sleet, and rain,
Enough to bewilder a weaker brain,
Or blanch any other visage than his,
Which spite of lightning, thunder, and hail,
The blinding sleet and the freezing gale,
And the horrid abyss,
If his foot should miss,
Instead of tending at all to pale,
Like cheeks that feel the chill of affright—
Remains the very reverse of white!

His heart is granite—his iron nerve
Feels no convulsive twitches;
And as to his foot, it does not swerve,
Tho' the Screech-Owls are flitting about him that serve
For parrots to Brocken Witches!

Nay, full in his very path he spies
The gleam of the Were Wolf's horrid eyes;
But if his members quiver—
It is not for *that*—no, it is not for *that*—
Nor rat,
Nor cat,
As black as your hat,
Nor the snake that hiss'd, nor the toad that spat,
Nor glimmering candles of dead men's fat,
Nor even the flap of the Vampire Bat,
No anserine skin would rise thereat,
It's the cold that makes *Him* shiver!

So down, still down, through gully and glen,
Never trodden by foot of men,
Past the Eagle's nest, and the She-Wolf's den,

s, so smart and

Never caring a jot how steep
Or how narrow the track he has to keep,
Or how wide and deep
An abyss to leap,
Or what may fly, or walk, or creep,
Down he hurries through darkness and storm,
Flapping his arms to keep him warm—
Till threading many a pass abhorrent,
At last he reaches the mountain gorge,
And takes a path along by a torrent—
The very identical path, by St. George!
Down which young Fridolin went to the Forge,
With a message meant for his own death-warrant!

Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!
So free from sauce, and sloth, and sin,
The best of pages
Whatever their ages,
Since first that singular fashion came in—
Not he like those modern and idle young gluttons
With little jackets, so smart and spruce,
Of Lincoln green, sky-blue, or puce—
A little gold lace you may introduce—
Very showy, but as for use,
Not worth so many buttons!

Young Fridolin! young Fridolin!
Of his duty so true a fulfiller—
But here we need no farther go
For whoever desires the Tale to know,
May read it all in Schiller.

Faster now the Traveller speeds,
Whither his guiding beacon leads,
For by yonder glare
In the murky air,
He knows that the Eisen Hutte is there!
With its sooty Cyclops, savage and grim

Hosts, a guest had better forbear,
Whose thoughts are set upon dainty fare—
  But stiff with cold in every limb,
  The Furnace Fire is the bait for *Him!*

Faster and faster still he goes,
Whilst redder and redder the welkin glows,
And the lowest clouds that scud in the sky
Get crimson fringes in flitting by.
Till lo! amid the lurid light,
  The darkest object intensely dark,
Just where the bright is intensely bright,
The Forge, the Forge itself is in sight,
  Like the pitch-black hull of a burning bark,
  With volleying smoke, and many a spark,
Vomiting fire, red, yellow, and white!

  Restless, quivering tongues of flame!
Heavenward striving still to go,
While others, reversed in the stream below,
  Seem seeking a place we will not name,
  But well that Traveller knows the same,
      Who stops and stands,
      So rubbing his hands,
      And snuffing the rare
      Perfumes in the air,
For old familiar odours are there,
And then direct by the shortest cut,
Like Alpine Marmot, whom neither rut,
Rivers, rocks, nor thickets rebut,
Makes his way to the blazing Hut!

ubbing his hands, And

r, or James â€"
and figure, Retsch
and whatever

PART II

Idly watching the Furnace-flames,
The men of the stithy
Are in their smithy,
Brutal monsters, with bulky frames,
Beings Humanity scarcely claims,
But hybrids rather of demon race,
Unbless'd by the holy rite of grace,
Who never had gone by Christian names,
Mark, or Matthew, Peter, or James—
Naked, foul, unshorn, unkempt,
From touch of natural shame exempt,
Things of which Delirium has dreamt—
But wherefore dwell on these verbal sketches,
When traced with frightful truth and vigour,
Costume, attitude, face, and figure,
Retsch has drawn the very wretches!

However, there they lounge about,
The grim, gigantic fellows,
Hardly hearing the storm without,
That makes so very dreadful a rout,
For the constant roar
From the furnace door,
And the blast of the monstrous bellows!

Oh, what a scene
That Forge had been
For Salvator Rosa's study!
With wall, and beam, and post, and pin,
And those ruffianly creatures, like Shapes of Sin,
Hair, and eyes, and rusty skin,
Illumed by a light so ruddy
The Hut, and whatever there is therein,
Looks either red-hot or bloody!

e first, Come
ander.
vour a child !

And, oh ! to hear the frequent burst
Of strange, extravagant laughter,
Harsh and hoarse,
And resounding perforce
From echoing roof and rafter !
Though curses, the worst
That ever were curst,
And threats that Cain invented the first,
Come growling the instant after !

But again the livelier peal is rung,
For the Smith, hight Salamander,
In the jargon of some Titanic tongue,
Elsewhere never said or sung,
With the voice of a Stentor in joke has flung
Some cumbrous sort
Of sledge-hammer retort
At Red Beard, the crew's commander.

Some frightful jest—who knows how wild,
Or obscene, from a monster so defiled,
And a horrible mouth, of such extent,
From flapping ear to ear it went,
And show'd such tusks whenever it smiled—
The very mouth to devour a child !

But fair or foul the jest gives birth
To another bellow of demon mirth,
That far outroars the weather,
As if all the Hyænas that prowl the earth
Had clubb'd their laughs together !

And lo ! in the middle of all the din,
Not seeming to care a single pin,
For a prospect so volcanic,
A Stranger steps abruptly in,
Of an aspect rather Satanic :
And he looks with a grin at those Cyclops grim,
Who stare and grin again at him
With wondrous little panic.

Then up to the Furnace the Stranger goes,
Eager to thaw his ears and nose,
And warm his frozen fingers and toes—
While each succeeding minute,
Hotter and hotter the Smithy grows,
And seems to declare,
By a fiercer glare,
On wall, roof, floor, and everywhere,
It knows the Devil is in it!

Still not a word
Is utter'd or heard,
But the beetle-brow'd Foreman nods and winks,
Much as a shaggy old Lion blinks,
And makes a shift
To impart his drift
To a smoky brother, who, joining the links,
Hints to a third the thing he thinks;
And whatever it be,
They all agree
In smiling with faces full of glee,
As if about to enjoy High Jinks.

What sort of tricks they mean to play
By way of diversion, who can say,
Of such ferocious and barbarous folk,
Who chuckled, indeed, and never spoke
Of burning Robert the Jäger to coke,
Except as a capital practical joke!
Who never thought of Mercy, or heard her,
Or any gentle emotion felt;
But hard as the iron they had to melt,
Sported with Danger and romp'd with Murder!

Meanwhile the Stranger—
The Brocken Ranger,
Besides another and hotter post,
That renders him not averse to a roast,—

Creeping into the Furnace almost,
Has made himself as warm as a toast—
When, unsuspicious of any danger,
And least of all of any such maggot
As treating a body like a faggot,
All at once he is seized and shoven
In pastime cruel,
Like so much fuel,
Headlong into the blazing oven!

In he goes! with a frightful shout
Mock'd by the rugged ruffianly band,
As round the Furnace mouth they stand,
Bar, and shovel, and ladle in hand,
To hinder their Butt from crawling out,
Who making one fierce attempt, but vain,
Receives such a blow
From Red-Beard's crow
As crashes the skull and gashes the brain,
And blind, and dizzy, and stunn'd with pain,
With merely an interjectional "oh!"
Back he rolls in the flames again.

"Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho!" That second fall
Seems the very best joke of all,
To judge by the roar,
Twice as loud as before,
That fills the Hut, from the roof to the floor,
And flies a league or two out of the door,
Up the mountains and over the moor—
But scarcely the jolly echoes they wake
Have well begun
To take up the fun,
Ere the shaggy Felons have cause to quake,
And begin to feel that the deed they have done,
Instead of being a pleasant one,
Was a very great error—and no mistake.

an crew,

For why?—in lieu
Of its former hue,
So natural, warm, and florid,
The Furnace burns of a brimstone blue,
And instead of the *couleur de rose* it threw,
With a cooler reflection,—justly due—
Exhibits each of the Pagan crew,
Livid, ghastly, and horrid!
But vainly they close their guilty eyes
Against prophetic fears;
Or with hard and horny palms devise
To dam their enormous ears—
There are sounds in the air,
Not here or there,
Irresistible voices everywhere,
No bulwarks can ever rebut,
And to match the screams,
Tremendous gleams,
Of Horrors that like the Phantoms of dreams
They see with their eyelids shut!
For awful coveys of terrible things,
With forked tongues and venomous stings,
On hagweed, broomsticks, and leathern wings,
Are hovering round the Hut!

Shapes, that within the focus bright
Of the Forge, are like shadows and blots;
But farther off, in the shades of night,
Clothed with their own phosphoric light,
Are seen in the darkest spots.

Sounds! that fill the air with noises,
Strange and indescribable voices,
From Hags, in a diabolical clatter—
Cats that spit curses, and apes that chatter
Scraps of cabalistical matter—
Owls that screech, and dogs that yell—
Skeleton hounds that will never be fatter—

together, Like

All the domestic tribes of Hell,
Shrieking for flesh to tear and tatter,
Bones to shatter,
And limbs to scatter,
And who it is that must furnish the latter
Those blue-looking Men know well!
Those blue-looking men that huddle together,
For all their sturdy limbs and thews,
Their unshorn locks, like Nazarene Jews,
And buffalo beards, and hides of leather,
Huddled all in a heap together,
Like timid lamb, and ewe, and wether,
And as females say,
In a similar way,
Fit for knocking down with a feather!

In and out, in and out,
The gathering Goblins hover about,
Ev'ry minute augmenting the rout;
For like a spell
The unearthly smell
That fumes from the Furnace, chimney and mouth,
Draws them in—an infernal Legion
From East, and West, and North, and South,
Like carrion birds from ev'ry region,
Till not a yard square
Of the sickening air
But has a Demon or two for its share,
Breathing fury, woe, and despair,
Never, never was such a sight!
It beats the very Walpurgis Night,
Displayed in the story of Doctor Faustus,
For the scene to describe
Of the awful tribe,
If we were *two* Göthes, would quite exhaust us!

Suffice it, amid that dreary swarm,
There musters each foul repulsive form

That ever a fancy overwarm
   Begot in its worst delirium;
Besides some others of monstrous size,
Never before revealed to eyes,
   Of the genus Megatherium!

Meanwhile the demons, filthy and foul,
Gorgon, Chimera, Harpy, and Ghoul,
Are not contented to jibber and howl
   As a dirge for their late commander;
But one of the bevy—witch or wizard,
Disguised as a monstrous flying lizard,
   Springs on the grisly Salamander,
Who stoutly fights, and struggles, and kicks,
And tries the best of his wrestling tricks,
            No paltry strife,
            But for life, dear life.
But the ruthless talons refuse to unfix,
   Till far beyond a surgical case,
   With starting eyes, and black in the face,
Down he tumbles as dead as bricks!

A pretty sight for his mates to view!
Those shaggy murderers looking so blue,
            And for him above all,
            Red-bearded and tall,
With whom, at that very particular nick,
There is such an unlucky crow to pick,
As the one of iron that did the trick
   In a recent bloody affair—
No wonder feeling a little sick,
With pulses beating uncommonly quick,
And breath he never found so thick,
   He longs for the open air!

            Three paces, or four,
            And he gains the door;
   But ere he accomplishes one,

the roaring oven !

The sound of a blow comes, heavy and dull,
And clasping his fingers round his skull—
However the deed was done,
That gave him that florid
Red gash on the forehead—
With a roll of the eyeballs perfectly horrid,
There's a tremulous quiver,
The last death-shiver,
And Red-Beard's course is run!

Halloo! Halloo!
They have done for two!
But a heavyish job remains to do!
For yonder, sledge and shovel in hand,
Like elder Sons of Giant Despair,
A couple of Cyclops make a stand,
And fiercely hammering here and there,
Keep at bay the Powers of Air—
But desperation is all in vain!—
They faint—they choke,
For the sulphurous smoke
Is poisoning heart, and lung, and brain,
They reel, they sink, they gasp, they smother,
One for a moment survives his brother,
Then rolls a corpse across the other!

Halloo! Halloo!
And Hullabaloo!
There is only one more thing to do—
And seized by beak, and talon, and claw,
Bony hand, and hairy paw,
Yea, crooked horn, and tusky jaw,
The four huge Bodies are haul'd and shoven
Each after each in the roaring oven!

* * * * *

* * * * *

That Eisen Hutte is standing still,
Go to the Hartz whenever you will,
And there it is beside a hill,
And a rapid stream that turns many a mill;
The self-same Forge,—you'll know it at sight—
Casting upward, day and night,
Flames of red, and yellow, and white!

Ay, half a mile from the mountain gorge,
There it is, the famous Forge,
With its Furnace,—the same that blazed of yore,—
Hugely fed with fuel and ore;
But ever since that tremendous Revel,
   Whatever Iron is melted therein,—
   As Travellers know who have been to Berlin—
Is all *as black as the Devil!*

THE UNIVERSITY FEUD

"A plague o' both the houses!"—**MERCUTIO.**

As latterly I chanced to pass
A Public House, from which, alas!
The Arms of Oxford dangle!
My ear was startled by a din,
That made me tremble in my skin,
A dreadful hubbub from within,
Of voices in a wrangle—

Voices loud, and voices high,
With now and then a party-cry,
Such as used in times gone by
To scare the British border;
When foes from North and South of Tweed—
Neighbours—and of Christian creed—
Met in hate to fight and bleed,
Upsetting Social Order.

Surprised, I turn'd me to the crowd,
Attracted by that tumult loud,
And ask'd a gazer, beetle-brow'd,
The cause of such disquiet.
When lo! the solemn-looking man,
First shook his head on Burleigh's plan,
And then, with fluent tongue, began
His version of the riot:

A row!—why yes,—a pretty row, you might hear from this to Garmany,
And what is worse, it's all got up among the Sons of Harmony,

The more's the shame for them as used to be in time and
tune,
And all unite in chorus like the singing-birds in June!
Ah! many a pleasant chant I've heard in passing here
along,
When Swiveller was President a-knocking down a song;
But Dick's resign'd the post, you see, and all them shouts
and hollers
Is 'cause two other candidates, some sort of larned
scholars,
Are squabbling to be Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Lord knows their names, I'm sure I don't, no more than
any yokel,
But I never heard of either as connected with the vocal;
Nay, some do say, although of course the public rumour
varies,
They've no more warble in 'em than a pair of hen
canaries;
Though that might pass if they were dabs at t'other sort
of thing,
For a man may make a song, you know, although he
cannot sing;
But lork! it's many folk's belief they're only good at
prosing,
For Catnach swears he never saw a verse of their
composing;
And when a piece of poetry has stood its public trials,
If pop'lar, it gets printed off at once in Seven Dials,
And then about all sorts of streets, by every little monkey,
It's chanted like the "Dog's Meat Man," or "If I had a
Donkey."
Whereas, as Mr. Catnach says, and not a bad judge
neither,
No ballad—worth a ha'penny—has ever come from either,
And him as writ "Jim Crow," he says, and got such lots
of dollars,
Would make a better Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Howsomever that's the meaning of the squabble that arouses
This neighbourhood, and quite disturbs all decent Heads of Houses,
Who want to have their dinners and their parties, as is reason,
In Christian peace and charity according to the season.
But from Number Thirty-Nine—since this electioneering job,
Ay, as far as Number Ninety, there's an everlasting mob;
Till the thing is quite a nuisance, for no creature passes by,
But he gets a card, a pamphlet, or a summut in his eye;
And a pretty noise there is!—what with canvassers and spouters,
For in course each side is furnish'd with its backers and its touters;
And surely among the Clergy to such pitches it is carried,
You can hardly find a Parson to get buried or get married;
Or supposing any accident that suddenly alarms,
If you're dying for a surgeon, you must fetch him from the "Arms";
While the Schoolmasters and Tooters are neglecting of their scholars,
To write about a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers.

Well, that, sir, is the racket; and the more the sin and shame
Of them that help to stir it up, and propagate the same;
Instead of vocal ditties, and the social flowing cup,—
But they'll be the House's ruin, or the shutting of it up,
With their riots and their hubbubs, like a garden full of bears,
While they've damaged many articles and broken lots of squares,
And kept their noble Club Room in a perfect dust and smother,

By throwing *Morning Heralds*, *Times*, and *Standards* at
each other;
Not to name the ugly language Gemmen oughtn't to
repeat,
And the names they call each other—for I've heard 'em
in the street—
Such as Traitors, Guys, and Judases, and Vipers, and
what not,
For Pasley and his divers ain't so blowing-up a lot.
And then such awful swearing!—for there's one of them
that cusses
Enough to shock the cads that hang on opposition
'busses;
For he cusses every member that's agin him at the poll,
As I wouldn't cuss a donkey, tho' it hasn't got a soul;
And he cusses all their families, Jack, Harry, Bob or
Jim,
To the babby in the cradle, if they don't agree with him.
Whereby, altho' as yet they have not took to use their
fives,
Or, according as the fashion is, to sticking with their
knives,
I'm bound there'll be some milling yet, and shakings by
the collars,
Afore they choose a Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

To be sure it is a pity to be blowing such a squall,
Instead of clouds, and every man his song, and then his
call—
And as if there wasn't Whigs enough and Tories to fall
out,
Besides politics in plenty for our splits to be about,—
Why, a cornfield is sufficient, sir, as anybody knows,
For to furnish them in plenty who are fond of picking
crows—
Not to name the Maynooth Catholics, and other Irish
stews,
To agitate society and loosen all its screws;

kind, Whereby it so

And which all may be agreeable and proper to their spheres,—
But it's not the thing for musicals to set us by the ears.
And as to College larning, my opinion for to broach,
And I've had it from my cousin, and he driv a college coach,
And so knows the University, and all as there belongs,
And he says that Oxford's famouser for sausages than songs,
And seldom turns a poet out like Hudson that can chant,
As well as make such ditties as the Free and Easies want,
Or other Tavern Melodists I can't just call to mind—
But it's not the classic system for to propagate the kind,
Whereby it so may happen as that neither of them Scholars
May be the proper Chairman for the Glorious Apollers!

For my part in the matter, if so be I had a voice,
It's the best among the vocalists I'd honour with the choice;
Or a Poet as could furnish a new Ballad to the bunch;
Or at any rate the surest hand at mixing of the punch;
'Cause why, the members meet for that and other tuneful frolics—
And not to say, like Muffincaps, their Catichiz and Collec's.
But you see them there Itinerants that preach so long and loud,
And always takes advantage like the prigs of any crowd,
Have brought their jangling voices, and as far as they can compass,
Have turn'd a tavern shindy to a seriouser rumpus,
And him as knows most hymns—altho' I can't see how it follers—
They want to be the Chairman of the Glorious Apollers!

Well, that's the row—and who can guess the upshot after all?

Whether Harmony will ever make the "Arms" her
House of call,
Or whether this here mobbing—as some longish heads
foretell it,
Will grow to such a riot that the Oxford Blues must
quell it.
Howsomever, for the present, there's no sign of any peace,
For the hubbub keeps a-growing, and defies the New
Police ;—
But if *I* was in the Vestry, and a leading sort of Man,
Or a Member of the Vocals, to get backers for my plan,
Why, I'd settle all the squabble in the twinkle of a
needle,
For I'd have another candidate—and that's the Parish
Beadle,
Who makes such lots of Poetry, himself, or else by
proxy,
And no one never has no doubts about his orthodoxy ;
Whereby—if folks was wise—instead of either of them
Scholars,
And straining their own lungs along of contradictious
hollers,
They'll lend their ears to reason, and take my advice as
follers,
Namely—Bumble for the Chairman of the Glorious
Apollers !

in 1823.
pera.
bject. He died in
od's reading, and
oned the active

NOTES

Ode to Mr. Graham (p. 1).—In Hood's day Mr. Graham was one of a group of distinguished aeronauts which included Monck Mason, Hollond, Green, and others. Mr. Graham had made a memorable ascent in his Balloon in 1823.

A Friendly Address to Mrs. Fry (p. 9).—Elizabeth Fry had set up her school for the children in Newgate as early as 1817. Moll Brazen, Suky Tawdry, Jenny Diver, and the rest, are names borrowed from Gay's *Beggars' Opera.*

Ode to Richard Martin (p. 14).—The well-known Humanitarian, M.P. for Galway, the author of "Martin's Act" for the protection of animals from ill-treatment, and one of the founders of the noble society having the same object. He died in 1834.

Ode to the Great Unknown (p. 17).—After nearly eighty years it is almost pardonable to remind the reader that in the earlier days of the Waverley Novels their author was much talked of by the above title. The variety of Hood's reading, and his resource in simile, are very noticeable in this Ode. The likening of Dominie Sampson to Lamb's friend, George Dyer and the comparison of Mause Headrigg to Rae Wilson on his travels, are admirable examples.

Ode to Captain Parry (p. 39).—The famous Arctic explorer was engaged for many years, from 1818 onwards, in his various efforts to discover the North-West Passage. He died in 1855.

Ode to W. Kitchener, M.D. (p. 46).—Hood, for obvious purposes, slightly departs from the true spelling of Dr. Kitchiner's name. He was an M.D. of Glasgow, who, having been left a handsome fortune by his father, abandoned the active practice of his profession, and devoted himself to science, notably to that of optics, as well as to gastronomy, being himself eminent as a gourmet. He was the author of a once

dities, he prefaced

oured perhaps
dressed as Tom
atermen it went
printers of Shoe
ng it about the

riginal than even
and the Irish

famous Cookery Book, *The Cook's Oracle;* and an improved kitchen range still bears his name.

Faithless Sally Brown (p. 60).—These famous verses were first published as from an anonymous correspondent in the *London Magazine.* When Hood reprinted them, under his own name, in the first series of *Whims and Oddities*, he prefaced them with the following words :—

"I have never been vainer of any verses than of my part in the following Ballad. Dr. Watts, amongst evangelical nurses, has an enviable renown ; and Campbell's Ballads enjoy a snug, genteel popularity. Sally Brown has been favoured perhaps with as wide a patronage as the Moral Songs, though its circle may not have been of so select a class as the friends of 'Hohenlinden.' But I do not desire to see it amongst what are called Elegant Extracts. The lamented Emery, dressed as Tom Tug, sang it at his last mortal benefit at Covent Garden ; and ever since it has been a great favourite with the watermen of Thames, who time their oars to it, as the wherrymen of Venice time theirs to the lines of Tasso. With the watermen it went naturally to Vauxhall, and over land to Sadler's Wells. The Guards—not the mail-coach, but the Lifeguards—picked it out from a fluttering hundred of others, all going to one air, against the dead wall at Knightsbridge. Cheap printers of Shoe Lane and Cow Cross (all pirates !) disputed about the copyrights, and published their own editions ; and in the meantime the authors, to have made bread of their song (it was poor old Homer's hard ancient case !) must have sung it about the streets. Such is the lot of Literature ! the profits of 'Sally Brown' were divided by the Ballad Mongers ;—it has cost, but has never brought me, a halfpenny."

As it fell upon a Day (p. 63).—When these verses first appeared in *Whims and Oddities*, Hood introduced them with some words of mock regret that "W——, the well-known *ami des enfants*," had never thought well to treat such a subject as this in verse. Even without this hint, it would be evident that the verses are a very fair parody of Wordsworth's early ballad style. Indeed they are more faithful to the original than even the famous utterance of Nancy Lake in the "Rejected Addresses." Hood was skilful in parody. The Tale that follows, the "Stag-eyed Lady," would certainly never have been written had not *Beppo* and *Don Juan* gone before ; and the Irish Schoolmaster is undisguisedly intended as a humorous pendant to Shenstone's *Schoolmistress.*

Death's Ramble (p. 98).—Of course suggested by Coleridge and Southey's *Devil's Walk.* It is ablaze with wit and real imagination. Old nursery tales are not so well remembered in

e, Faw, Fum, I
is once famous
ed in Hood's neat
the writing and the
"Lord's Day
, the Bill was
flues," has for its

these days that it is superfluous to point out that the "fee" being a prelude to "faw" and "fum," is taken from the formula of the Ogre in *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*, whose usual preliminary to the slaughter of his victims was—

"Fee, Faw, Fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

Epping Hunt (p. 107).—Originally published in 1830 in a thin duodecimo, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. It was while Hood was living at Winchmore Hill that he had the opportunity of noting the chief features of this once famous Civic Revel—the Easter Monday Hunt—even then in its decadence.

Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India (p. 134).—A parody of John Hamilton Reynolds's once popular lines, beginning—

"Go, where the water glideth gently ever."

I'm not a Single Man (p. 146).—Written in the album of Miss Smith, daughter of Mr. Horace Smith, of the Rejected Addresses. Miss Smith happily still survives to show her friends with pride these admirable verses, inscribed in Hood's neat and clear handwriting.

The Compass, with Variations (p. 160).—Written when Walter Scott was familiarly known as the "Wizard of the North," the title which is the key to the present poem. Scott died in September 1832, in the interval between the writing and the publishing of the verses, for which Hood makes regretful apology in the Preface to the *Comic Annual* for 1833, in which they appeared.

The Fall (p. 169).—"Edgar Huntley, the Somnambulist," was the title of a popular novel of the time.

Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew (p. 181).—A Scotch baronet, and the once well-known promoter of Sabbatarian legislation. Sir Andrew identified himself in the House of Commons with the efforts of an English Association, the "Lord's Day Society," and introduced a Bill to prohibit all open labour on Sunday, excepting "works of necessity and mercy,"—a measure bound, under any scheme of working, to inflict the direst hardship and injustice. After three defeats, the Bill was actually carried in 1837, but was afterwards allowed to drop.

The Sweep's Complaint (p. 201).—These verses fix their own date. The Act 4 and 5 William IV. (1834), "For the better regulation of chimney-sweepers and their apprentices, and for the safer construction of chimneys and flues," has for its Section XV. the following:—

n whomsoever acting
re speaks of the "quiet
ewgate.
Closing. The ' '
m of "Thomas Little."
f two knights, mounted,

"And be it further enacted that from and after the passing of this Act it shall not be lawful for any master or mistress chimney-sweeper, or for any journeyman, servant, or apprentice of any chimney-sweeper, or for any person whomsoever acting as a chimney-sweeper, to call or hawk the streets in any city, town, or village, or elsewhere, for employment in his or her trade as a chimney-sweeper, on pain of being liable to a fine not exceeding Forty Shillings."

The little "climbing-boys" were not actually abolished till 1840.

The Desert-Born (p. 206).—For the purposes of his pun on "night-mare," Hood adroitly utilises the story of the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, whom Kinglake, in his *Eothen*, first made familiar to so many of us. He there speaks of the "quiet women in Somersetshire," and their surprise when they learned that "the intrepid girl who used to break their vicious horses for them" was reigning over the wandering tribes of Western Asia!

The Forlorn Shepherd's Complaint (p. 245).—This dates from the old days of transportation and Botany Bay. The judge indicated was Mr. Justice Alan Park, of the Common Pleas, and Mr. Cotton was Chaplain of Newgate.

The Assistant Drapers' Petition (p. 255).—The exquisite wit and fancy of these verses need not blind us to their touching earnestness. They might well be printed and circulated still in the service of the great cause of Early Closing. The "Knight" mentioned was, of course, the excellent Charles Knight, pioneer and forerunner of all subsequent movements for cheapening and popularising good literature.

The Mermaid of Margate (p. 287).—Charles Lamb had been reading these verses when he wrote to his friend Dibdin, in June 1826, and called him "Peter Fin Junior."

The Wee Man (p. 299).—Thomas Moore is a forgotten poet, and it cannot therefore be impertinent to remind the reader that in his early days he published certain rather "vain and amatorious" poems under the pseudonym of "Thomas Little."

Those Evening Bells (p. 304).—The muffin-boy, with his "evening bell," is still in the land; but the evening postman, perambulating the streets and collecting letters "just in time," has "passed away" for ever.

Lament for the Decline of Chivalry (p. 323).—These verses form a good specimen of Hood's capabilities for writing to order. They first appeared in the *Bijou* for 1828, accompanying a vignette by Thomas Stothard of two knights, mounted, and in

nd it was

; or a Theory of

ore. As is notably
perience, is
ing of the delicate
e Head. And, in
Countryes, where
count, together

complete armour, engaged in deadly conflict. This was doubtless (after the then custom of *Annuals*) placed in Hood's hands for him to supply the appropriate letterpress.

The allusion to our modern "Black Prince" is apparently to Prince Le Boo, whose death, while on a visit to England, had so impressed the public imagination. He came, however, from the Pelew Islands, not the "Sandwich"; and it was smallpox, not measles, that "took him off."

A Tale of a Trumpet (p. 357).—Appended to this romance, on its original appearance, was the following grave and plausible commentary:—

NOTE.

The following curious passage is quoted for the benefit of such Readers as are afflicted, like Dame Spearing, with Deafness, and one of its concomitants, a singing or ringing in the head. The extract is taken from "Quid Pro Quo; or a Theory of Compensations. By P. S." (perhaps Peter Shard), folio edition.

"Soe tenderly kind and gratious is Nature, our Mother, that She seldom or never puts upon us any Grievaunce without making Us some Amends, which, if not a full and perfect Equivalent, is yet a great Solace or Salve to the Sore. As is notably displaid in the Case of such of our Fellow Creatures as undergoe the Loss of Heering, and are thereby deprived of the Comfort and Entertainment of Natural Sounds. In lew whereof the Deaf Man, as testified by mine own Experience, is regaled with an inward Musick that is not vouchsafed unto a Person who hath the compleet Usage of his Ears. For note, that the selfsame Condition of Boddy which is most apt to bring on a Surdity,—namely, a general Relaxing of the delicate and subtile Fibres of the Human Nerves, and mainly such as belong and propinque to the Auricular Organ, this very Unbracing which silences the Tympanum, or drum, is the most instrumental Cause in producing a Consort in the Head. And, in particular, that affection which the Physitians have called Tinnitus, by reason of its Resemblance to a Ring of Bells. The Absence of which, as a National Musick, would be a sore Loss and Discomfort to any Native of the Low Countryes, where the Steeples and Church-Towers with their Carillons maintain an allmost endlesse Tingle; seeing that before one quarterly Chime of the Cloke hath well ended, another must by Time's Command strike up its Tune. On which Account, together with its manye waterish Swamps and Marshes, the Land of Flandres is said by the Wits to be Ringing Wet. Such campanulary Noises would alsoe be heavily mist and lamented by the Inhabitants of that Ringing

Clanking of brazen
a Fire or a Candle but
s a mighty Ringer, and
Country Men, who
incoln to boot, be but
to pay the Ringers."

senhammer. Possibly
bvious throughout.

Isaac Williams and

Island described in Rabelais his works, as a Place constantly filled with a Corybantick Jingle Jangle of great, middle-sized, and little Bells: wherewith the People seem to be as much charmed as a Swarm of Bees with the Clanking of brazen Kettles and Pans. And which Ringing Island cannot of a surety be Barbadoes, as certain Authors have supposed, but rather our own tintinnabulary Island of Brittain, where formerly a Saxon could not soe much as quench a Fire or a Candle but to the tune of a Bell. And even to this day, next to the Mother Tongue, the one mostly used is in a Mouth of Mettal, and withal so loosely hung, that it must needs wag at all Times and on all Topicks. For your English Man is a mighty Ringer, and besides furnishing Bells to a Bellfry, doth hang them at the Head of his Horse, and at the Neck of his Sheep—on the Cap of his Fool, and on the Heels of his Hawk. And truly I have known more than one amongst my Country Men, who would undertake more Travel, and Cost besides, to hear a Peal of Grandsires, than they would bestow to look upon a Generation of Grandchildren. But alake! all these Bells with the huge Muscovite, and Great Tom of Lincoln to boot, be but as Dumb Bells to the Deaf Man: wherefore, as I said, Nature kindly steps in with a Compensation, to wit a Tinnitus, and converts his own Head into a Bellfry, whence he hath Peals enow, and what is more, without having to pay the Ringers."

The Forge (p. 381).—This Poem was doubtless one of the results of Hood's residence in Germany. It is suggested apparently in about equal proportions by the Walpurgis-night in *Faust*, and Schiller's *Gang nach dem Eisenhammer*. Possibly Hood had been stirred up to the attempt by Retzsch's outlines. He has mixed up localities with the utmost freedom, the Harz, the Black Forest, and the Scene of Schiller's Poem. The influence of the *Ingoldsby Legends* is obvious throughout.

The University Feud (p. 396).—"The Row at the Oxford Arms" (to quote its alternative title) is a squib on the contest at Oxford, in 1841-42, for the Professorship of Poetry. The candidates, it will be remembered, were Isaac Williams and Mr. (afterwards Archdeacon) Garbett. The struggle was the more intense that it was openly acknowledged to be a trial of strength between the adherents of the "Oxford Movement" and the Evangelical Party.

INDEX TO POEMS

A Black Job, 341
A Fairy Tale, 291
A Few Lines on completing Forty-Seven, 321
A Flying Visit, 265
A *Friendly* Address to Mrs. Fry *in* Newgate, 9
Agricultural Distress. A Pastoral Report, 216
A Lay of Real Life, 199
An Address to the Steam Washing Company, 30
An Open Question, 336
A Parental Ode to my Son, aged Three Years and Five Months, 224
A Parthian Glance, 278
A Plain Direction, 251
A Public Dinner, 174
A Report from Below, 142
A Sailor's Apology for Bow-Legs, 100
A Serenade, 226
A Singular Exhibition at Somerset House, 154
"As it fell upon a Day," 63
A Storm at Hastings, and the Little Unknown, 126
A Tale of a Trumpet, 357
A True Story, 280
A Waterloo Ballad, 195

Bianca's Dream. A Venetian Story, 82

Craniology, 295

Death's Ramble, 98
Domestic Asides ; or, Truth in Parentheses, 305
Domestic Didactics, 319 *et seq.*
Domestic Poems, 222 *et seq.*

Etching Moralised. To a Noble Lady, 348

Faithless Nelly Gray. A Pathetic Ballad, 79
Faithless Sally Brown. An old Ballad, 60

Hit or Miss, 235
Huggins and Duggins. A Pastoral, after Pope, 312
Hymeneal Retrospections, 222

"I'm not a Single Man." Lines written in a young Lady's Album, 146

John Day. A Pathetic Ballad, 310

Lament for the Decline of Chivalry, 323
Letter of Remonstrance from Bridget Jones. (An Address to the Steam Washing Company), 33
Lieutenant Luff, 247
Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India, 134
Lines to Mary. Old Bailey Ballads, 158

Mary's Ghost. A Pathetic Ballad, 330
Morning Meditations, 249

Ode to Captain Parry, 39
Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior, 26
Ode to Mr. Graham, the Aeronaut, 1
Ode to Peace. Written on the night of my Mistress's Grand Rout, 319
Ode to Richard Martin, Esq., M.P. for Galway, 14
Ode to Sir Andrew Agnew, Bart., 181
Ode to the Advocates for the Removal of Smithfield Market, 138
Ode to the Great Unknown, 17
Ode to W. Kitchener, M.D., 46
Our Village. By a Villager, 171

Playing at Soldiers, 326

Queen Mab, 274

Rural Felicity, 260

Sally Simpkin's Lament; or, John Jones's Kit-cat-astrophe, 179
Shooting Pains, 307

The Angler's Farewell, 136
The Assistant Drapers' Petition, 255
The Bachelor's Dream, 257
The Broken Dish, 319
The Carelesse Nurse Mayd, 305
The China-Mender, 315

The Compass, with Variations, 160
The Demon-Ship, 91
The Desert-Born, 206
The Drowning Ducks, 123
The Duel. A Serious Ballad, 151
The Epping Hunt, 107
The Fall, 169
The Forge. A Tale of the Iron Age, 381
The Forlorn Shepherd's Complaint. An Unpublished Poem, from Sydney, 245
The Fox and the Hare. A Fable, 190
The Ghost. A very Serious Ballad, 167
The Green Man, 228
The Irish Schoolmaster, 69
The Last Man, 52
The Lost Heir, 185
The Mermaid of Margate, 287
The Poacher. A Serious Ballad, 193
The Progress of Art, 301
The Stag-Eyed Lady. A Moorish Tale, 64
"The Sun was slumbering in the West," 223
The Supper Superstition. A Pathetic Ballad, 148
The Sweep's Complaint, 201
The University Feud, 396
The Volunteer, 103
The Water Peri's Song (The Stag-Eyed Lady), 68
The Wee Man. A Romance, 299
The Widow, 332
Those Evening Bells, 304
Tim Turpin. A Pathetic Ballad, 95
To Henrietta, on her Departure for Calais, 276
To Mary Housemaid on Valentine's Day, 322

ıcher. A Serious
Feud, 396 The

I sawe a Mayd

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Alack ! 'tis melancholy theme to think, 69
Ali Ben Ali (did you never read), 64
A little fairy comes at night, 274
All you that are too fond of wine, 247
Amongst the sights that Mrs. Bond, 123
A pretty task, Miss S——, to ask, 146
As latterly I chanced to pass, 396
As Mister B. and Mistress B., 142
At seven you just nick it, 174

Ben Battle was a soldier bold, 79
Bianca !—fair Bianca !—who could dwell, 82
Bill Blossom was a nice young man, 193

Come, my Crony, let's think upon far-away days, 278

Dear Graham, whilst the busy crowd, 1

Fairest Lady and Noble, for once on a time, 348

Good-morning, Mr. What-d'ye-call ! Well ! here's another pretty job, 315
Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly, 134

How many sing of wars, 14

If I shoot any more I'll be shot, 307
I like you, Mrs. Fry ! I like your name, 9
In Brentford town, of old renown, 151
In London once I lost my way, 251
In Middle Row, some years ago, 167
"I really take it very kind," 305
I sawe a Mayd sitte on a Bank, 305
It was a merry company, 299

with me and dwell,

John Day he was the biggest man, 310
John Huggins was as bold a man, 107
Joseph ! they say thou'st left the stage, 26

Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy, 249
Like a dead man gone to his shroud, 381
"Lullaby, oh, lullaby !" 226

Mary, you know I've no love nonsense, 322
Mr. Scrub—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be, 30
My pipe is lit, my grog is mix'd, 257

O Andrew Fairservice,—but I beg pardon, 181
Of all old women hard of hearing, 357
Of all our pains, since man was curst, 280
Oh happy time !—Art's early days, 301
Oh ! multifarious man, 46
Oh Peace, oh come with me and dwell, 319
"Oh ! what is that comes gliding in, 179
Oh ! what's befallen Bessy Brown, 63
O Kate ! my dear Partner, through joy and through strife, 222
O Mary, I believed you true, 158
One close of day—'twas in the Bay, 160
One day, as I was going by, 185
One day, or night, no matter where or when, 190
One day the dreary old King of Death, 98
One morning, ere my usual time, 201
One morn—it was the very morn, 235
One Sunday morning—service done, 216
One widow at a grave will sob, 332
On Hounslow Heath—and close beside the road, 291
On Margate beach, where the sick one roams, 287
On that first Saturday in May, 154
O Philanthropic men, 138
Our village, that's to say, not Miss Mitford's village, but our village of Bullock Smithy, 171

Parry, my man ! has thy brave leg, 39
Pity the sorrows of a class of men, 255

The by-gone September, 265
The history of human-kind to trace, 341
There's some is born with their straight legs by natur, 100
The sun was slumbering in the West, 223
Those evening bells, those evening bells, 304
Thou Great Unknown, 17
Thou happy, happy elf, 224
Tim Turpin he was gravel blind, 95

'Tis strange how like a very dunce, 295
Tom Simpson was as nice a kind of man, 228
To Waterloo, with sad ado, 195
'Twas August—Hastings every day was filling, 126
'Twas in that memorable year, 103
'Twas in the middle of the night, 330
'Twas in the wilds of Lebanon, amongst its barren hills, 206
'Twas in the year two thousand and one, 52
'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea look'd black and grim, 91
'Twas twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes, 148
Two swains or clowns—but call them swains, 312

"Vell! Here I am—no Matter how it suits, 245

Well hast thou cried, departed Burke, 323
Well! I think it is time to put up, 136
Well, the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that's country born, 260
What little urchin is there never, 326
What! shut the gardens! lock the latticed gate, 336
What's life but full of care and doubt, 319
When I reflect with serious sense, 321
When little people go abroad, wherever they may roam, 276
Who does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls, 169
Who ruined me ere I was born, 199

Young Ben he was a nice young man, 60

THE END

Printed by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh.*

The Eversley Series.

Globe 8vo. Cloth. 5s per volume.

The Works of Matthew Arnold. 6 vols.
- ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. First Series.
- ESSAYS IN CRITICISM. Second Series.
- EARLY AND NARRATIVE POEMS.
- LYRIC AND ELEGIAC POEMS.
- DRAMATIC AND LATER POEMS.
- AMERICAN DISCOURSES.

Essays by George Brimley. Third Edition.

Chaucer's Canterbury Tales. Edited by A. W. POLLARD. 2 vols.

Dean Church's Miscellaneous Writings. 9 vols.
- MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS. | DANTE: and other Essays.
- ST. ANSELM. | SPENSER. | BACON.
- THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. Twelve Years, 1833-1845.
- THE BEGINNING OF THE MIDDLE AGES.
- OCCASIONAL PAPERS. 2 vols.

Emerson's Collected Works. 6 vols. With Introduction by JOHN MORLEY.
- MISCELLANIES. | ESSAYS. | POEMS.
- ENGLISH TRAITS AND REPRESENTATIVE MEN.
- THE CONDUCT OF LIFE, AND SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.
- LETTERS AND SOCIAL AIMS.

Letters of Edward Fitzgerald. Ed. by W. A. WRIGHT. 2 vols.

Goethe's Prose Maxims. Translated, with Introductions, by T. BAILEY SAUNDERS.

Thomas Gray's Collected Works in Prose and Verse. Edited by EDMUND GOSSE. 4 vols. Poems, Journals, and Essays.—Letters, 2 vols.—Notes on Aristophanes and Plato.

Works by John Richard Green.
- STRAY STUDIES FROM ENGLAND AND ITALY.
- HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. 8 vols.
- THE MAKING OF ENGLAND. 2 vols.

The Choice of Books, and other Literary Pieces. By FREDERIC HARRISON.

Poems of Thomas Hood. In 2 vols. Vol. I., SERIOUS POEMS. Vol. II., POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOUR. Edited with Introductions by ALFRED AINGER. [*In the Press.*

R. H. Hutton's Collected Essays.
- LITERARY ESSAYS.
- ESSAYS ON SOME OF THE MODERN GUIDES OF ENGLISH THOUGHT IN MATTERS OF FAITH.
- THEOLOGICAL ESSAYS.
- CRITICISMS ON CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT AND THINKERS. 2 vols.

Thomas Henry Huxley's Collected Works.
- METHOD AND RESULTS. | DARWINIANA.
- SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.
- SCIENCE AND HEBREW TRADITION.
- SCIENCE AND CHRISTIAN TRADITION.
- HUME. With helps to the Study of Berkeley.
- MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE: and other Anthropological Essays.
- DISCOURSES, BIOLOGICAL AND GEOLOGICAL.
- EVOLUTION AND ETHICS, AND OTHER ESSAYS.

Works by Henry James.
- PARTIAL PORTRAITS.
- FRENCH POETS AND NOVELISTS.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

The Eversley Series.

Globe 8vo. Cloth. 5s per volume.

Letters of John Keats to his Family and Friends. Edited by SIDNEY COLVIN.

Charles Kingsley's Novels and Poems.

WESTWARD HO! 2 vols.
HYPATIA. 2 vols.
YEAST. 1 vol.
ALTON LOCKE. 2 vols.
TWO YEARS AGO. 2 vols.
HEREWARD THE WAKE. 2 vols.
POEMS. 2 vols.

Charles Lamb's Collected Works. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. CANON AINGER, M.A. 6 vols.

THE ESSAYS OF ELIA.
POEMS, PLAYS, AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS.
MRS. LEICESTER'S SCHOOL, and other Writings.
TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.
THE LETTERS OF CHARLES LAMB. 2 vols.

Life of Charles Lamb. By CANON AINGER, M.A.

Historical Essays. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. Edited, with Memoir, Introduction, and Notes, by DAVID MASSON, M.A. 3 vols.

I. THE MINOR POEMS.
II. PARADISE LOST.
III. PARADISE REGAINED, AND SAMSON AGONISTES.

John Morley's Collected Works. In 11 vols.

VOLTAIRE. 1 vol. | ROUSSEAU. 2 vols.
DIDEROT AND THE ENCYCLOPÆDISTS. 2 vols.
ON COMPROMISE. 1 vol. | MISCELLANIES. 3 vols.
BURKE. 1 vol. | STUDIES IN LITERATURE. 1 vol.

Science and a Future Life, and other Essays. By F. W. H. MYERS, M.A.

Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning. By ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

Works by Sir John R. Seeley, K.C.M.G., Litt.D.

THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND. Two Courses of Lectures.
LECTURES AND ESSAYS.
ECCE HOMO. A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ.
NATURAL RELIGION.
INTRODUCTION TO POLITICAL SCIENCE.

Works by James Smetham.

LETTERS. With an Introductory Memoir. Edited by SARAH SMETHAM and WILLIAM DAVIES. With a Portrait.
LITERARY WORKS. Edited by WILLIAM DAVIES.

Life of Swift. By HENRY CRAIK, C.B. 2 vols. New Edition.

Selections from the Writings of Thoreau. Ed. by H. S. SALT.

Essays in the History of Religious Thought in the West. By B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Durham.

The Works of William and Dorothy Wordsworth. Edited by W. KNIGHT. 12 vols. [*Now Publishing.*

MACMILLAN AND CO., LTD., LONDON.

10.7.97.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE DEC 18 '41

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE NOV 24 '41